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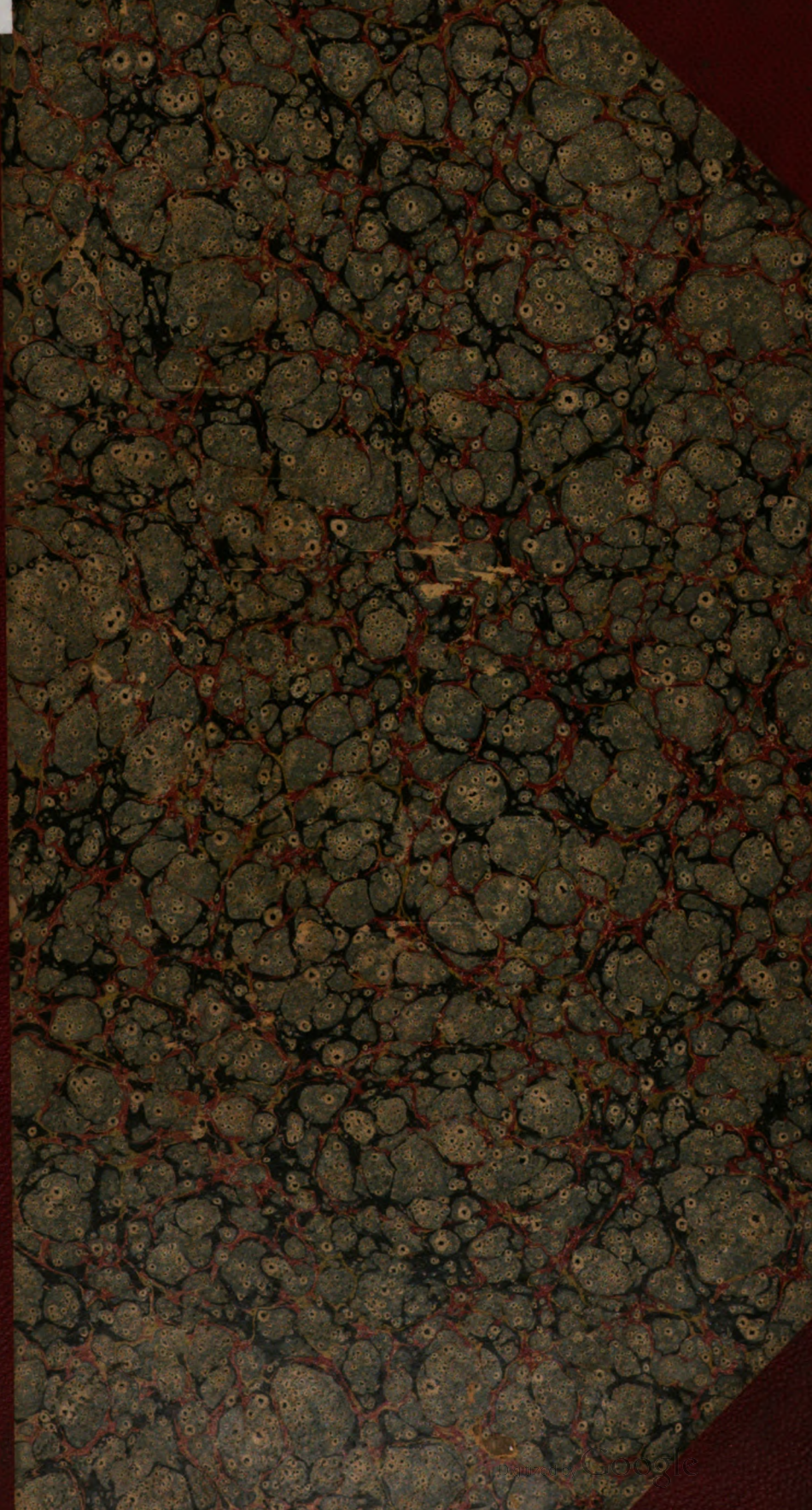
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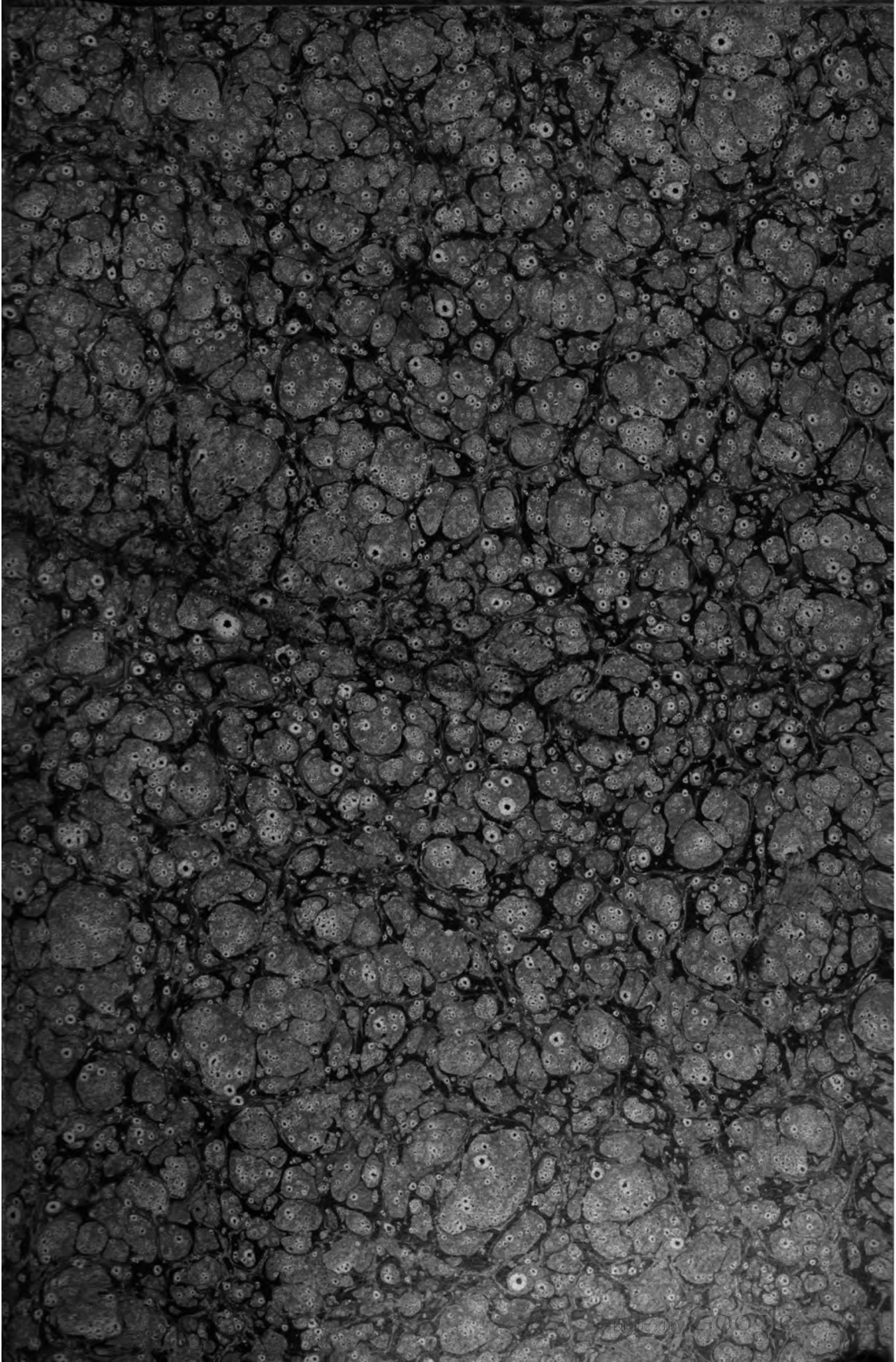
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VOL. VI  
1888  
JULY—SEPTEMBER—NOVEMBER

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# THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW.

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## THE STUDY OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE.

WHEN we approach the close of the seventeenth century in English literature, we begin to be confronted by a practical difficulty. A door must be open or shut, and the chamber of our studies will hold but a limited number of forms or ideas at a single time. What is to be excluded, and what retained, becomes a burning question. In the early stages of civilization, everything written takes its place as literature, but with the widening of the habit of penmanship there springs up an ever-increasing mass of script which is by no means to be treated as literary art. Even in the Elizabethan age there were two branches of written and published work which mainly passed outside the conception of literature, namely, theology and law. But still, throughout the seventeenth century, poetry remained the normal class of expression, while prose retained its conscious character as something which had to compete with poetry and share its graces. It is at the point where these graces of language are entirely subordinated (in the discussion of practical subjects) to exact statement of fact, that there arises a class of books which cannot be treated as literature, in spite of their importance as contributions to thought and knowledge. During the last quarter of the seventeenth century a spirited effort was made to chronicle the new observations of science in the best literary form. of the age, but it could not be sustained. The reader has but to compare the *Acetaria* of Evelyn and the *Anti-Elixir* of Boyle with

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any authoritative modern treatise on the cookery of cucumbers or the composition of alloys, to see how very much the absence of all literary elegance is of advantage in obtaining exact information upon practical subjects. Accordingly, the graces were tacitly and gradually excluded from all treatment of purely utilitarian problems and exact observations, and this exclusion divided the vast body of what was written into literature and non-literary matter.

We must, therefore, prepare ourselves, on approaching the year 1700, to find the history of English literature no longer identical with the history of English thought. There has recently been developed a tendency to go in the opposite direction, and instead of narrowing the field of study to enlarge it. It has been proposed to combine with an examination of English literature a survey of contemporary history and politics, science and learning, theology and speculation. Such a curriculum is fit only for an archangel, dowered with eyes "that run thro' all the heavens," and with a memory and a comprehension beyond a mortal span. No doubt a direct benefit in the study of any one province of knowledge is gained by a correct superficial acquaintance with all that is contiguous to it; but common sense and experience unite to show that, with the increase of facts and the minute subdivision of science, the field of any one particular study, to remain exact, must be rigidly narrowed. It is, therefore, I think, useful for the student of English literature, on reaching the eighteenth century, to make up his mind to the acceptance of a formula less extended than he has hitherto brought with him down from the Renaissance. He will so contract his field of study as to embrace only what may be contained within the denomination of *belles-lettres* in its widest sense, to the exclusion of whatever is purely technical or occasional.

It is difficult, no doubt, in practice, to draw any hard-and-fast line between what is and is not literature in this sense. In a rough kind of way we may see that while *The Public Spirit of the Whigs* and the *Letter to a Noble Lord* are inside, the *Behaviour of the Queen's Ministry* and the *Duration of Parliaments* are outside the frontier of literature; yet, on the whole, it will be convenient to give everything of such masters as Swift and Burke the benefit of the doubt. It is when we descend to less accomplished forces than these that it becomes obvious that the epoch-making work of the Methodist and the deist, the politician and the savant, the jurist and the economist, although so important in the history of society, of

thought, and of the state, must, from the point of view of the mere student of literature, be, for the future, left unexamined, or very briefly and inadequately touched. We must reserve ourselves strictly to what remains in some degree linked with the art of poetry, to what aims at giving delight by its form, to what appeals to the sentiments and the pleasure-receiving instincts, and is not merely a vehicle for instruction or edification.

If, however, it becomes necessary in approaching the Augustan age to confine our study of English literature within closer limits, we are encouraged in so doing by the tendency of that age itself. The seventeenth century had been a period of extraordinary literary adventure. Every species of intellectual stimulus had stirred the educated classes throughout the reign of the last of the Tudors, and one amazing achievement had followed on the heels of another. Greece, Italy, Rome, and Spain had been laid under contribution for the enrichment and enlargement of the genius of this country, and a magnificent literature was borne, like a triumphal procession, heavy with the spoils of Europe, in front of the throne of Elizabeth. But this glowing triumph had tailed off, by the time the Commonwealth was reached, into a grotesque and anarchical body of camp-followers, with here and there a majestic Milton or Taylor to recall the greatness of the past. When the Restoration was complete, and the babel of voices had died away, the new generation had no desire to recall the deafening chorus of Jacobean decadence, and rather proposed to reduce its own manifestations to the most decent and prosaic forms. The tradition of eighteenth-century reserve was formed in the intellectual fatigue that succeeded on the decline of Elizabethan greatness, and the last thing which the contemporaries of Dryden proposed to themselves was a new crusade of literary adventure.

Where there is life, however, there must be experiment, and in spite of its studied quiescence, eighteenth-century literature is full of new departures. To detect these, and to analyze them correctly, is one of the first tasks which the student must set himself to undertake, when once he has mastered the chart of the period. At first sight, there seems to be an absence of general tendency; the forces appear to be wielded by certain master-spirits at their individual pleasure, without much relation to contemporary feeling. We have no longer, certainly, those well-defined schools, or, to change the image, those prominent ranges, culminating in peaks, which diversify the map of seventeenth-century literature, and make its general



aspect so rich and full. We find movements less absorbing and men more prominent. In the development of literary society, the personage of letters emerges from the obscurity of professional life, and poses as an important single figure. Literary history in the eighteenth century, however, is far from being the chronicle of a series of brilliant units. Perhaps because of that very meagreness of outside influence which has been alluded to, the transmission of forces from generation to generation was never more marked than between 1660 and 1780. The continuity of metaphysical speculation from Locke onward, the long-resisted and slowly-adopted new literary profession of journalism, the evolution of the modern novel from the expiring schools of comedy, the gradual resumption of an observant interest in the phenomena of society and of landscape, the dawning of a taste for Gothic romance, these are but the most salient of a number of experimental movements, rising from the dead surface of the century, and pursued across wide sections of its extent.

These experiments, these feats of literary adventure, are not hurried forward during the eighteenth century as they were at the close of the sixteenth or the beginning of the seventeenth. Then it took but a year or two to create, introduce, and make fashionable a whole new form of literature. Any match, whatever wind was blowing, would set the prairie then on fire. But after the Restoration, whatever was done had to be done in the green tree. The judgment had grown sedate, enthusiasm was waxing cold, and the changes were slow and not obviously apparent. The close observer detects, for instance, a change of style between the *Astræa Redux* of 1660 and the *Dispensary* of 1699; but the alteration is by no means obvious. An equal period would take us from the *Steel Glass* of Gascoigne, across Spenser and Shakspeare, to *Britannia's Pastorals* and the songs of Carew, an excursion which bewilders the brain with its variety. But no more suggestive instance of the slowness of post-Restoration changes can be given than is offered by the history of a return to the observation of nature. In 1660 it seemed as though all use of the physical eyes had been abandoned in prose and verse; those who wrote appeared to see everything blurred and faint, as through clouded spectacles. Dryden is perhaps the only great writer, he is certainly the only English poet of high rank, who appears to be wholly destitute of the gift of observation. In Congreve, in such touches as Lady Wishfort's "Thou bosom-traitress

that I took from washing of old gauze and weaving of dead hair, with a black-blue nose over a chafing-dish of starved embers, and dining behind a traverse rag in a shop no bigger than a bird-cage," we see the art returning. But still no one looks beyond the street; till years roll on, and Lady Winchelsea and Gay and Green, venturing into country places, successively open the field of vision each a little wider than the other; they pass away, and Thomson arrives, with a mannered but genuine vision of something more grandiose, of mountain and lake and long, billowy champaign; he gives place to Gray, with his intuition of beauty among the genuine Alps and under the forehead of Helvellyn; and by the time we reach the Gilpins and the Gilbert Whites, we perceive that a slow and slender, but ever-broadening stream of natural observation has been meandering down the whole length of that very century which is supposed to be so characteristically devoid of it.

To facilitate the study of eighteenth-century literature, it is convenient to divide the one hundred and twenty years which succeeded the Restoration into three equal parts. Each of these is dominated by one figure of far greater intellectual prestige than any other of the same period. No one will question that the first of these is the generation of Dryden nor the last that of Johnson. It may not perhaps be quite so readily conceded that the age of Anne lay under the tyranny of Swift. It will, however, be found, I think, upon close examination that neither Pope nor Addison has an equal claim to be considered the centre of the action or the hero of the story. They wrote with consummate skill, but Swift it was who laid the torch to the standing-corn of thought; his was the irradiating, the Promethean mind from 1700 to 1740, and his the force of character, the thrill of personal genius, that rivets to itself the main attention of students throughout that brilliant period.

The age of Dryden was the most prosaic in our literary history. In its course theology, philosophy, even poetry itself, were chained either to common sense, or to a ranting rapture which dispensed with literary sincerity, and was, in fact, more prosaic than all prose. What mainly flourished under the strong leaden sceptre of Dryden was satire, in new and stringent forms; artificial comedy, brutal at first, and harsh, but polished at length to the last extremity of cynical elegance; burlesque verses, very smart and modern, which passed for poetry; the political pamphlet; the clear, limpid art of the letter-writer, modelled, through Roger L'Estrange, on the directness

of the *Lettres Portugaises*; the sincere, naked thought of Locke, with its dislike of ornament and carelessness of authority; the first grotesque babble of modern criticism; the dryness of the polemical divines; and over it all, covering its defects as with a garment, the new graces of the competent current prose of the day. This is the vestibule of the eighteenth century, and across its very threshold the rich brocaded wit of Congreve takes hands with the urbanity and grace of Addison.

The age of Swift is fuller of intellectual activity, more genial, more varied, more enthusiastic. The coldest period is over, and already a faint flush of the summer of romanticism is discoverable. This fuller life takes many forms. In philosophy the age is no longer content with the bald presentment of Locke's ideas, but, with something less of positive originality, calls to its aid the fancy and ingenuity of Shaftesbury, the brilliant imagination of Berkeley. In poetry, though the general type is artificial still, there is no longer the protracted cultivation of one form; satire takes urbaner and less brutal shapes, and, half way through the period, the landscape poets push in with their blank verse, and the lyrists with their octosyllabics. The drama somewhat abruptly expires, and while the nation is waiting for the development of the novel, Addison holds its ear with the humor and dainty sentiment of his essays. A delicate amenity, a sweetness of expression marks the age of Anne; and even the ferocities of Swift and Mandeville do not belie this general impression of increasing civilization of the mind, since the very wounds inflicted by these writers show the tenderness of the contemporary epidermis. Such satire would not have penetrated a generation grown pachydermatous under the flail of Oldham or Lord Dorset. There was a rapid development of the power of ridicule by prose and verse, a general sharpening and pointing of every literary weapon, and it was in this age of Swift that English prose reached its maximum of strength, elegance, and elasticity combined.

Something was again relinquished in the third period, that of Johnson. Here, to secure more strength, needless weight was superadded to language; elasticity was lost in a harmony too mechanically studied. What was really best in this third age was directly recovered from the early Anne writers, as Goldsmith, its best author, is seen returning to the traditions of Addison and Congreve. The main contribution of this period to literature is the novel, which opens with *Pamela* in its first year, 1741. Before the generation

closed, the earliest development of fiction was over and the novel in decline. In verse, what was not imitative of the old schools was suggestive of what did not come till the next century began. On one hand we have Goldsmith, Johnson, and Churchill reviving the manner of Pope; on the other we have Gray and Collins in their odes, and Chatterton in his verse-romances, prophesying of Coleridge and Shelley. Everywhere during this third period the buried and forgotten seeds of romantic fancy were becoming stimulated, and were pushing their shoots above ground in a Percy's *Reliques*, in a *Castle of Otranto*, in a *Descent of Odin*. Meanwhile, what was mainly visible to the public was the figure of Dr. Samuel Johnson, a sesquipedalian dictator, not writing very much or in a superlatively excellent manner, but talking publicly, or semi-publicly, in a style hitherto unprecedented, and laying down the law on all subjects whatever. Around this great man collects whatever there is of normal genius in the generation—Goldsmith and Burke, Gibbon and Reynolds, Boswell and Garrick—and a group is formed, to the student of personal manners the most interesting that literary history can supply. So rich is the age in anecdote, so great in critical prestige, that the student must look closely and carefully to perceive that it is rapidly declining in intellectual force of every kind, and by 1780 is only waiting for the decease of two or three old men to sink completely into a condition of general mediocrity. When Doctor Johnson dies, the literature of the eighteenth century is practically closed, and the work of removing the débris to prepare for the nineteenth begins.

A rough criterion of the vitality of English literature in the eighteenth century may be gained by seeing at what points it was able to influence foreign literatures, and at what points it was influenced by the latter. The old theory that the whole business of the hardening and de-romanticizing of English poetry came from France is now exploded. It has been shown beyond dispute that Waller was, at least, as early in the field as Malherbe. But the artificial verse-product was never thoroughly at home in England, and at one moment only, in the hands of Pope, was able to lay down a tradition for Europe. It is a proof of the force of Pope's art that, while Dryden remained, and still remains, a mere name on the continent of Europe, Pope has direct followers and imitators among the leading poets of Germany, Italy, Sweden, and even Holland. Thomson had the good fortune to be imitated also, and to found a sort of French school, of

which Saint-Lambert is the most prominent member. Pope might be said to owe much to Boileau, and his influence to be therefore continental in a second degree; but whatever the author of *The Seasons* might give to Europe was wholly our own.

Yet far more important than any foreign influence from English verse was the stimulus given abroad by the English novel. Here again it was a Frenchman, Lesage, who first started the modernization of the Spanish story of adventure, and so prepared the way for Fielding and Smollett, while another, Marivaux, may possibly have had some slight effect on the manner of Richardson. But the French critics immediately received the first great English novels with enthusiasm, and acknowledged them to be, in almost every respect, far superior to their own. This admiration for *Tom Jones* and *Clarissa* being admitted, it is strange that Crébillon, rather than Richardson or Fielding, continued to be imitated in France almost to the end of the century; but the influence of the English novel abroad, although suffused, was manifested in many ways before the age of Rousseau, and is to be considered as perhaps the most vivid which our purely eighteenth-century literature exercised on the continent of Europe. In history, also, the preëminence of the English writers made itself felt during the last years of our period. The French and Italians excelled already in memoir-writing and in the compilation of historical essays, but it was not until they had comprehended what Hume and Gibbon had done, that they realized the true function of history. It may perhaps be maintained that the *Decline and Fall* was the most epoch-making work of the English eighteenth century as regards the entire literature of Europe.

In speaking of the direct influence of English literature in the eighteenth century upon foreign nations, there are three names which naturally recur to the memory, those of Montesquieu, Lessing, and Rousseau. The famous *Esprit des Lois*, published in 1748, contains a glowing panegyric of the principles of the English Constitution, and one which could only have been written by a man permeated by the ideas of Locke. Montesquieu knew this country well, and he paid it the compliment of saying, "*L'Angleterre est faite pour y penser.*" When he returned to La Brède, in 1731, his leisure was divided between his English garden and his English books. Nevertheless, the traces of the study of English literature on his style are insignificant, and Montesquieu is rather the master of Hume and Burke than the pupil of Locke. Lessing was deeply read in English drama

and essay of the Orange and Anne periods, and was the first continental critic to admit the full greatness of our literature. Voltaire, to a less degree, exercised a similar critical spirit, but it was Rousseau in whom the Anglicizing influence abroad culminated. Rousseau borrowed from England on all sides, from Hobbes and the deists, from Locke and the political philosophers, from Clarke and from Richardson, taking whatever he needed, in substance or in form, and throwing it indiscriminately into the fiery crucible of his genius. This fascinating and perilous theme might easily be pursued too far, especially where the expression of literary work rather than its substance is under review; but while we speak of Rousseau as owning, as a novelist, the sway of Richardson, we must not fail to remember that the same is true of Marmontel and of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, while Goethe no less has acknowledged the debt of all the German novelists to Goldsmith and Fielding.

As far as the novel is concerned, we cannot be surprised at the attention excited on the Continent by this branch of English literature in the eighteenth century. When the period we are considering begins, the ablest exercise of English fiction current was the *Parthenissa* of Roger Boyle, a weak imitation of the Scudéry romances; when it closes, *Evelina* is the novel of the hour, and a great school of original prose narrative has adorned the intervening years. Between Boyle and Miss Burney there lies the monument of a vast literary reform, in some respects the most important which the eighteenth century achieved. This reform, which swept away the pinchbeck heroism that was so ridiculous in that singularly unheroic age, which dethroned from fiction the vague worship of rank and substituted a spirit of minute and realistic observation of life and character, had its first exponent in Defoe, who returned, nevertheless, to the *picaresque* tradition, and moved in a world of brigands and bandits which was not entirely genuine. It was much to have got rid of Almahide and Almanzor, but it was necessary to dismiss the cynical pirates of Defoe's lesser romances, also, in order to clear the field for perfectly sincere and genuine fiction. The *Gil Blas* of Lesage was an inspiration and a snare to English novelists, who were more healthily, but much less keenly, stimulated by the *Roman Bourgeois* of Furetière. The transition between the harsh, direct narrative of Defoe, without sympathy or insight, and the tender, penetrating fiction of Richardson, is to be found in the urbane essays of Addison and Steele.

So untended was the field of prose narrative in England that a



ploughshare was needed to break up the fertile but unready soil, and this instrument was provided by the genius of Defoe, with its clearness of vision, justice of observation, and facility of superficial analysis. But Defoe, that interesting and most difficult of intellectual problems, was too much a creation of his age, was too completely the outcome of a blunt and unsympathetic generation, to comprehend that touch of enthusiasm without which the English novel could not flourish. We see, accordingly, that, twenty years after *Robinson Crusoe* had shown Englishmen what to demand, in a story which, in certain qualities of narrative, would never be excelled, the English novel seemed, nevertheless, as far as ever from coming to the birth. It is the absence of a recognition of this fact which impairs one of the most valuable contributions of recent criticism on the development of the European novel, the *Réforme Littéraire de Defoe*, by M. Jusserand. It is not enough to show what marvels Defoe performed; the picture gives a false impression, unless what Defoe could not perform be also insisted upon.

It was in the fulness of time, when the drama had totally deceased, when the essay of the age of Anne was also in complete decline, when new airs were beginning to blow from the land of romance, when Thomson's landscape and Young's funereal mystery, the starry speculation of Berkeley and the daring imagination of Swift had prepared men's minds for what was less mundane, less superficial than the observation of material facts, that the novel of feeling began to take its place. It was welcomed from the very first. So weak and faulty a book as *Pamela* must be confessed to be awakened instant and universal enthusiasm, and all mistakes of execution were forgotten in the European acclamation which hailed Richardson as a great creative talent. It was fortunate for our literature that he was immediately succeeded and accompanied by a man of genius still greater than his own; and these two, Fielding and Richardson, remain after a century-and-a-half, in spite of the immense cultivation of the novel, acknowledged masters as well as founders of this vast branch of literature, not superseded and scarcely surpassed by the Scotts and Dumas, the Thackerays and Tolstoï's, the race of giant novelists that have sprung from their loins.

Scarcely less rich or less influential was the chain of metaphysical, or at least philosophical, literature which flourished in England throughout the eighteenth century. But here it seems necessary, in dealing with literature alone, to guard against the obvious manner of

observing this group of writers, namely, as a sequence. Berkeley succeeds to Locke, Mandeville to Hobbes, Butler to Shaftesbury, and the student is almost certain to be led away from a consideration of the contributions of these writers to style, into an inquiry into their intellectual relation one to another. We must return to our opening reservation, and remind ourselves that what is written, what is contributed to thought, is not valuable in literature in proportion to its intellectual quality. From the point of view of the philosopher, Berkeley owes his existence to Locke, and is a planet of considerably lesser magnitude, if not absolutely a satellite. From the point of view of style, Berkeley is totally distinct, is divided by a chasm, from Locke, and is a very great, as distinguished from a perfectly ordinary and mediocre, writer.

Taking this stand-point, the most influential philosopher of the first half of the century is Shaftesbury. No one will ever again contend that this unequal writer owed this influence wholly to his merits, or will quarrel with Brown for saying that, in the *Characteristics*, Shaftesbury "hath mingled beauties and blots, faults and excellencies with a liberal and unsparing hand." But with all its faults, with all its absurdities, the manner of Shaftesbury was stimulating and inflaming to a remarkable degree, and for one eighteenth-century writer who was affected by the noble simplicity of Berkeley, there were a dozen who imitated the ingenuities, the subtle fancies, the curious æsthetic warmth of Shaftesbury. It was not in this country only that the *Characteristics* affected thought and expression. Diderot and Voltaire, in France, Herder, Lessing and Wieland, in Germany, are only the most illustrious of the direct disciples of "the Virtuoso of Humanity." Much of the admiration of these foreign writers was directed, of course, to Shaftesbury's ethical system; but his style also affected them vividly, and no English metaphysical writer of the eighteenth century has left so strong a mark on European expression.

It is not to deny merit to Shaftesbury to assert that, on the whole, this effect of his upon style was wholly deleterious. He wrote with great care, but with an eagerness to attain grace which was only partially successful, and which, when not successful, gives an impression of strange affectation. Under this quaint air of the fine gentleman, he moves briskly and clearly, and those who felt his charm hastened to imitate his insipidities and oddities. It is Shaftesbury above all other men to whom the guilt must be brought home of having fostered and legitimized those vague and trite generalities, those

empty and ornate forms of expression, those rotund commonplaces, which are so distressing to a modern reader of eighteenth-century literature, and constitute its worst blot. Nor does the propriety of this charge exclude the other, but less material, fact that the writings of Shaftesbury abound, to a degree now but very rarely acknowledged, in passages of genuine and rare beauty. The main circumstance is that Shaftesbury, for some reason which it would be difficult to define, although a second-rate thinker and not a first-rate writer, stamped a caricature of his individuality on the style of the succeeding half-century.

It would take us too far, and would, on the whole, lie outside the limits of the particular questions now under consideration, to discuss the relations of the great English and French economists of the centre of the eighteenth century. Although what Adam Smith owed to Quesnoy and to Gournay, what Turgot owed to Hutcheson and to Adam Smith, was very considerable, and although such facts as the appearance of the tract, *Sur la Formation et la Distribution des Richesses*, ten years before the publication of *The Wealth of Nations*, are most interesting in themselves, neither has any distinct relation to the history of style.

We are on safer ground when we turn from the influence exercised on foreign literature by English writing to the reverse action. The English language was, as a rule, so imperfectly understood on the continent of Europe, and French was so completely the tongue of travelling Englishmen, that what was borrowed from English thought was apt to be taken through the medium of translation. When the century was already half through, such men as Gibbon and Humewere glad to make French the vehicle for their ideas; there is perhaps no other instance than Delolme of the opposite practice, and Delolme was a Swiss. Hence, in the politer and more precise departments of literature, where matter counted for less, and manner more, there was much more apt to be French influence at work in England than English influence at work in France. We see this French spirit active mainly in three principal fields, which may now be examined in some detail. They are non-dramatic poetry, drama, and literary criticism.

In a general survey of English poetry from 1660 to 1780, the first thing that strikes us is that, without ceasing to be either popular or abundant, poetic work has become, and remains to the close of the eighteenth century, subordinated to prose, and of a second order of interest. This was a new thing. Until the end of the sixteenth

century literature in England, broadly speaking, was in verse, and we chronicle its fluctuations without special regard to anything but the quality of this kind of writing. With the Elizabethan period, prose begins to take a very great prominence, and to claim a large place in the history of English style; this place, however, until the Commonwealth, is decidedly subordinated to that occupied by verse. Shakspeare is, on the whole, a more luminous figure than Bacon, and Spenser than Hooker, while, if we go further down in the ranks, the superiority of the poets becomes more and more obvious. We may take an image from the light-house service. The Elizabethan poets carry white lights, the prose-men carry red ones, and as we recede from them all the red rays do not seem to penetrate so far as the white ones. But with the Restoration this state of things ceases; the art of verse becomes monotonous and mechanical, the prose-writers assert themselves more, are brighter, more various, and more entertaining, and though the poets are slow to lose their personal prestige, the poetic art is no longer paramount. If Dryden dominates the first age, he was a great prosaist as well as a great poet; Swift, though a hardy rhymester, does not live among the poets at all, and Johnson is only admitted by personal favor, on the credit of two paraphrases of Juvenal, among the ranks of those who put on singing raiment. Verse is very active and prominent throughout the eighteenth century, but it plays the part of Mascarille in the comedy of literature. It is no longer the master, but the entertaining and irrepressible domestic, of the imagination.

The eccentricity and lawlessness of seventeenth-century poetry are now recognized even by those who exaggerate its qualities of simplicity, naïveté, and nobility. The necessary reaction which followed the lyrics of Quarles, the epics of the Fletchers, the tragedies of Goff and Cartwright, stranded English poetry high and dry upon the shore of common sense. Where invention had been strained into monstrosity, a decent sterility of imagination began to reign, and a generation of readers whose taste had been positively tortured enjoyed a complete respite from enthusiasm, familiarity, and surprise. In Dryden the English nation found the best possible leader of the chorus for a condition of things so peculiar. The poetic genius of this man was eminently robust and unromantic; sustained at a considerable, but never at a transcendental, height, his shoulders were broad enough and his patience great enough to support the poetry of his country through a period of forty years, when all that

was most essential was that after so many violent oscillations the tradition of verse should for one whole generation be unruffled, and that nothing should be done to destroy the hold which poetry still contrived to maintain, wounded and shaken as it had been, on the respect of men of average intelligence. In order to do this it was necessary to secure a strong popular poet of little invention, indisposed to formal experiment of any kind, more desirous to accompany public taste than to lead it, and such a poet the Restoration revealed in the panegyrist of the *Coronation*. When the entire generation had passed away, the same voice was heard, merely mellowed to a deeper cadence, in the nervous couplets of *Cymon and Iphigenia*. The long dictatorship of Dryden, uninspiring as it seems in various superficial degrees, ought to be regarded with gratitude by every lover of English. Had Dryden been other than he was, or had his life been cut off in early manhood, it is difficult to see what could have prevented our brilliant national poetry from sinking into fantastic ruin, and expiring in a sort of frenzied Gongarism.

Until near the close of the seventeenth century, the direct influence of France upon our poetry is rather surmised than discovered. So far as we can prove its existence, it seems to have been the result of the reading of the French critics rather than of the French poets. Malherbe, it might be supposed, would affect English style, but there seems no evidence that the very name of the Norman reformer had crossed the Channel. Voiture was read, and to some extent imitated; the *vers de société* of this elegant master were distinctly beneficial to the humorous versifiers of the Revolution and of the Orange period, and through Oldham and Prior the lighter poetry of our own age claims direct descent from the band who fought around the *Uranie* sonnet. The narrative style of Dryden, perhaps, and of the English poets of the age of Anne, certainly, was strengthened by a study of the *Contes* and *Fables* of Lafontaine. In Parnell we at last reach an English poet who can manage the mechanism of a *conte* as well as the most skilful Frenchman. The workmanship of the heroic couplet was probably affected—but on this subject it is most dangerous to dogmatize—not so much by French narrative-poetry, as by the alexandrines of Corneille and Molière. Probably what had more effect on the Royalist poets than all the practice of versemen and the dogmas of the critics, was the regular fall of the distich on their ears when they went to see a tragedy or a comedy in Paris before the Restoration.

After 1700, the relation between English and French poetry, though still far from intimate, becomes closer and more definite. St. Evremond in London and Maynwaring in Paris brought the two literary worlds nearer in contact. The story of Maynwaring's visits to the aged Boileau, who, when Dryden died, was glad to be assured that England had possessed a poet, gives us the earliest distinct evidence of the looking to Paris for poetical encouragement. Boileau, thenceforward, though often disrespectfully used in this country, becomes a kind of dictator of taste to English poets, until in 1711 the sceptre seems to descend again to an Englishman, to Pope. In the succeeding generation there is no talk over here of the clever artificial work of the school of Boileau, and Voltaire presently proceeds to London in the same spirit which took Maynwaring to Paris. The result of all this relation, when closely studied, is to persuade us that what is so similar in the English and French poetry of the eighteenth century is mainly an accidental parallelism or a likeness due to simultaneous action of similar intellectual forces, and not to be accounted for by any very definite discipleship on one hand or on the other. What is very odd is the similarity in phrase, in color, in the adoption of tricks and fripperies almost exactly identical, the apparent deliberation with which a basis of style is prepared, upon which, at the appointed hour, either an André Chenier or a Wordsworth, a Keats or a Victor Hugo, may build his romantic structure.

From the age of Anne onward the sole object of interest, to the student of broad effects, is the gradual development, as from a grain of mustard-seed, of the mighty tree of naturalism. The prosaic poetry of rhetoric which stands, like the cathedral of Chartres, with its two great towers, the one solid and majestic, the other a miracle of grace and lightness, is an object of definite critical interest. But when we pass Dryden and Pope, we reach a long stretch of country where no poetical structure of complex significance meets us until we arrive at the temple of Wordsworth and Coleridge. During the sixty years which intervene, much was done of a beautiful and accomplished character, but the interest of it is either confined to its relation with the past or to its intuition of the future. The verse of Goldsmith and Churchill has to be considered in the light of Pope, that of Gray and Cowper in the light of Coleridge; all the tract between 1740 and 1800 is covered with accidental, diffused, and tentative work in verse, the work of a period virtually preserved from anarchy only by its lack of animation.



The conditions of drama during the period we are considering were, in some degree, analogous to, but much more extraordinary than those of non-dramatic poetry. Between 1660 and 1700 the English stage cannot be called sterile or inanimate, nor was it supported only by the prestige of a single man. Both in its tragic and its comic department it was crowded with figures, enjoyed a lively professional existence which was also literary, and produced a body of work which is very large in quantity and not despicable in quality. The dramatic literature of the Restoration is an important fragment of the literature of this country, and if it contains but two names, those of Congreve and Otway, which are in the first rank, it boasts a whole galaxy of the second and third. Tragedy had the marks of decrepitude upon it, but it was alive until the days of Southerne; sentiment, character, passion, though all clouded by a prevailing insincerity of style, were present. A gulf divides such a drama as Crowne's *Thyestes* from *Douglas* or the *Revenge*, a gulf on the earlier side of which are all the traditions of poetry and literature. Of comedy there is still more to be said. To Etheredge belongs a merit above that of any other poet of the age, that of introducing into England a new and vigorous form of imaginative art. Needless to say that this was the Comedy of Manners, sweeping away the old decayed Comedy of Humours, and giving us in its place something of Molière's love of truth and penetration of character. Through Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanbrugh, this school rose to proportions genuinely considerable; but from the first the English stage, unable to perceive the charm of the purity of French comedy, had defiled our scenes with a cynicism that grew to be intolerable, and English comedy of manners fell before an incursion of indignant Puritanism. This fall of comedy is an extraordinary phenomenon. In 1699 England possessed the most vigorous and vivacious school of comic dramatists in Europe; ten years later the chorus was absolutely silenced, or vocal only in the feeble pipe of Colley Cibber. Through the remaining years of the eighteenth century, dramatic vitality was accidental and sporadic; a good play appeared from time to time, but there was no school of dramatic literature, no school of capable literary writers for the stage.

Some hints of the modern drama, pure and simple, are to be met with in writers who scarcely demand a word from the historian for their personal merits. A Moorgate jeweller, George Lillo, amused the town with some perfectly unreadable plays, principally *George*

*Barnwell* and *The Fatal Curiosity*, which are interesting as the first specimens of "*tragedie bourgeoise*" or modern melodrama. These artless dramas were composed in the interests of morality and virtue, and are the parents of a long line of didactic plays of crime and its punishment. Of somewhat the same character were the sentimental comedies, imitated from the "*comédies larmoyantes*" of La Chaussée. There were various other innovations, mostly of a non-literary or anti-literary kind, such as the introduction of popular opera early in the reign of Anne, and the fashion for pantomimic drama which came in some forty years later. All tended to sever more and more completely the marriage between literature and the theatre, and to destroy that art of drama which had existed until the close of the seventeenth century. The four or five best plays of the eighteenth century are comedies in which Goldsmith, Colman, and Sheridan have deliberately gone back to the Congreve and Wycherley tradition, and have resumed, with the reprehensible elements omitted, the style and method of the great comedians of manners. But these are exceptions, and only enough to prove the rule of dramatic insignificance in England from 1700 onward.

Too little attention has been given to the growth of literary criticism in England. It begins, so far as a modern conception of the critical faculty is concerned, with the Restoration and in the famous prefaces of Dryden. Before this what passed for criticism had been the pseudo-philosophical reflections of rhetoricians. The first professional criticism in England, if we ignore the dissertations of Dryden, was that introduced about 1675 from France, where the Jesuit critics, Le Bossu and Rapin, began to formularize and adapt to modern poetry the rules of Aristotle. These rules were soon adopted in this country, particularly by a writer, Thomas Rymer, who made himself highly ridiculous by using them as a standard by which to measure and condemn Shakspeare and Fletcher. These Jesuit critics, by no means wanting in wit, knowledge, or even, in the case of Rapin, taste, were more fitted to deal with French literature than English. They were ready cheerfully to undertake to shut up all individual inspiration within limits which they rigorously defined, and they were only serviceable so long as men were passing through that curious condition of craving for order and regularity.

In John Dennis, a writer to whom great injustice has been and still is done, a critic appeared who, with great faults of temper, had a far higher idea than Rapin or Rymer, or even Dryden, of certain

classes of poetic work. The praise is due to Dennis of having been the first to dwell judiciously on the sublime merits of Milton, and to give him his right place among the poets of the world. Literary criticism, by which was principally meant the analysis of poetry and the poetic art, received further contributions from Shaftesbury and Addison. As the century proceeded, more and more was attempted in this direction, until it may be said that critical analysis began to take a part in general literature which was unwholesomely prominent. Some parts of the work of men like Lord Kames and Hurd is good and readable as literature, though not very useful as criticism; most of it is deliberately to be condemned as empirical, dull, and preposterous, and as leaving out of discussion the only elements worthy of being included. The criticism of Matthew Arnold or Sainte Beuve is not a development of such criticism as that of Hurd; it is something wholly different in kind, starting from another basis and aiming at another goal. To the comparative student a few words which Gray has scattered here and there in his prose, and some sturdy positive pages in Doctor Johnson, comprise all of literary criticism which is really noteworthy after the age of Anne is over. In Dennis and Addison criticism possessed something of the personal accent, and faintly suggested a *causerie*. But this was soon lost in the pretentiousness of a false philosophy, and criticism ceases to be the expression of genuine individuality.

The place of theology in eighteenth-century literature, properly so called, has been greatly exaggerated. The importance of theology in the vicissitudes of thought during the same period could hardly be overrated. The progress of independent speculation, whether tending toward skepticism as in the deists, or toward a closer puritanism as in the Methodists, or toward the more conservative reaction of the Evangelicals, is of great historical interest. But a florid page of Jeremy Taylor gives a critic of style more to talk about than all Toland's tracts or Whitefield's sermons. Berridge's *Christian World Unmasked*, which just comes within our period, is a typical instance of divinity produced solely to rouse the conscience and excite the belief in a supernatural creed, without a single appeal, in the turn of a sentence or the choice of a word, to any other purpose. With such a writer all the charms of intellectual expression were so many narcotics provided to dull the soul's sense of its awful condition. With the deists, with those curious Chubbs and Annets and Collinses who wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins

under George I., and whose scattered leaves have been so tenderly examined by Mr. Leslie Stephen, with these, also, the substance was everything and the form nothing, except when, like Shaftesbury and Conyers Middleton, they rose upon a politer sphere, and only hinted their deism incidentally. Needless to add that the same spirit, so inimical to literature, actuated those orthodox divines who denounced these dry and uninspired opponents.

It became no better when the rage for speculation died away, and calm fell upon the theologians. The rationalism of the English Church after 1750 gave no encouragement to enthusiasm or imagination; it even kept in check what had inspired a good deal of seventeenth-century Church literature, personal oddity. The principal representative of this late class of theologian is Paley, who summed up the dry and almost mathematical manner of his age when it had nearly closed. The *Horæ Paulinæ*, it is true, did not appear until 1790, but Paley may very well be taken as characteristic of the theological style of the forty years preceding, and between Paley's literary form and the sapless legal style of Clarke, in the age of Anne, there is so little difference that we are tempted to regard these two as typical of their respective groups. If, then, we can say that in the generation of Swift leading theologians wrote like Clarke, and in the age of Burke like Paley, we are almost justified by that very circumstance in conjecturing that the contributions of eighteenth-century divinity to literature are so small that they are hardly worth considering. Among all the divines, the one who wrote most vigorously is perhaps that very ingenious and powerful Tertullian of the dissenters, William Law.

The student will not omit to note as one of the interesting features of the eighteenth century, the school of history which arose in England toward the end of the reign of George II. History at its best had been what Lamb, with an intention wholly laudatory, calls the chronicles of Burnet, "good old prattle," garrulous and pleasant. Early in the century, the laborious compilations of Strype, Carte, and Echard, which were innocent of any general horizon, of any clear or correct view of the relation of one part of history to another, were accepted as contributions to the science. Rapin's *History of England* and Rollin's *Ancient History*, which were well known in England, aimed somewhat higher, but no other French historian, before Voltaire, had any influence in this country; and when the new school made its appearance, it was of purely

English growth. The year 1754, in which Hume printed the first volume of his *History of England*, is the date of the burgeoning of English history; it came to its full greatness in 1776, with the publication of the first volume of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. The sudden efflorescence of this school of historians, with Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson at its head, may be not too fantastically compared with that of the first great generation of novelists, who began to appear twelve years prior to Hume, and who sustained their glory about as long as the historians did. After Gibbon's death there occurred a period of relapse analogous to that which succeeded the death of Smollett.

The condition of England had, since late in the Renaissance, afforded no general opportunities for the cultivation of purely provincial literature until the eighteenth century began. The existence of work in dialects or inspired by provincial feeling became from that time forth too evident to be overlooked. But it is the revival of letters in Scotland which is likely first of all to attract the notice of a student, and it is the more necessary to dwell on this because that revival, although more important than any other of its class, was at first so imitative, and remained so feeble until near the end of the century, that it may easily be lost sight of in the glare of English literature. There went on a curious struggle between pure Scots and classic English—men who, as Ramsay of Ochtertyre puts it, "spoke their mother-tongue without disguise," finding it exceedingly difficult to suppress their native idiom when they came to emulate the *Spectator* or the *Tatler*. The worst of it was that the Scots' tongue was looked upon as rude and contemptible, and for a long time even the preachings and the practice of Allan Ramsay did not contrive to make the dialect fashionable. The revival of popular poetry came at last, and culminated splendidly in Burns. The use of Scotch prose, except by the novelists in dialogue, has never been seriously accepted, and probably never will be. Toward the close of the eighteenth century America began to supply herself with a species of literature, which, however, gave at first but little promise of all she has done within the last hundred years. By far the most eminent of the early American writers was Franklin, whose works, first collected in 1779, only just come within our chronological limits. Franklin's style is notoriously graceful and charming, but he is almost the only American writer before the Independence who can be named with the recognized masters of eighteenth-century

English. It is curious to reflect that in 1780, a date which to the historian of English literature seems late indeed, neither Washington Irving nor Bryant, neither the father of American prose nor the father of American poetry, was yet born.

This so-called classic age of ours has long ceased to be regarded with that complacency which led the most flourishing part of it to adopt the epithet "Augustan." It will scarcely be denied by its greatest admirer, if he be a man of wide reading, that it cannot be ranked with the poorest of the five great ages of literature. Deficient in the highest intellectual beauty, in the qualities which awaken the fullest critical enthusiasm, the eighteenth century will be enjoyed more thoroughly by those who make it their special study than by those who skim the entire surface of literature. It has, although on the grand scale condemned as second-rate, a remarkable fulness and sustained richness which endear it to specialists. If it be compared, for instance, with the real Augustan age in Rome, or with the Spanish period of literary supremacy, it may claim to hold its own against these rivals in spite of their superior rank, because of its more copious interest. If it has neither a Horace nor a Calderon, it has a great extent and variety of writers just below these in merit, and far more numerous than what Rome or Spain can show during those blossoming periods. It is, moreover, fertile at far more points than either of these schools. This sustained and variegated success, at a comparatively low level of effort, strikes one as characteristic of an age more remarkable for persistent vitality than for rapid and brilliant growth. The Elizabethan *vivida vis* is absent, the Georgian glow has not yet dawned, but there is a suffused prosaic light of intelligence, of cultivated form, over the whole picture, and during the first half of the period, at least, this is bright enough to be very attractive.

Perhaps, in closing, the distinguishing mark of eighteenth-century literature may be indicated as its mastery of prose as a vehicle for general thought. It is customary to note the Restoration as marking the point where English prose took a modern form. This is true, but there was nevertheless much left to reform in the practice of authors. At the close of the reign of Charles II., we find the most accomplished prose-writer of the age still encumbering himself in the toils of such sentences as this :

"That which is not pleasant to me, may be to others who judge better, and to prevent an accusation from my enemies, I am sometimes ready to imagine

that my disgust of low comedy proceeds not so much from my judgment as from my temper, which is the reason why I so seldom write it, and that when I succeed in it, I mean so far as to please the audience, yet I am nothing satisfied with what I have done, but am often vexed to hear the people laugh and clap, as they perpetually do, where I intended them no jest, while they let pass the better things, without taking notice of them."

A hundred years later, such a sentence had become an impossibility. It is not merely that we should search Burke or Robertson in vain, at their weariest moments, for such a flaccid chain of clauses, but that the ordinary newspaper-man, the reporter or inventor of last night's speeches, would no longer endure this clumsy form, this separation of the noun from its verb, and the pronoun from its noun. It was the work of the period which we roughly describe as the eighteenth century to reform and regulate ordinary writing. It found English prose antiquated, amorphous, without a standard of form; it left it a finished thing, the completed body for which subsequent ages could do no more than weave successive robes of ornament and fashion.

EDMUND GOSSE.



## EGYPTIAN SOULS AND THEIR WORLDS.

WHEN we study old Egyptian books, we find in them a number of words which seem to apply to the human soul and to the places in which human souls were allowed to dwell after death. Posthumous humanity is said to be here a *ka*, there a *baï* or a *khoul*, all of which names sound strange and barbaric enough; its abode is, according to some, even the tomb where the body lies buried, according to others a country far away to the West, the *Amentit*, the *Rostaou*, the fields of *Iarou*, the fields of Offerings, the *Augrit*, the hidden part of the world which the Sun-god went through during the night. Egypt flourished thousands of years before its religion was superseded by Christianity—no wonder its wise men had more than once to alter the beliefs their ancestors had entertained about death and the future state.

The oldest form they attributed to the soul, at least the oldest we know, was that of a shadow. Now there are shadows of two different kinds, dark shadows such as are projected by the body upon a wall, clear shadows such as we see reflected in water or upon the polished surface of metal or wood. The Egyptians had outlived the idea of the soul being a dark shadow at the time they wrote their Rituals for the dead; the dark shadows (*khaïbit*) which we meet in their books are no independent beings, but always cling to the material part of the soul in the other world as they cling to the physical body in this. The clear shadows were called *ka* or doubles, and were sometimes pictured upon the monuments. They were the exact counterpart of the man to whom they belonged, with the same features, the same stature, the same gait, even the same dress. Some of the reliefs in one of the rooms of the temple at Luxor represent the birth of King Amenhotpou III. While the queen-mother is being tended by two goddesses acting as midwives, two goddesses more are bringing away two figures of new-born children, only one of which is supposed to be a visible and tangible reality: the inscription engraved above their heads shows that, while the first is Amenhotpou, the second one is the double, the *ka* of Amenhotpou. As with kings and queens, so it was with common men and women.

Wherever a child was born, there was born with him a double which followed him through the various stages of life ; young while he was young, it came to maturity and declined when he came to maturity and declined. And not only human beings, but gods and animals, stones and trees, natural and artificial objects, everybody and everything had its own double—the doubles of oxen or sheep were the duplicates of the original oxen or sheep, the doubles of linen or beds, of chairs or knives retained the same appearance as the real linen and beds, chairs and knives. The component particles of all these doubles were so minute and subtle in their texture, that they were imperceptible to ordinary people. Only certain classes of priests or seers were enabled by a natural gift or special training to perceive the doubles of the gods and to obtain from them a knowledge of past or future events. The doubles of men or objects remained hidden to sight in the ordinary course of life ; still, they sometimes flew out of the body, endowed with color and voice, left it in a kind of sleep, and went away to manifest themselves at a distance after the manner of modern ghosts. After death, they maintained not only the characteristics of the particular man they had been while in the flesh, but were subjected to the common wants of humanity, to hunger and thirst, to heat and cold, to illness and pain, with the aggravation that, whereas the living have ways and means of protecting themselves against all the evils which befall them, the dead are utterly destitute. If left to themselves, they had to roam about the places they had inhabited and feed upon the refuse of houses, with the certainty of dying out after prolonging their miserable existence for a short time. If properly attended to, they had a fair chance, I cannot say to become immortal—immortality was not a primitive notion in Egypt—but to continue living on and on so long that it would seem almost an immortality to people who believed in doubles for their souls.

Given the definition of what survived in man, the practical consequences of it are easily drawn. Since the double was a perfect image of the being to which it had been linked at birth, what more natural than that it should remain near where the corpse lay and participate in its destinies. Having grown with it, it ought to decay with it gradually, so that the natural term of its existence after burial might be measured by the time it takes the human frame to disintegrate completely. Therefore, the best means of stopping the decomposition of the soul was to stop the decomposition of the

flesh, and to this we owe probably the practice of embalming. The drying up and hardening of the mummy enabled it to last centuries, during which it served as a kind of stay for its former double. Still, mummies cannot keep on subsisting forever; even if not destroyed by man and beast, or dissolved by rain and heat, a time arrives when they must fade and wear out, and then what would become of the double? The only way the Egyptians found out of this difficulty was to provide it with stone or wooden bodies against the possibility of the mummy mouldering away. Most of the statues we discover in a tomb were only bodies for the double of the man who was buried in it. To prevent them from being broken to pieces or carried away they walled them up in dark cells. Some are standing, some sitting, some squatting; all were as like the model as art could make them, that the soul might more easily adapt itself to them. There was no limit to their number but the piety of the children and the wealth of the family; the more numerous they were, the better it was for the dead. One statue was, after all, only one chance of perpetuity: two, three, ten, twenty statues, gave the double so many chances more. What was true of the statues in the tombs, was true also of the statues in the temples, even when they represented kings or gods: the double of kings or gods, not the whole but a particle of it, was fixed upon them by prayers and consecration, and animated them. Thus it was that they were able to move head or arms, to answer questions which were put to them according to rite, to give forth oracles in private or public matters. Statues were not mere works of art, they were things alive, and are even to this day; only the double of old has turned into a *djinn* or an *afrite* in modern Egypt, and haunts, a bad spirit, the spot where it was revered ages ago, a saintly soul or a god. It is wont to frighten men out of their wits, to send them raving mad, and sometimes to kill them, but loses its power when the body of stone with which it consorts has been mutilated. That is the reason why so many statues in our museums display a broken nose or a battered cheek: the fellaheen who found them defaced them to lame the double in them and prevent it from doing any harm.

So much for the body of the double. The tomb was its *house everlasting*,—*pi rotou*,—a house with more or less rooms, some of which stood open to visitors, as the *mandara* of modern Egyptian houses. There the dead was presented with its first dinner, on the day of the funeral. While the priests, assisted by the son, intro-

duced the mummy to its vault, servants brought into the reception hall oxen and gazelles, geese and doves, fish, loaves, beer, wine, everything a man might need in those times to live comfortably. Bread, cakes of various kinds, vegetables, meat, both roasted and boiled, fresh water, milk, liquors, oil were thrown upon the ground near the sarcophagus; the friends and the members of the family took their part of all the good things which had been dished up for their host, players of the flute, the harp, or the guitar played for them, dancers and buffoons danced before them, until the night came when they went away leaving the double in possession of its new abode. The same ceremony was formally repeated several times a year, on days prescribed by law, "at the feast of the beginning of the seasons, at the feast of Thot, on the first day of the year, at the feast of Uaga, at the great feast of Sothis, on the day of the procession of the god Minou, at the feast of shew-bread, at the feasts of the months and half-months, at all the feasts of the Dead." Men who called themselves *honou-ka*—priests or slaves of the double—received wages to keep the tomb in order and to make the necessary sacrifices in due time. Pieces of lands, or rents imposed upon the domains of the family, were given to neighboring temples that the priests might come and perform the rites at stated times. The double was supposed at first to feed on what was left for it in the hall, upon a low, flat slab of limestone, granite, sandstone, or even terracotta, which Egyptologists are accustomed to term an offering-table; it came out of its own rooms and gnawed the bones or drank the wine. Its condition was, therefore, acceptable, as long as its living servants continued to provide for it; but a day must come, even for princes and kings, when, the generations of the dead accumulating, the doubles of past centuries were neglected for the benefit of more recent doubles. In order to supply them with the necessities of life, the Egyptians conceived the idea of representing on the walls of the open rooms in the tomb the offerings which used to be bodily consecrated on the feast days. The painted or carved image of things insured the reality of the same to the man on whose account they were executed; the double saw itself depicted upon the walls of its house in the act of eating and drinking, and he ate and drank. Prayers were added to the pictures, which strengthened their magical powers and even permitted the dead to dispense with them. The most frequent of these was in the form of an adoration to Osiris, Sokaris, Anubis, or to any of the gods; they were adjured to present

the double of such or such a man "with all the good things which heaven gives, which earth produces, and which the Nile brings out of its unknown retreat." Such was the process by which Egypt's theologians evolved from the notion of the double feeding upon material objects the conception of the double living upon figures of objects and formulas devoid of reality.

Thus far I have considered only the doctrine which made what remained of man a double, and that double settled forever near the place where the corpse had been buried. According to another creed, the soul was not attached to the tomb; it was obliged to leave the part of the world which had been prepared from the first for the reception of the living, and to go to regions which had been selected for the dead to dwell in, under the rule of special gods. These regions lay, most of them, in the direction of the sunset, whence their name of *Amentit*, the West, but some of them stretched, as we shall see, from North to East. It seems as if each nome of Egypt had had in the beginning its own country and god or goddess of the Dead; but they were superseded by Sokaris, Khontamentit, Osiris, Hathor, Anubis, and a few more, whose myths, originally distinct, were mixed up together in the course of time. Sokaris dwelt in the western parts of Middle and Lower Egypt, from Fayum to the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, and reigned over the Memphite dead. His kingdom—*To-Sokari*, the land of Sokaris, it was called,—was in the Libyan desert: dark passages, *staou*, which ran underground like the galleries of a mine, and the reunion of which was termed the grotto, *ammâhou*, or the divine quarry, *Khri-noutri*. The dwellers in this region were no mere doubles faithfully clinging to the corpse they had once animated. Some said they had the figure of a bird, a hawk with a human head, or a sort of crane, *baï*, for which reason the word crane, *ba*, became the common name of the souls. Others believed that they retained the human shape, and that they shone, *khon*, with a pale bluish light; hence people called them *khounou*, the luminous, the shining ones. After death the shining one went in search of Sokaris. A drawing in the *Book of the Dead* shows it a human figure dressed in white, ascending, staff in hand, the sandy slope of the Libyan hills. The entrance to the *Land of Sokaris* was not easy of access. During the journey the soul incurred all the risks of travelling in the desert: it was exposed to hunger and thirst, assaulted by bad spirits, surrounded by snakes, scorpions, and venomous beetles, whose bite would have been death

for it, if it had not been protected against them by magical formulas and amulets of sovereign virtue. When it had reached the Door of the Passages, *Ro-staouou*, it was led before the god and made free of the place and its rights. The kingdom of Sokaris was no pleasant abode for those who were admitted to it :

"The West is a land of sleep and darkness heavy, a place where those who settle in it, slumbering in their forms, never wake to see their brethren ; they never look more on their father and their mother, their heart leaves hold of their wives and their children. The living water which Earth has for every one there, is foul here where I am ; though it runs for every one who is on earth, foul is for me the water which is with me. I do not know any spot where I would like to be, since I reached this Valley ! Give me water which runs towards me, saying to me, 'Let thy jug never be without water ;' bring me to the North-wind, on the brink of water, that it may caress me, that my heart may cool from its pain. The god whose name is *Let complete Death Come*, when he has summoned anybody to him, they come to him, their hearts disturbed by the fear of him, for there is nobody dares look up at him from amongst gods and men, the great are to him the same as the small and he spares not who loves him, but tears the nursling from the mother as he does the old man, and everybody who meets him is filled with affright. All the men who beseech before him, he never attends to them ; nobody goes to implore him, for he never listens to those who implore him, and he never looks to those who bring him presents of all sorts of things."

Sokaris being a dead form of Phtah, was often known under the name of Phtah-Sokaris. The northern and eastern districts of the Delta belonged to Osiris, king of Busiris and Mendes. Osiris, son of Sibou, the Earth-god, and of Nouit, the Heaven-goddess, was a personification of man. His terrestrial life was spent in teaching his people the arts of civilization, and served as a model to all kings of Egypt ; after death he continued his good work among the dead and insured them happiness in the other world. Two different traditions were extant about his character as lord of Hades. The oldest one describes his lands as being laid in darkness, like the land of Sokaris of which I have just spoken ; the souls devoted to him assembled round his shrine, and dragged out there the same dreary life which was promised to the believers in Sokaris. The similarity of conception between both the kingdoms of death led to an identification between both the kings ; Sokaris and Phtah-Sokaris became mixed up with Osiris, and out of the three divinities there proceeded a complex being who had the attributes of them all, and bore the triple name of Phtahsokarosiris. The second tradition, which spread very early all over Egypt, took a more cheerful view of the conditions of disembodied souls. It held that the Land of Osiris was no underground site swallowed up in a despairing intensity of dark-

ness. It consisted of several islands hidden away in the marshes of the Delta, and made inaccessible to the living by mud, and quicksands, and tangled thickets of giant bulrushes. The dead, previously instructed by priests of what they had to do, went up to a spot where a ferry-boat, *mākhonou*, waited to take them across. They had to be examined by the ferry-man; when their answers proved them to have been true followers of Osiris, they were allowed to cross over. On landing, they confronted the god and his assessor-judges, to whom they made a full confession of their deeds and who tried them accordingly. This boat theory was not a matter of universal belief; some people thought that souls coming to the brink of the water found there Thot, the Ibis-god, who took them upon his wings and delivered them over to Osiris. The reasons which the Egyptians proffered for putting their earthly paradise in such an unlikely place were of the purely mythical order. Old legends said that, Osiris having been treacherously murdered by his brother Sit, his wife Isis flew to the marshes near Buto, and gave birth to Horus. She kept him concealed there until he was grown to man's estate; then she gathered around him the old servants of her husband who had remained faithful to her, and sent him to war against his uncle. When he came back victorious after a protracted struggle, he brought the mummy of his father to the place where he had been born, and performed upon it such powerful incantations that it suddenly revived; and from that time there were two kings in the world, Horus in Egypt for the living, Osiris in the marshes for such of the dead as had been during their life followers of Horus, *Shosou-Hor*, had received burial according to the rites instituted by Horus, and thus had become identified with Osiris. Each of the islands had its own name, which was preserved in the *Book of the Dead*; the whole was known in the sacred literature of Egypt as *Sokhit Ialou* (or *Iarou*), the Field of Asphodel. There the souls lived the days and nights of their second existence in the light of sun and moon, working and resting alternately. When called to the *corvée*, they had to tend the cattle, to till the ground, to sow, to reap, to ship the harvest home, under the supervision of Thot and other minor gods, to keep watch upon the waters and fight against Sit and his troops, if these dared to assault the realm of Osiris. When not on duty, they fished or hunted at their leisure, made love to female souls, or sat in painted kiosks, drinking fresh water, enjoying the cool breeze, playing games of chess, or even reading books. The produce of their labors was

not all their own; it was divided between them and the god, as it had been on earth between them and the reigning king, but what was left them was reputed to be probably large enough for their maintenance. Moreover they had the same right as the doubles to receive gifts from earthly friends. All offerings made for the benefit of the dead, accumulated daily in a special district of the *Ialou* which was called *Sokhit hotpou*, Field of Offering. The divinities who had been intrusted by the living with the transmission, kept part for their own use, as a percentage for the office they had been asked to perform; the rest was handed over to the person or persons designated by name in the dedicatory formula of the sacrifice. The realm of Osiris was at its best but a counterfeit of the realm of Pharaoh, and that will seem to many, who know what Egypt was, a poor ideal of a paradise; such as it was, it must have looked the perfection of happiness to people whose notions of future life had been previously confined to the Land of Sokaris.

Whatever the merits of this conception, it had at least one fault: the site allotted to it was not secluded enough to prevent intrusion. When the islands in the marshes became accessible to living men, the Field of Ialou departed from them, leaving behind its name, which stuck to one of the small districts of the northern Delta till the time of the Ptolemies, and a few legends, some of which were collected by Greek dragomans thousands of years afterward, and supplied Herodotus, among others, with the story of the blind king Anysis. There is some reason to suppose that it landed first upon the coast of Phœnicia, in a place which we know to have been very closely connected with Egyptian myths. It was said that the chest containing the corpse of Osiris had been carried away to Byblos by the waves of the sea, and "there gently lodged in the branches of a tamarisk bush, which in a short time shot up into a large tree, growing round the chest, and enclosing it on every side, so that it could not be seen; and the king of the country, having cut down the tree, had made the part of the trunk wherein the chest was concealed, a pillar to support the roof of his house." I do not know whether Osiris and his kingdom passed from Phœnicia to the more remote coast of Cilicia, and thence to heaven. It is enough to say that, even in the inscriptions of the fifth dynasty, we find him out of our world, settled, islands and all, in the neighborhood of the Great Bear, in the northern part of the Milky Way. I have not been able to discover as yet when, where, and by what associations of myths or



ideas the Osirian family was converted into star-gods. Suffice it to say that Osiris, Isis, and Horus were considered as being, respectively, the same as Sahou, who presided in Orion, as Sopdit, the ruler of Sothis, and as Tiou-noutir, the morning star. The islands in the marshes became islands in the firmament, and the water which had surrounded them on earth was transformed into a heavenly ocean, rolling its waves in the northern sky. At first it must have been no easy matter for the Egyptians to contrive means of lifting so high souls endowed with a more or less heavy body; but, being practical people, they devised several ways of effecting it. Such of them as believed the soul to be a bird, affirmed that it took to its wings after death or burial, and flew upward to the door of heaven. Those who had been taught it was a *khon*, a shining human shape, were no less ready than the others with their explanation. Earth was not to the Egyptians what it is to us, a globe carried safely through space by the laws of gravitation; everybody in Egypt knew that it was a flat, oblong, quadrangular slab, more like the upper board of a table than anything they could imagine. It was surmounted by a flat, iron roof stretching at some distance from it and supported by four strong pillars which prevented it from falling and crushing what was underneath. Thus the world was like a two-storied house, the various parts of which might be connected, as they are in our houses, by a staircase, or by a ladder. The Egyptians supposed that there was somewhere in the West a tall ladder which went up straight from earth to heaven. Gods and goddesses watched it day and night, Sibou and Nout, Hor and Sit, Tafnout and Shou, Hathor, and a few more. Nobody was allowed to climb it unless he knew the password, and, even after giving it, those poor souls were in danger of never reaching the top who were not helped by the hand of some piteous divinity. Once on the solid floor of the firmament, they travelled northward until they came to the brink of the boreal ocean; there they found the ferry-boat or the ibis of Thot, the judge Osiris and his assessors, the islands of the Happy, where they settled forever and ever amongst the indestructible stars, *Akhoumou-Sokou*, as indestructible as any of them.

Osiris could not remain long in heaven without meeting Khontamentit. This god, originally of Thinite extraction, was the dead form, the dead side of a solar divinity, Anhour, or of a solar divinity coupled with a cosmic one, Anhour-Shou. Now the life of a sun is something very like the life of a man. The mother of the sun,

Nouit, the Heaven-goddess, brings her son forth in the East every morning, in the same way that men are born of women. The sun-child grows up hour after hour as the human child does year after year, and culminates at noon in mid-heaven, a strong and all-powerful warrior; then he begins to decline, a gradually decaying being whom mythological pictures represent, with heavy head and bent body, leaning on a staff more and more, until he sinks in the West and slowly fades away. Thus, the day of a sun reproduces all the changes which are perceptible in the life of a man from birth to death; but whereas the man, once passed from this our world, is never seen in it any more, the sun returns to it every morning with fresh youth and renovated vigor. Some thought that the sun of to-day was not yesterday's sun, and would never be. The body of the god remained in the West, his soul only revived, and the sun whom Nouit brought forth every morning was a new sun vivified and moved by the soul of all the departed suns. Others believed that each new-born sun was essentially the same as the preceding suns, body and soul. According to the first theory, Khontamentit had in the West a similar kingdom to the Lands of Sokaris and Osiris, where he ruled over the dead in darkness and sleep. According to the second, he knew how to escape the common fate of all living beings. After plunging into darkness in the West, he came out into light in the East, and continued subsisting in regular exchanges from life to death and from death to life. The Egyptians who had first likened the life of the sun to the life of man, now reversed the comparison; they likened the life of man to the life of the sun, and asked themselves whether it were not possible for man to do as the sun did. The place where the sun passed from the living world into the world of the dead was known to be west of Abydos, in the hills of the Libyan desert; they described it as a deep and narrow gully, a kind of slit, *pokait* or *pokarit*, in the mountain, through which the perennial stream that surged and ran in heaven, floating the golden barges of the gods, flowed from light into darkness. The ark of the sun, coming up to it, was hailed by the divine apes and the jackal-headed deities who kept watch upon the entrance, and was swallowed every evening by the *Mouth of the Slit*. It met there crowds of souls who had been sent to Abydos, during the day, from all the parts of Egypt; such of them as had been faithful to the god were allowed to join his train, to embark with him, and even to help the minor gods row him safely in the dark. The way they had

to follow to reach the eastern parts led them in or near the regions of the sky which were occupied by Osiris and by his Field of Ialou. The Egyptians fancied that earth was surrounded on every side by a high mountainous wall which bore the iron floor of the firmament together with the four pillars of which I have spoken. The sun-boat, after disappearing in the *Mouth of the Slit*, altered its course, ran up to the North, outside that wall which hid it from our world, then changed its direction once more and came down to the eastern door of heaven. Khontamentit had, therefore, to pass in sight of Osiris, and the affinity between the two gods was great enough to promote first a connection, soon an identification between them. Osiris and Khontamentit were addressed as the god *Osiri-Khontamentit*, or *Osiris, lord of Mendes, Khontamentit, lord of Abydos*. When we remember that Osiris was already mixed up in Sokaris, we need not be surprised if we find on funeral monuments a *Sokarosiris-Khontamentit*, who united in himself the souls and powers of Sokaris, Osiris, and Khontamentit.

This absorption of the three gods in one resulted in the confusion of their several creeds. Imagine for yourself an Egyptian adoring Sokarosiris Khontamentit, and see what this threefold divinity ordered him to believe about his future condition. What remains of man after death is either a double or a soul. Being a double it must needs live in his tomb, on the offerings which are presented to him on feast days. At the same time, being a soul, it wanders away to the Libyan hills to sleep in the land of Sokaris, it rises up to heaven where it works for Osiris in the Field of Ialou, it catches the boat of the sun at the Mouth of the Slit and follows Khontamentit. I do not think that most Egyptians were troubled in their minds by the contradictions which are involved in the above statements. Everything that bore a relation to the other life was not so much a matter of reason for them as a matter of faith; they believed in Sokarosiris Khontamentit without trying to analyze their creed, and adopted all the notions which were embodied in him, however conflicting or irreconcilable the one with the other. Take, for instance, this formula, which occurs frequently on the funerary steles of the XVIIIth and XIXth dynasties:

"Adoration to Ouapouaftou and to Anubis that they allow me to be a glorious soul in heaven, rich upon earth, true-voiced in the underground (*Khri-noutri*), to go in and come out of my tomb and to enjoy the coolness of its shade, to drink out of my own well every day, to be flourishing in all my members; that the Nile

may bring to me all cakes, all offerings, all annual plants, each in its season ; that I may walk on the brink of my tank every day, that my soul may alight upon the boughs of the garden I have made for myself, that I may cool myself under my sycamore trees and eat from their fruit ; that my mouth exists for me to speak with as the Followers of Horus are wont to do ; that I may go out to heaven or come down to earth without being repulsed on the way, with no detaining of my double, nor putting in prison of my soul ; that I may be admitted to the circle of the friends, amongst the devoted to Osiris ; that I may till my own field in the Land of Ialou, that I may reach the Field of Offerings, to be presented with a jar of beer, and cakes from the cakes of the Lords of Eternity ; that I may receive my dinner from the quantity of meat which is put upon the altar of the great god Osiris."

Here we have the same man speaking of his double and of his soul, but this is no difficult thing to explain: Egyptians of his time had divided the human person into two parts, one of which, corresponding to the old double, remained in the tomb with the body, while the soul went away to the other world. The allusions to the myth of Sokaris are frequent in the beginning of the formula, when the dead speaks about being true-voiced in the underground ; then the text brings us from earth to heaven and the Fields of Ialou. Thus we see that nobody doubted that it was possible for a soul to enjoy at the same time all the privileges which were insured to the devotees of Sokaris and Osiris. We know from other formulas that other people found no difficulty in wishing for themselves a perpetual residence in the fields of Osiris, at the same time that they asked admittance into the boat of Khontamentit. They were taught to believe in contradictory dogmas from their childhood, and believe they did, with never a scruple or a query.

But there were others who thought about them and sought to harmonize the various conceptions of a posthumous life, or, where this was not possible, to tone down and even to suppress completely such of them as were irreducible to their own creed. They lived under the great Theban dynasties, at the time that the worship of Amonrâ which prevailed in Egypt had nearly succeeded in establishing all over the land the belief in one single God, and this a solar one. They were persuaded that the only way for a soul to enjoy perpetual bliss was to become as one with the sun, and this conviction was so strong in them, that, instead of giving the dead the name of Osiris, which had been until then reserved for them, they identified them with Râ, the Sun-god: for a while, dead Ramses or Amenhotpou was no more the Osiris Ramses or the Osiris Amenhotpou, but the Râ Ramses and the Ra Amenhotpou. Their systems have been preserved to us in books, several of which are inscribed upon the walls in

the Tombs of the Kings, at Thebes. They described the travels of the dead sun, Afou,—the flesh, the corpse of Râ,—in the hidden part of the world, *Douaout*. The Douaout was a kingdom of night, not unlike the kingdom of Egypt. It was divided into twelve districts, one for each of the black hours. The districts were called *pylons* in one of the books, *mansions*, *circles*, or *cities* in the other. They answered to the cities and to the nomes of Egypt, only they were inhabited by divinities and human souls, and ruled by gods who recognized the supremacy of the sun as readily as the princes of the nomes acknowledged the sovereignty of Pharaoh. Afou inspected them every night. He floated down the stream of the dark river in them, the Oiranous, as any living Pharaoh did the Nile; he stopped in each of them to address the inhabitants and be addressed by them, to invest them with lands of their own or rents of offerings, to infuse them with new life. These cities of Douaout constituted as artificial a division as the real nomes of Egypt. In one of the books, which is entitled *A Book of Learning what there is in the Other World*, they were described as combining together to form subordinate kingdoms for the old gods of the Dead. The sun, after disappearing west of Thebes, went through an empty country for the space of one hour, till he came to the Land of Khontamentit. The Land of Khontamentit stretched over two hours from Abydos to Hnes, and was bounded by the Land of Sokari, which occupied two hours more. The sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth hours belonged to Osiris, and the *Augrit*, where the souls went from the eastern part of the Delta, was in the tenth and eleventh hours; the twelfth hour prepared the birth of the Sun-child and was reserved to the gods of Dawn. This distribution of the dead alongside the borders of Egypt from west to east, passing through the northern regions, was a natural result of the repartition of creeds at the time of the Theban dynasties. Most of the Egyptians remained true to their local dogmas and their souls went to their respective gods after death, Memphite souls to Sokaris, Osirian souls to Osiris, and so on. Only a few persons in the Theban circles were intelligent enough to perceive the superiority of the theory that identified the soul of man with the soul of the sun, and were willing to follow Afou by night and Amonrâ by day. While the devotees of the old gods subsided each into his own land under his own ruler, to live there in darkness except for one brief hour out of the twenty-four when Afou came to the city they dwelt in, the souls of the initiated enjoyed perpetual light in the boat of Râ.

These are some of the speculations in which old Egypt indulged for centuries; there were others which it would be imprudent to give, such small traces have they left in the monumental records. That which I have tried to sum up here in a few pages, is the result of a long course of studies in Egyptian religion. Whether the conclusions to which I have come are true or not, I cannot say, as yet; I am too full of my subject to be a good judge of what I am doing. This I am able to affirm, that every proposition I have put forward is founded upon original texts, most of which have been discovered in the pyramids of the Memphite kings, many of which are probably older than the beginning of the Egyptian monarchy.

G. MASPERO.

## A POLITICAL FRANKENSTEIN.

### II.

BOTH General Kaulbars and General Sóbolef had seen service in Central Asia. They evidently felt, in coming to Bulgaria, that they were to play the part given to a British resident at a native court in India; but they forgot that Bulgaria was not in Asia, and, even had they been sent to the other side of the Bosphorus, they would have done well to have taken a lesson in tact and manners from the gentlemen they thought they were imitating. Before their departure from St. Petersburg the Emperor, in the presence of the Prince, had instructed them to go hand in hand with him, to adopt his point of view and to serve him faithfully. General Sóbolef does not mention any secret instructions in his defence of his Administration,\* which is interesting both from what he confesses and what he excuses; but on the arrival of the generals in Bulgaria, it was evident that they had been affected meanwhile by other influences. They seemed to devote all their efforts to undermining the power and position of the Prince; to thwarting his plans, and to counteracting his influence. They strove to render him unpopular in Bulgaria, and to make him an object of suspicion in Russia, and deprive him of the Tsar's support. As concerns Russia and Russian opinion they gained their object; their official reports and their private letters were, naturally, believed implicitly, and Arsénief, the Russian diplomatic agent, was reprimanded for attempting to report the real truth to the Foreign Office, and felt obliged to ask for a change of post. Russian newspaper correspondents devoted to the two generals received official positions under them; and lost no opportunity of maligning and criticising the Prince, and of abusing every Bulgarian in a responsible position who was not the creature or the devoted servant of the Russian intriguers. In Bulgaria, however, want of tact and stupid brutality sometimes reacted on those guilty of them, and chiefly resulted in rendering them ridiculous. General Kaulbars affected to show his contempt for the Prince by

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\* *The First Prince of Bulgaria*: published originally in the *Russkaya Starina* for September, 1886, and which has since appeared in a German translation.

refusing to eat when dining at the palace. When King Milan of Serbia visited the Prince at Rustchuk, a meeting which the generals had disapproved, as they considered the King a mere Austrian agent, they made a great show of reluctance to meet the King or to be present at dinner. Kaulbars even wished to show his contempt by giving the Serbian cross the lowest place among his decorations, and had to be ordered by the Prince to place it first or to stay away from the table. When new complimentary decorations were distributed on the King's departure, both generals were eager to receive a grand cordon.

Although the two generals had everything in their own hands and practically exercised the dictatorial powers conferred upon the Prince, they never met with the slightest opposition without imagining it to be caused by hatred to Russia, by Austrian intrigue, by Bulgarian ingratitude, or to be the result of the personal plots of the Prince. Difficulties were made with the Catholic schools because Austria was Catholic; quarrels were picked with the American missionaries because the Prince was a Protestant; whatever did not accord with the views of the generals showed a strong anti-Slav tendency. General Sóbolef says, in the pamphlet referred to above: "Bulgaria needs a man with an iron will; the Bulgarians know how to obey, and obey well." This was his Asiatic way of looking at things; but, in truth, what was necessary for the Bulgarians was not to be commanded, but to be led. What neither Sóbolef nor the other Russians in Bulgaria could understand were the instincts of the people, their desire to be free, and their learning to govern themselves. To his warped mind the difficulties he encountered seemed to come from the supposed absence of a strong will in Prince Alexander; or, at all events, from a refusal to exert it. This he easily explained to himself by the Prince being German, and, therefore, opposed to Slav aspirations; by his hating Russia; by his being under Austrian influence; by his being surrounded with partisans of the "effete western civilization," and by his personal ambition to be independent; so that it was impossible to expect any good or advantage to come to Bulgaria from his rule. Naturally the constant repetition of such ideas in official reports and newspapers could not but increase the suspicion with which the Prince was viewed in Russia.

How often during all this period of Russian dictatorship Austria could have gained, and rapidly extended, a legitimate influence! But



a blight has affected Austrian diplomacy in the East. It has seemed a constant fact that, when the state of feeling was ripe and the moment propitious for an act which would have gained for Austria respect, gratitude, and even love, a feeling of haughtiness, of religious discord, or of race hatred came over either the Foreign Office or the diplomatist, so that an advantage was lost instead of won.

This accusation of subserviency to Austria was probably what completed the ruin of Prince Alexander; for to the Russian mind it meant treachery to Russia. It originated entirely in the fact that the Prince authorized the signature of what was known as the "*Convention à quatre*," which provided for the immediate construction of the Bulgarian portion of the railway which now unites Vienna and Belgrade with Constantinople. This the Prince was obliged to do in order to fulfil the conditions imposed by the Treaty of Vienna, and for the benefit of the country. But that which could give Bulgaria railway connection with the West was thought to sever it from Russia; and a through train from Vienna to Constantinople could carry Austrian more quickly than Russian ideas.

Railways seemed to be the chief business of the Russian dictators—railways leading no matter where, provided they were built by Russian engineers and *entrepreneurs* with Bulgarian money—for Sóbolef had been previously in relations with Günzburg through some whiskey-farming schemes in which his father-in-law was a partner. Various Russian engineers, connected by marriage and otherwise with the generals, appeared on the scene; as well as a Prince Hilkof—a near connection of Madame Nelldof, the Russian ambassadress at Constantinople—who was expected to take charge of all the public works of the principality. Hilkof had had an adventurous life, having been at one time fireman and engineer on an American railway; and, although he showed in Bulgaria no great talent, he is said since to have done good service in the construction of the Russian Central Asiatic Railway. To the surprise of his Bulgarian ministers, Prince Alexander at first supported the Russian schemes; and when they made representations to him, said: "Yes, you are right; fifteen or twenty millions will be squandered, but if we can get the support of the Russian coterie at that price, is it not better to pay it, provided Bulgaria will be allowed thereafter to develop itself peacefully as it chooses?" The Bulgarian ministers disagreed with him, because they felt sure that the railways were only the opening wedge for the complete exploitation of the country; and, in

spite of all their efforts, the Russian generals could never get their schemes accepted by the Assembly.

The Ministry as originally constituted contained three Russians and three Bulgarians; but the Bulgarian members were gradually eliminated, until finally Sóbolef and Kaulbars were the only two remaining ministers; the other posts were filled temporarily, each with a *locum tenens* who had to report to Sóbolef and had no right of audience with the Prince, the latter thus practically abdicating in favor of the general, a step which he rendered more complete by taking a journey to Constantinople and Greece, and then going to Moscow for the coronation of the Tsar. The visit to Constantinople had great effect in smoothing the relations between Bulgaria and Turkey; and both in Greece and in Montenegro efforts were made to come to a friendly understanding which would avoid an eventual conflict in Macedonia. It was to his coming interview at Moscow with the Tsar that the Prince looked for an issue from his difficulty; and it was in view of this that he always bade his supporters have patience and wait till he could plead his own cause to Alexander III. A remark he made at Athens is instructive. An official representation was made to him as to the treatment of some American missionaries in Bulgaria, when he said: "You know that I would gladly do all I can, but at present I have absolutely no power in my own country; and it would probably be best for your Government to lay its complaints before the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs at St. Petersburg."

The visit to Moscow, from which so much was hoped, was chiefly remarkable for its disillusion. A deputation of members of the National Assembly, headed by the Archbishop Clement, had been allowed by the Prince to go to Russia, with the hope of representing to the Emperor the real state of the country. General Sóbolef, without the permission of the Prince, abandoned his post and took with him to St. Petersburg another deputation, which he had selected from the extreme opposition,—of men most bitter against the Prince, and who were, therefore, for the moment considered sufficiently pro-Russian. As the Tsar insisted on receiving both deputations at the same time, it was impossible to make any representations to him. The Tsar was kind, but cautious and reserved; he promised, however, to recall the two generals; and, at the pressing request of the Prince, agreed to send again to Bulgaria General Ernroth, who had his complete confidence. It is a curious instance

of how very petty incidents sometimes have great consequences, that the Prince happened to be out when the Tsar called upon him; and that this enabled some of his enemies to make personal complaints against him. A certain coolness resulted; Prince Alexander was not invited by the Tsar to return to St. Petersburg with the other foreign guests, and on his way home heard, to his chagrin and regret, that the Tsar had revised his decision, had refused to send General Ernroth, and had resolved, for the purpose of investigation and for smoothing difficulties, to despatch thither M. Ionin, who had for fifteen years been Russian agent in Montenegro, and had just been named Envoy to Brazil. Some pieces of home news also alarmed the Prince; the Minister of Justice—a Bulgarian by descent, but a Russian official, Theokárof—had dismissed and replaced three-fourths of the judges and officials of the courts and tribunals, despite a positive and stringent order of the Prince; General Sóbolef was pressing negotiations for regulating the payment of the \$5,000,000 which, it was claimed, Bulgaria still owed to Russia for the expenses of the Russian occupation, hoping to use this as a moral force against Bulgaria, and with a wild idea of building up a great Russian commercial fleet on the Danube to compete with the Austrian steamers; General Kaulbars had called out the reserves, and was exercising full half the Bulgarian army on the plain near Sofia; and, most significant of all, Burmof, the Director of Finances, was negotiating at St. Petersburg for the deposit of nearly the whole Bulgarian Reserve Fund, \$3,000,000, in the Russian State Bank, which (Sóbolef had assured him) would pay a higher interest than he could get elsewhere. The certificate of deposit was to be pledged to Günzburg as collateral for the sums necessary in the railway schemes. The Prince hastily left Ischl, where he was recruiting his health, and took up the reins of power again with a vigor which astonished the generals. He disapproved the financial negotiations of Burmof, and fortunately recovered the money of the treasury before it had quite reached the frontier; dismissed the Minister of Justice; approved the convention for regulating the occupation-expenses only on condition that it should be ratified by the Chamber; and for that purpose, as well as for carrying out the railway-convention with Austria, called a special meeting of the Legislative Assembly. This last step, for some reason or other, was looked on with extreme displeasure in Russia, for the feelings of that Government had become singularly sensitive.

The Prince had just before sent Stoslof to St. Petersburg in the capacity of diplomatic agent, in order to have some person of confidence who could communicate with the Russian Foreign Office; but on passing through Vienna Stoslof was told by Ionin that such an appointment would be considered by the Tsar and the Government as an intentional affront. Stoslof continued his journey in an unofficial capacity, but both the Emperor and M. de Giers refused to see him. In the old times when other governments made difficulties about receiving agents from vassal states, Russia allowed the continuous residence at St. Petersburg of a Rumanian agent, and so skilfully arranged the ceremonial that his presence in the diplomatic circle did not offend the susceptibilities even of the ambassador of his suzerain, the Sultan.

In choosing a method for coercing the Prince, recourse was had to the Radical Opposition, which then professed itself very Russo-phile, and with the members of which the two generals had coquetted from the day of their arrival. The weapon most ready to hand was the suspension of the Constitution, which had really never been forgiven by the country. It was thought that with the help of the Radicals the Prince could be forced to give up his dictatorial powers—or perhaps, even better, be deposed; and that in return for this service the Radicals could be induced to accept a revision of the Constitution, or even a new one drawn up by Russia. The game would thus, in the end, be in the generals' hands, for both Prince and people would be rendered powerless. When matters were ripe, Ionin shortened his stay at Vienna, having apparently now received full instructions, and reached Sofia on September 1st. The Prince had previously received a telegram from the Tsar, begging him to suspend all proceedings against the generals until the arrival of Ionin, "who had the most friendly instructions, and was charged to use all his efforts, if necessary, to smooth down any difficulties." The official presentation of Ionin was no sooner over, than he asked a private audience, saying he was commissioned to deliver a verbal message from the Tsar; and was thereupon introduced into the Prince's study.

"There he began" (I quote Prince Alexander's own account) "in a haughty and disrespectful tone to state to me that the Tsar was very discontented with my conduct since my return from Moscow, and that he considered the convocation of the Chamber for September 15th as an act of open hostility against Russia, and a direct insult to his person; since he knew only too well that the Chamber was convoked for the sole purpose of creating a scandal against Russia; that, therefore, the Emperor desired, and commanded me to dissolve the Chamber, to keep the gene-

als for at least two years longer, to separate myself from the clique with which I terrorized the country, and to give back to the country my full powers. 'For' (so Ionin said literally), 'the Tsar gave you the full powers; now he takes them away from you, because you have made a bad and wicked use of them.' To all my objections Ionin answered insolently and impertinently, and finally explained that 'as M. Ionin I beg pardon for the expressions I have used; but as the Envoy of his Majesty I am compelled to repeat them to you; for I have received the command from the Emperor to employ this language.'"

The Prince at first decided that it was impossible for him to enter into a personal conflict with the Emperor of Russia; and that the best thing he could do for Bulgaria would be to abdicate. He accordingly despatched a confidential messenger to his father, with a statement of his intentions, and a full account of the situation. In the mean time, while suffering from a fever brought about by agitation, he was again obliged to receive Ionin, who imperiously demanded an audience, with the remark that he was ordered by the Tsar to proceed more energetically against him, in case he refused to reply to the Russian demands. Under the pressure of the emergency the Prince did reply; he absolutely refused to comply with the demands of Russia; he denied the authority of Ionin to use the language he had used; he begged the Russian generals to resign in order to avoid scandal; and said that he would proceed to the formation of a coalition ministry for the government of the country. Zánkof and other leading Liberals had already been sounded; but Ionin persuaded them to make demands which could not be accepted; and a coalition ministry was, therefore, impossible. Ionin thereupon reappeared accompanied by the generals, who refused to resign, and told the Prince that, if he accepted a purely Conservative ministry, he would be at once deposed, as there were in the country 150 Liberal committees who only awaited their orders openly to demand his abdication. They further laid before him an ultimatum, professing it to have been authorized by the Tsar, demanding the retention of the generals for two years more, the dissolution of the Chamber, the unconditional acceptance of every measure proposed by the generals, separation from the clique which surrounded him, restoration to the nation of its full powers, and the acceptance of a new Constitution. The Prince asked for time to reflect, during which he consulted the heads of parties, and the representatives of the Great Powers. The German agent was away, having been apparently given leave of absence until the crisis was past. The Austrian refused to come to the palace, on the ground that he had no instructions; and even

talked of the legitimate influence of Russia—words which his Government probably now regrets that he used. The Englishman felt sure that the Prince would be glad to leave Bulgaria; while the Frenchman gave the energetic advice to arrest the two generals and send them across the frontier. Finally, in another interview with Ionin, the Prince agreed, as a compromise, that the next meeting of the Assembly should consider only the two questions of the railway and the regulation of the cost of the Russian occupation; that he should issue a manifesto for the formation of a commission to draw up the new Constitution, and the calling of a General Assembly to consider it; and that the present ministry should remain in power until that time. A manifesto to this effect was accordingly published on September 11th, and in a telegram to the Tsar, stating the fact, the Prince declared that he had issued the manifesto under pressure and against his own convictions, believing that the sudden opening of these constitutional questions would be unfortunate for the country. The Tsar telegraphed back from Copenhagen, where he was on a visit to his father-in-law, "I am happy and tranquillized."

Having heard that General Kaulbars was endeavoring to excite a revolt among the troops encamped at Sofia, the Prince—ill as he was—resolved to visit the camp. He was received with such affection and enthusiasm by the soldiers as to prove to him that, so far, the machinations against him were vain. It may be added here that during the summer there had been large importations from Russia of arms, ammunition, and military stores; that repairs had been made to the Danube fortresses, contrary to the Treaty of Berlin; that the military budget had been increased by \$2,000,000; and that Ionin had dryly said to a Bulgarian deputation that the Russian officers intended to remain two years longer, and that any agitation against them would be considered as rebellion against the Tsar.

Notwithstanding their victory over the Prince, the Russian generals were not content, and, fearing the result of his representations as to their conduct, desired to humble and to punish him. The 15th of September—the day fixed for the opening of the Assembly—had come; Sóbolef, therefore, made overtures to Zánkof, on whose desire for revenge he counted, and suggested that he and the Radicals should refuse to vote the address; but that, on the contrary, they should demand the Prince's abdication, and propose placing Bulgaria under a Russian protectorate for ten years, explaining that Russia really cared nothing about the Constitution of Tirnova. Zánkof

appeared to consent ; but as he had no very warm desire for such close relations with Russia, he went to the Prince and informed him of what had happened. In the course of the night a coalition ministry was agreed upon, although the Conservatives agreed loyally to support a purely Liberal Cabinet ; and the course of action next day planned. The Prince on his part agreed to restore the Tirnova Constitution should he be unanimously asked so to do. When the day's session opened Sóbolef and Kaulbars were both present. To their surprise the Liberal deputies lately elected took the oath, although it had been agreed upon that they should not do so, and the committee on the address to the throne was composed half of Liberals and half of Conservatives. It had no sooner been chosen than the President rose and read a brief address already prepared, begging the Prince to restore the Tirnova Constitution ; asking him what amendments to it he wished to propose ; and promising to consider them immediately. Sóbolef looked impatiently at Zánkof, who, instead of his expected anger and protest, calmly said that he agreed with all parties in this address, and promised loyalty to the Prince. Sóbolef and Kaulbars could stand this no longer, but rushed out of the house crying, " Pigs, canaille, lying rascals ! " forgetting in their excitement to take their sabres and military caps, amid the hurrahs of the Assembly. The deputies then went to the palace in a body, presented the address, expressed their thanks, and promised coöperation, whereupon the Prince formally announced the restoration of the Constitution.

The new ministry under the presidency of Zánkof was at once announced ; but Sóbolef and Kaulbars refused at first to resign, on the ground that the address showed no want of confidence in them. They were obliged to hear from the Prince that it was only his personal intervention which had spared them this humiliation ; and they reluctantly gave up their posts. On the eve of their departure a banquet was given in their honor by the mayor of Sofia—who was a creature of Sóbolef's—the expenses of which were paid by the Russian Consulate, and charged to the account for illuminations in honor of the birthday of the Emperor of Russia. Ionin said dryly, " The Prince ought to be congratulated as he has managed the thing cleverly ; but I shall know how to prepare my revenge." It was indeed a great victory for Bulgaria and for the Prince ; but in the end it proved ruinous for the one and dangerous for the other. For nearly two years after this, until the Philippopolis revolution, Bulgaria

enjoyed a fair measure of tranquillity; outwardly Russia affected to consider the departure of Sóbolef and Kaulbars as one of the ordinary incidents of the fluctuating relations of the Principality with the Empire. There were the usual intrigues between the Russian agents and the different political leaders; there were some small but unpleasant incidents originating at St. Petersburg; but, on the whole, the Prince had hopes of effecting a reconciliation, and that this time it would be a permanent one. Some of the slight incidents were not, however, uninteresting. When the Prince wished to appoint General Lesovóy Minister of War, Ionin, in the name of the Emperor, forbade him to accept it; and on a question from the Prince, said: "The Emperor will never leave the army in the hands of a man who listens to you rather than to us." On the Prince objecting to this language, he said: "Keep on, I can easily bring about a quarrel," adding laughingly, "which certainly is not for us to fear." The Prince thereupon closed the conversation by saying: "God is my witness that I certainly do not desire a quarrel; but if Russia holds to provoking one, neither do I fear it." Subsequently the Chamber resolved to separate the chief command of the army from the Ministry of War; leaving the latter only the administration of ministerial details. Rüdiger, a Finlander who had served in the War Department, and had accepted the ministry, threatened, by order of Ionin, to resign, if the Prince signed this resolution; and at the same time the Tsar telegraphed to the Prince, forbidding him to make any change in the *status quo* of the army until the arrival of an Imperial aide-de-camp charged with a personal investigation, and the regulation of military matters. The Prince telegraphed affirmatively, and sent by General Lesovóy and M. Balabánof a carefully written letter to the Tsar, explaining the state of the country and the necessity of removing the command of the army from the Ministry of War, in compliance with the Constitution. Both these communications greatly irritated the Emperor. During the Prince's absence for a few days in the mountains, Lieutenant Pólzikof, the Prince's favorite aide-de-camp, was ordered to leave his suite, to quit Bulgaria within forty-eight hours, and rejoin his regiment at St. Petersburg under pain of being treated as a deserter. This was in itself sufficient; but the Prince was still more annoyed on returning to Sofia to find this Imperial order countersigned by his own Minister of War and posted on all the street-corners. A ministerial council was called, and it was decided that all the Russian members of the princely suite



should be dismissed; that the Bulgarian officers serving in Russia should be recalled; and that Rüdiger, the Minister of War, should be relieved. The last at first refused to resign without the Emperor's order, until he was threatened with arrest and deportation from the country. Finally the Emperor's aide-de-camp arrived; he turned out to be Baron Nicolas Kaulbars, the elder brother of General Alexander Kaulbars, who had just left. He was then military *attaché* in Vienna, and came again to Bulgaria later, in 1886, after the final departure of Prince Alexander, on a mission to excite the people against the Regency. At this time he remained about three months; nominally for the purpose of concluding a military convention, which, while it recognized the Prince as the real head of the army, increased to some extent the power of the Russian agent and the Russian Ministry of War over the Russian officers in the Bulgarian service. On the whole his stay then was beneficial; for he was courteous, had tact, and did much in a spirit of conciliation. On his departure, Prince Cantacuzene arrived as Minister of War, and Ionin was succeeded by Koyánder, whom the Bulgarians accuse of being the most tactless, weakest, falsest, and worst of all the Russian agents sent to Bulgaria.

Meanwhile there had been new elections accompanied with, perhaps, more than the usual amount of rioting; and the coalition ministry had given place to a purely radical one, headed by Karavélof, chiefly through the influence of the independent fraction, led by Stambúlof—a man destined since that time to play a great part in the history of the country. The relations of Karavélof with the Russian agency were at first very friendly, until a coolness arose in consequence of the hesitation of Karavélof in granting the railway concession to the Russian protégés. So nearly, however, was this done, that a Bulgarian company had to be formed and make its offer in a single night. As this offer was found to be a million cheaper than the Russian proposals, it was accepted by the Assembly. Finding that their open speeches against the Prince seemed to produce no perceptible effect upon the population, the Russian consuls next tried to embroil him with foreign powers. For this purpose the Brégovo question was raised with Serbia, and an agitation was set on foot to foment an insurrection in Macedonia, which would place the Prince in difficulties with Turkey, if he should assist the insurgents materially or morally, and with his own people, if he should refuse to assist them. Finally, on the 17th of September, 1885, came the bloodless revolution at Philippopolis.

Europe professed to be greatly astonished at this revolution. When the artificially established Province of Eastern Rumelia declared itself annexed to Bulgaria, and, dismissing its incompetent Governor-General, Gavril Pasha, chose Alexander for its Prince, Russia seemed more astonished than any other Power. There was really as much cause for surprise as at the death of the late German Emperor. Every one who was interested in Eastern affairs, and near enough to have *any* information about them, knew that the movement for the union of Rumelia and Bulgaria had begun from the day of the signature of the Treaty of Berlin, and that its result was inevitable. The movement from the beginning had been conducted under Russian auspices; Russia had made a strong effort to get the militia under her control, and, when this had failed, she had assisted in the formation in every village of gymnastic societies intended to supplement the militia. The more recent proceedings of the revolutionary committees had been conducted with tolerable secrecy; but it seems to be proved that the Russian Consul-General Igelström and his military attaché were present at the last meeting of the secret committee at Dermenderé, when the date was fixed for the explosion. Karavélof was generally well informed about the movement, and information from time to time came to the Prince, although he was in no way consulted.

In the summer of 1885, Prince Alexander went to London to be present at the marriage of his brother Henry to the Princess Beatrice, and on his return stopped at Vienna to talk with Count Kálnoky, hoping that he might manage a reconciliation with the Tsar. The result of this interview was that the Emperor Francis Joseph invited him to the Austrian manœuvres at Pilsen; whence it was very easy for him to pay a visit to M. de Giers, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, then staying at Franzenbad. The interview was not unsatisfactory, but M. de Giers remarked that the policy of Russia at the moment was to maintain the *status quo* in the East, and begged him not only to discountenance any movements in Macedonia, but also to keep clear of any agitation for the union with Rumelia. The Prince admitted that he knew the feelings of the population; but said he felt sure that there would be no outbreak before the next spring, for it seems that, on Karavélof's advice, action had been postponed until that time.

Shortly after the Prince's arrival at Varna, he received a messenger from Philippopolis to say that, at the meeting already spoken of,

at Dermenderé, it had been decided to proclaim the union at some time between September 27th and October 2d. The Prince was greatly distressed, told of the assurances he had recently given to M. de Giers, and begged, for the sake of the country, that the revolution should be postponed. Before the messenger returned it had already broken out prematurely. Zachary Stoyánof, one of the chief conspirators, had been arrested, and was about to be sent across the frontier, when he found means of giving orders for immediate action. The revolution, as we all know, was successful; and the Prince was immediately informed of the result by telegraph. But the telegraph clerk usually employed at his villa of Sándrovo was absent, and he was obliged to drive to Varna to receive a telegram, the contents of which he, of course, did not know, and to send any messages which it might necessitate. The Prince at once realized the position in which he was placed. If he accepted the union, he would come into hostility with Turkey and also with Russia; for in view of his conversation with M. de Giers, he would be accused of duplicity and falsehood. If he refused it, he would be hated by his people and his abdication would be necessary. Even Karavélof was not to be found, and it became necessary to telegraph to every prefect of Bulgaria before it could be learned that he was quietly paying a visit to some friend in the country. The Prince, therefore, had to face the responsibility alone. Believing the union necessary for the country, he accepted the situation, telegraphed to Philippopolis that he would come at once and place himself at the head of the people; and to the Russian Tsar, giving the reasons for the step he had taken. The answer from the Tsar was an order from Copenhagen that all Russian officers should immediately leave the Bulgarian service. To a telegram from the Bulgarian Assembly and to a deputation from Philippopolis practically the same answer was given: "The Tsar will do nothing for the Bulgarians, so long as Prince Alexander remains on the throne." Meanwhile the Prince had gone to Eastern Rumelia, had assumed the government, and had restored order. His tact in telegraphing his submission to the Sultan, in visiting the Mussulman mosque and commanding prayers to be said for Abdúl Hamid, and in allaying race hatreds by promising both Mohammedans and Greeks that not a hair of their heads would be touched if they remained quiet, warded off an invasion by the Turkish troops, which had been quickly massed on the frontier. The Porte seemed to be confused about its duty of immediately

occupying Rumelia with an armed force. It hesitated through fear of offending Russia; and when the Russian ambassador suggested and even insisted on occupation, it hesitated still more, remembering the past. Fortunately, during Prince Alexander's visit in England he had ingratiated himself with the Queen; and the English Government had begun to see that, if Russia were really England's enemy in Asia, it was absurd to play into her hands in Europe. The support of England was, therefore, assured in the coming diplomatic conference at Constantinople, which was necessitated by the Philippopolis revolution, which was (I will not say an infringement of, but) an interference with the Treaty of Berlin.

Suddenly a new element came in—Serbia had mobilized its troops, nobody quite knew for what, but apparently against Turkey, with the hope of occupying the Serbian portion of Macedonia. There was the usual diplomatic advice, and at last Serbia decided on an invasion of Bulgaria, for the alleged reason that the annexation to Bulgaria of Eastern Rumelia interfered with the balance of power in the Balkan Peninsula, and would give Bulgaria too great a predominance. It is impossible to say that Serbia was right in this matter, and it is hard to say that she was entirely wrong; for, as every one knew, the question was one of obtaining the proper boundaries for the Christian populations of Macedonia. Any one who has studied and travelled through that country can tell approximately what those boundaries are; but patriotism and the desire for domination led astray all the three governments interested therein. When the Macedonian question shall come to a solution, if priests and consuls can for a while be suppressed, a popular vote will soon tell where the boundaries should run. The real cause of this war was as simple as it was absurd. The River Timok, forming part of the boundary between Serbia and Bulgaria, foolishly changed its course at Brégovo, and left a bit of land on its eastern bank which Serbia claimed and occupied. Zánkof, when he was Regent during the absence of the Prince, saw fit to quarrel with the Serbian Government and to demand the immediate evacuation of these few square yards of sand and gravel. The Prince, on his return, seeing the absurdity of the whole dispute, and forgetting, perhaps, that he had given up his dictatorial powers, pledged his word to King Milan that the Serbian rights should be acknowledged, subject to future arrangement. Upon this, Koyánder, the Russian agent, enters on the scene, and says: "If I were a Bulgarian I should commit suicide rather than give up the

rights of my country to this pusillanimous Serbian monarch." Koyánder then goes to Zánkof, and persuades him to throw over the honor of the Prince and support the dignity of the country.

When Serbia thus declared war, all the world said: "Bulgaria is now between the hammer and the anvil, and will be beaten flat." All the world was mistaken. In some way—the history is too recent to need recital—Bulgaria was victorious. The terms of peace, or perhaps one should say more strictly, of the armistice, were arranged by the military agents of the Great Powers; and, in consideration of the great advantage gained by Bulgaria, Serbia was let off easily, and the disputed river-bank was given to her, though Russia afterward protested. But then, as one of the diplomatic *attachés* remarked to Prince Alexander, "at Slívnitza you conquered Eastern Rumelia." This was really true. The diplomatic conference at Constantinople began again; at which Russia was supported not only by Germany, but, curiously enough, by Austria-Hungary, in her efforts to maintain the exact letter of the Treaty of Berlin, and prevent Prince Alexander from exercising authority in Eastern Rumelia. It was only owing to the efforts of Sir William White, by far the ablest and best-informed man in the British diplomatic service, that the union of Eastern Rumelia with Bulgaria was recognized as a matter of fact, though not of right; that is to say, the Prince of Bulgaria was allowed to be at the same time Governor-General of Eastern Rumelia, subject to all the restrictions and conditions of the Treaty of Berlin. It was hard for the Prince to humble his pride and that of his people by consenting to be appointed thus, only for five years at a time; but, in view of the pressure of united Europe, with great good sense he gave way. This was the utmost that Russia would concede, and the story of how it was brought about makes even the Blue Books and the Protocols of the conference read like acts of an amusing diplomatic comedy. The relations between Bulgaria and Eastern Rumelia have, however, never conformed to the principles laid down, for their separate administrations had been already fused together immediately after the revolution, and have not since been separated. Rumelian deputies, too, have sat in the Bulgarian Chamber, and this practical unification has given Russia the right to say that the existing state of things does not conform to the Treaty of Berlin, and to argue, with some color of truth, that nothing which has since been done in Bulgaria is legal, according to that document.

It ought probably to be ascribed to the reverence with which Russia now regards this treaty, once so much hated, and not to petty motives, that the Russian officers were recalled from the Bulgarian service just at the time when their presence was most necessary; and that Prince Alexander's name, to punish him for taking part in a revolution against the peace of Europe, was struck from the rolls of the Russian army, where he held an honorary colonelcy. Russian calculations were sadly disappointed; Bulgarian troops apparently fought as well without Russian officers as with them. As usual the best was made of it, and an order of the day was issued at St. Petersburg complimenting the brave Bulgarian troops on the way in which they had profited by their Russian teachers, but saying, of course, not a word about the Prince. The intention was, as plain as words could speak, to show that Russian hostility was directed not against the country but against the person of Alexander. Meanwhile negotiations for peace and for the Bulgarian unification had dragged on until the spring of 1886, and no perceptible progress had been made in the ruin of Prince Alexander, nor in detaching his people from him. Yet there were symptoms of unrest and agitation, and the Prince wrote at this time to his sister, in a sudden feeling of despair, which accentuates the occasional weakness of a really noble nature:

"The Bulgarians have little heart; it seems to be impossible to make them contented. But after all I have done, to have got so far again as to be threatened with deposition is hard, is undeserved. All bad suggestions are indeed always consequences of foreign insinuations; but the Bulgarians ought to be now old enough to be able to distinguish their true from their false friends. In present circumstances it is hard to foresee how the struggle begun by Russia for my expulsion will end. Ninety-nine per cent. of the Bulgarians are for me; the remaining one per cent., thanks to foreign help, depends on circumstances that I cannot always control. . . . Until autumn my throne will be like a loaded dynamite bomb."

The Prince was right. The Russians had made many mistakes in their dealings with Bulgaria, but these affected only the relations between the two peoples, and the world thought and cared little about them. Russia was now engaged in a series of capital blunders—blunders that are worse than crimes. By the Serbian war she had allowed the Bulgarians to become interesting, as a brave people fighting for independence, and the Prince to become a hero; she was now about to make the Prince a martyr, and draw to him the sympathies of the whole civilized world; and later she was to do worse yet, to show an astonished Europe that the Bulgarians were perfectly

capable of governing themselves in a regular, decent way, and that when all Russian protection and intercourse, agents, consuls, officers, and officials, were withdrawn, the country was quieter and happier than it had ever been before.

In ascribing to Russia the blame for the abdication of the Prince, one cannot be certain of anything in the uncertain East—how short a time since one said the changeless East—but Russia, if not to blame for it, might easily have prevented it. If all witnesses are wrong, she has been much maligned. That a plot for the capture of the Prince was approved, known, or even suspected by high or responsible authorities in St. Petersburg cannot be believed for a moment; but agents who are allowed a certain degree of latitude, and who know that their merit will be judged according to their success, are often indiscreet both in plan and method, and sometimes do not scruple at the means employed to carry out what may be thought a great stroke of policy. The question here was to get rid of Prince Alexander, and Prince Alexander was made away with. The story is so well known that we need not here enter into details; but in the general blindness which affected the Russian official intellect with regard to Bulgaria—so clear-sighted in most other things—no one suspected the resolution and energy of a few men who seized at once the key of the situation, recalled the ordinarily apathetic Bulgarians to a sense of duty, and brought Prince Alexander back in triumph. Worn out by fatigue and emotion, the Prince immediately after his return was led into an act of weakness, though under the circumstances he considered it an act of duty, which was at once regretted by his friends, by Bulgaria, and by the world. The Russian Consul was present in full official uniform at his landing at Rustchuk, and complimented him on his return. Supposing that the Consul had acted in compliance with orders, and that this conduct was a sort of *amende honorable* to lull any suspicions of Russia's fair dealing that might have arisen in his mind from defective information, the Prince sent to the Tsar a humble—far too humble—telegram, offering to abdicate should the Emperor think it best. Official Russia sent in the name of the Tsar a telegram so brutal as to be almost sublime:

"I received the telegram of your Highness. I cannot approve your return to Bulgaria, foreseeing the sinister consequences it may bring to the Bulgarian country already so much tried. The mission of General Dolgorúky becomes inopportune. I shall suppress it in the wretched state of affairs to which Bulgaria is reduced so long as you remain there. Your Highness will understand what to do. I reserve my judgment as to what I am commanded by the venerated memory of my father, the interest of Russia, and the peace of the East. ALEXANDER."

Before this answer had been received by the Prince, who was on his triumphal progress over the Shipka Pass, both telegrams had been printed in the Russian official journal, and had been read wherever the telegraph reached and a daily newspaper existed, even on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. After having been formally re-installed in Sofia, the Prince abdicated, having previously appointed a Regency. But although there was no Prince, the same state of affairs continued, and some of the men against whom the Russian agents had been so bitter, as the Camarilla, the clique, the Prince's bad advisers, or insignificant creatures, according to the peculiar phrase of each reporter, still remained in power. The Russian anger against Alexander now turned against Bulgaria.

Now, with all my sympathies with Bulgaria, this Russian feeling seems to me perfectly natural and easily explicable. All that is necessary to do is to reverse the glass. When from Moscow or St. Petersburg we look through the big end of the telescope, we see Bulgarian men and affairs in probably their proper proportions. Russia is a great country, Bulgaria is a small one. With the great amount of internal work for the whole Russian Empire in Europe and Asia, with delicate questions of foreign affairs all over the world, it would be difficult for any branch of the Russian Government to pay great attention to the petty affairs of Bulgaria. What might really be a great fault in Bulgaria might seem venial in St. Petersburg. Besides it is difficult for a Russian, or for one who understands Russia, not to feel that Russia is a very great country with an unlimited future and a manifest destiny; and that, therefore, a few mistakes here and there count for nothing in the end. They may be disagreeable for the moment and entail unpleasant consequences; but all will be rectified by time, and time is on the side of Russia. Nevertheless men really live in the present, and are influenced by the passions and emotions of the moment. When, therefore, manifest destiny seems thwarted, if only for a moment, there is an outburst of irrational anger; the more trifling the cause, the smaller the obstacle, the more irrational and often the more violent the anger. The Russians feel themselves impelled and sure to reach the shores of the Mediterranean, their natural outlet. Bulgaria is but a station on the road to the Ægean. If Russia had fought for it and lost it in a fair battle, as several times before, well and good: such is the fate of war. But when either from selfish or unselfish motives, or from both combined, you have sacrificed lives and spent treasure, and then run the risk of



losing all that you have gained, there is a feeling of rage which must be vented on some one. Such was the feeling which took possession of Russia when all the advantages gained by the war of 1877 seemed to slip away from the feeble grasp of Gortchakóv and Shuválov. It was a feeling impossible to express at home ; because criticism of high dignitaries is not allowed in Russia. As time went on, and the Bulgarians did not always show themselves amenable, as we have already seen, this rage began to vent itself against Prince Alexander. Once this scape-goat was set up, he proved very serviceable. The faults of all the Russian officials were laid on the back of the poor Prince ; and we know he was finally sent off into the wilderness with his burden. No man, no body of men, no country, likes to acknowledge faults, even when aware of having committed them. In all constitutional countries confession is avoided and a vent is found by laying the blame of all errors on the party in power. But in Russia party government is unknown ; and, owing to the strict rules laid down for the press, there is no way for public opinion to lay blame on the official to whom it attaches. Besides this, the effects of blunders are soon seen, but it is not always easy to tell when the blunder was committed, or by whom. This is especially true here. Bulgaria had absolutely no method of stating her case in Russia, except by the private letters of the Prince to the Tsar ; all other information came from Russian sources, either in the shape of official reports of the men who themselves had committed the blunders, of letters of newspaper correspondents in their service, or from the hints and insinuations of Russian officers who did not find Bulgaria to be an earthly paradise, or members of the ring who had been disappointed in their financial schemes. For every fault only one man was to blame—the Prince, and he was neither Slav nor orthodox ; he was young and inexperienced ; had committed follies and had undeniably made mistakes. Therefore he was a traitor to Russian interests ; therefore he was a tool of Austria and Germany, and was guided by Protestant and even by Catholic influences. The mind of the Tsar, the opinion of all Russia, were poisoned against him ; until Aksákof, who had been his friend, wrote in his paper of the danger to the Slav cause of having a German Prince upon the Bulgarian throne, and Kátkof regretted in the *Moscow Gazette* that Russia had not founded small republics in the Balkan provinces, instead of allowing kingdoms and principalities to spring up, and be ruled by ungrateful men. With all their talk about race and religion, it seems

curious that the Russians never noticed that but two of the apostles whom they sent bore in their names signs of Slavonic descent, or of the orthodox confession, Hítrovo and Sóbolef. The rest were Russian subjects, of course, but by race Greek, Swede, and German; and by religion apparently Lutheran.

We ought, perhaps, to understand this state of things easier than most, for within a few years after France had helped us to gain our independence we had quarrelled with her, and were near fighting her; and the French have never yet quite comprehended why we were so ungrateful. Perhaps an example can be invented to make us understand more thoroughly the Russian feelings about Bulgaria. If such a supposition is possible, let us suppose that at some period of great tension we, partly in an outburst of pure philanthropy and very greatly for our own interest, helped Cuba to become independent of Spain; and that in doing so we ran up a large debt and successfully prosecuted a bloody and exhausting war. Let us suppose, too, that after the war we did not find it convenient to annex Cuba, although we promised the island our moral, and, if need be, our material, support; and did our best to put it in the way of governing itself. Let us suppose, then, that the Cubans disliked our constant advice and interference, perhaps objected to the brusque notes of our Consul-General at Havana—and we know how disagreeable these might sometimes be; that they disliked the schemes of New York companies for exploiting the country, in which they were allowed no shares; or perhaps, even, that they were discontented with our protective tariff, and began to knit still more closely their commercial relations with England. In such a state of things can any one for a moment think that we would bear it with equanimity, or that we would not act even more energetically and brutally than Russia has done in Bulgaria? It would be very wrong, of course; but human nature is much the same all the world over.

Owing, as we have seen, to the sudden revulsion of public feeling, the departure of Prince Alexander left his friends in power; and Russia had gained nothing except the mere removal of the Prince. Morally she had lost much. She therefore refused to recognize the Regency, or, finally, any act of the Bulgarian Government. The Russian consulates did their best to produce quarrels and disorders, but without much effect. General Kaulbars was sent down from Vienna to appeal to the true Bulgarian people, and detach them from the Regency. He was given every opportunity to fulfil his

mission; but the Bulgarians showed admirable tact and patience, and his incendiary speeches and acts produced little impression. He and the other Russians were protected from insult, and order was, on the whole, fairly well preserved. Out of deference to Russia, the other powers did not interfere; and the Bulgarians were left to do as they best could without more than friendly counsel. The mission of General Kaulbars produced universal indignation throughout Europe, but not a hand was raised in defence of the Bulgarians. Even Russia finally saw the folly and futility of the whole proceeding, and with a solemn admonition withdrew all her consuls, and broke off all political intercourse with the Bulgarians, leaving them to work out their own destruction. Russian subjects in the country were placed under the protection of Germany; and, as if by magic, the attacks on the life and property of Russians, which, according to the Russian official reports, had been of almost daily occurrence, now suddenly and entirely ceased. There have been various attempts to incite insurrections in parts of the country, at Rustchuk, at Varna, at Burgas; but all have failed. Order is still kept, although, according to all the Russian journals, the country is in a state of complete anarchy. Fortunately we know what this term means: anarchy, said the *Novoye Vremya*, is derived from two Greek words,  $\alpha$ , without, and  $\alpha\rho\chi\eta$ , a government—a regular, recognized, established government. Now, as the so-called Government of Bulgaria has never been recognized by Russia, the country is in a state of anarchy. One could scarcely believe such a statement to be seriously made, had it not been printed in a solemn leader in November, 1886.

The view taken by Russia of the legality and constitutionality of the acts of the Bulgarian Government is different from that of the other powers. The third article of the Treaty of Berlin reads as follows:

"The Prince of Bulgaria shall be freely elected by the population and confirmed by the Sublime Porte, with the assent of the powers. No member of the reigning dynasties of the Great European Powers may be elected Prince of Bulgaria.

"In case of a vacancy in the princely dignity, the election of the new Prince shall take place under the same conditions, and with the same forms."

Now, the Russians apparently claim that the phrase, "under the same conditions, and with the same forms," should put back Bulgaria, for the purpose of the election of the Prince, into exactly the same position as before the election of Alexander, when the country

was under Russian tutelage, and governed by Russian commissioners, as was provided for in Article VI. More than this, they claim that, as the Regency was not composed in strict accordance with the letter of the Bulgarian Constitution, it was illegal; and that, therefore, every Government and every governmental act since that time has been tainted with the same illegality. The argument is a consistent one and not without weight. The other powers—excepting perhaps Germany, which reserves her opinion—maintain that the provisional Russian tutelage, even according to the terms of the treaty, could last but nine months; and that the forms and conditions referred to relate only to the free election by the people and the assent by the Powers. They hold that the constitutionality of the Regency—which has long been a thing of the past—and the proper election of members of the various legislative and constituent bodies, are purely internal questions with which neither Russia nor any other Power has anything whatever to do. Russia replies that, legality not having been preserved, the election of the Prince has not been free according to the treaty; while the other Powers are of opinion that “freely elected” simply means elected by the Bulgarians without any external pressure.

In this sense, both the election of Prince Waldemar and that of Prince Ferdinand were free. The election of Waldemar of Denmark, the brother-in-law of the Tsar, was an honest attempt to come to an understanding with Russia, as Waldemar was believed to be a favorite at the Russian court and his candidature had several times been hinted. Knowing that Russia regarded his election as illegal, Prince Waldemar declined the offer of the throne. Before the second election, it became evident that the choice must fall on some one who had resolution enough to accept, and energy enough to remain. There was talk of a Prince of Saxe-Weimar, and of a Prince of Mecklenburg, both of whom seemed to possess these qualities, and who, besides, might, through their intimate relationships with the Russian Imperial family, have succeeded in the end in rendering the situation normal. But these very connections might prove a hindrance; and it was decided—it seems wisely—to elect Prince Ferdinand. He was young, he had an independent fortune, he was not too closely connected with any reigning house, but yet came of two families remarkable for governing capacity—Coburg and Orleans. He was a Catholic, but then the Catholic King Carol had made the fortune of Rumania; and after all there were more

Catholics than Protestants in Bulgaria. It would be indiscreet to tell here how this election was brought about, but it has apparently been justified by events.

The withdrawal of the Russian officials, combined with the absence of intervention by any Power, has given the Bulgarians a splendid opportunity—which they have not failed to take advantage of—that of learning to govern themselves and to manage their own affairs. It is for their patience, their forbearance under provocation, their order, their self-discipline, their quiet, that Europe now accords them a respectful hearing and is daily more willing to accept accomplished facts. While the Great Powers were once willing to grant to Russia a privileged position in Bulgaria according to what Prince Bismarck calls “the spirit of the Treaty of Berlin,” they are now more inclined to hold to the letter of the document, and say that neither the material nor the moral force of Europe can be employed to restore to Russia a “preponderating influence” which she has lost by her own errors. The chief cause of this has been the attitude of the Bulgarian people. Before the election of Prince Ferdinand both Count Kálnoky and Herr Tisza said to me what they have since practically said in public: “Bulgaria has a wonderful opportunity of showing that she can be of use to the peace of Europe. The better order she maintains, and the longer she keeps quiet, the more friends she will make. Up to the present we are compelled to regard her with admiration and respect.”

What was then a wish, or a feeling of duty, is now a resolve, and Austria-Hungary is determined to allow no interference in the Balkan Provinces which will result in the upsetting of order. “But,” says Russia, “there can never be peace in the East until the Bulgarian question is arranged.” “For us,” answer the Bulgarians, “there is no Bulgarian question; all that we demand is peace, quiet, our autonomy, and the right to develop ourselves. We are in strict accordance with our rights. We have elected a Prince in exact conformity to treaty-stipulations; when you consent to ratify his election, the whole Bulgarian question is at an end.”

EUGENE SCHUYLER.

## THE AMERICAN PARTY CONVENTION.

AMERICAN political development has been marked by many characteristic features, but perhaps the one which seems to a foreign observer most peculiar is that of the American system of party conventions. It is not the easiest of tasks to comprehend the American system of government, combining in one so many phases of government, Federal, State, and local, each with its own sphere of operations and its own basis of existence. The task is not made easier by the existence and influence of parallel unofficial party organizations, consisting of national, State, and local conventions, which, though unknown to the law and to the political system of the country, do in effect control the action of the individual voter by practically restricting his choice to the candidates of some one of the party conventions. The election of an "independent" candidate at a Presidential election has now probably become quite impossible. The development of a third political organization has become but a shade less difficult, through the increased number of voters; and the most practicable road of a third party to success is by penetrating one of the two great national organizations, as the petrifying liquid penetrates wood, in order to change its composition gradually, and finally to supplant the old by the appearance of the new. The battle of a third party must really be fought out within the ranks of, or openly against, one of the two great national parties before it can have any recognizable effect upon national politics; and the same rule holds good, in decreasing degree, as we go down the scale of elections to the town or village election. The choice of the individual citizen, at least in national elections, must now be between the two great parties, with the possible alternative of "voting in the air." And yet the conventions, which have so seriously modified the original theory of our government, have no legal place in our system. A foreign reader might study any of our treatises on constitutional law with due diligence, and yet never receive an intimation that, in addition to the paper constitution which he is studying, a subsidiary system has been developed by silent popular action, controlling and often modifying the nominally supreme law of the land.

Party organization in the smaller units of government still retains all the forms, at least, of a pure democracy. The Democratic or the Republican caucus, or "primary," meets and nominates its candidates for the offices to be filled at the coming local election; and the individual citizen must choose between them or "scratch," though an "independent" nomination has its best chances in this field. For other elections, county, State, or national, the system of representation is followed, the town caucus sending delegates to the county and State conventions, and the districts sending delegates to the national convention, either directly or through the formal action of the State convention. There is even a system of representation once removed, for the State conventions often choose a part, and have sometimes chosen all, of the State's delegates to the party's national convention. The whole organization of the party is often spoken of as the party "machine," but improperly. In the technical language of politics this word has been transferred from the real machinery to its motive power. The party "machine" consists of that small percentage of men in each township who, through wealth, natural taste for politics, or skill in noting or guiding the shifting currents of popular feeling, have become essential to party success: cases have even been known in which women, debarred from participation either in government or in party conventions, have, nevertheless, been efficient members of the party machine. The reward of such service is sometimes, of course, money or money's worth, particularly in large cities; but it is more often purely honorary, consisting in the natural satisfaction of leadership among one's fellows, in the chief places at local meetings and caucuses or on delegations to larger conventions, or in the temporary prominence due to one who has, or is supposed to have, "influence" upon appointments to State or Federal offices in the immediate neighborhood.

The last-named reward was of much more weight in the days when the Senate's field of control or influence over Federal appointments was wider than now. By judicious management, by overt consultation with members of his State machine in every fitting case of the filling of a vacancy, by carefully cultivating in them a sense of his watchful leadership and of the necessity of loyalty to him, the senator from his place in Washington could so influence the general expression of his party's feeling throughout the State as to convince the Administration of his importance, and thus gain a continual renewal of his lease of power by his control of appointments to

Federal offices within his State. But such appointments did not go necessarily to members of the party machine, many of whom were richer men than the senator, and altogether disinclined to accept the trouble and responsibility of an office; all that they cared for was the reflected glory of control over the appointments. Each State has two senators, and, when both were on good terms with the Administration, and both were ambitious men, the efforts of one to supplant the other in the affections of the State machine gave rise to political struggles whose history will never be written.

The power of the once famous "Senatorial Group" has faded, and, as the tendency is all toward a still further limitation of senatorial control over appointments to office, it is unlikely that it will have a successor. It has been mentioned for the purpose of emphasizing the exact nature of the doubts which, in the minds of many Americans, have been the strongest obstacles to Civil-Service Reform. There has never been much doubt among men who have thought at all on the subject, that appointments on merit would increase the efficiency of the service, as well as obliterate the standing injustice of the payment of party expenses by general taxation. There has been a doubt whether the system of appointment by merit would not operate to decrease the machine's interest in politics, and thus take the working element out of the political parties. This doubt, however, has very often been so expressed as to leave the American people open to the disgraceful suspicion that the guiding force of their politics consists of mere Hessians, who pay themselves in offices and are in politics for revenue only. Nothing could be more unjust than such a suspicion; outside of the large cities, the desire of the machine is to control appointments, rather than to obtain them; and its existence, so far from being mercenary, is merely a lower type of that human ambition which looks so much grander in Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons. But, even though this interest in appointments has not been altogether a selfish interest, it has hitherto been so much the principal interest as to seem the only one; and we are apt to forget that it has been due to the opportunities afforded by a vicious system of appointment, rather than to anything inherent in the nature of a machine, and that thorough Civil-Service Reform would only bring into greater prominence the less degrading motives, which are still largely in abeyance. Call it by what name we will, a machine of some sort is inseparable from democratic government; and Civil-Service Reform would purify rather than abolish it.



Of course, the machine runs through all gradations of type, from the ordinary case in which it is composed of a few able and sincere men, whose leadership is due to moral influences only, through the cases in which hotel and saloon keepers have attained the position of leaders, down to the cases in the large cities, in which the member of the machine becomes a "boss," and is in politics for revenue only. It is this last type which has given the machine its offensive notoriety. Under it, the caucus becomes a farce; the voters of the party are excluded from it, or are made to see that their attendance is useless; the "bosses" of opposite parties in the same district loan their cohorts of "heelers" to one another in order to secure the control of the caucuses to the regular hands; and the interest of the managers is due to present or prospective appointment to office. As this city type comes most closely under the notice of our ablest writers, and has absolutely no redeeming features, it is natural that it should be so frequently denounced as to give the impression that it is the only type. It ought to be remembered, then, that the field for such a type covers at most but 25 per cent. of the country; that it has not penetrated largely into the remaining 75 per cent. of more peculiarly agricultural territory; and that every restriction of the spoils system has evidently diminished the extent of the old "boss" system, replacing some of its atoms by new men who are not in politics for revenue, but who approach more and more nearly to the naturally evolved type of the machine. It is the latter type, therefore, to which attention should be confined, ignoring the "boss" type as the product of the purely artificial spoils system, and destined to disappear with it.

The natural evolution of the machine, and of the party convention as its correlative, may be followed most clearly in the State of New York, partly because of the characteristics and development of the people of that State, and partly because of the State's good fortune in its political historian, or rather biographer. Hammond\* is the Boswell of New York politics. A sincere believer in machine politics, a practical participant in political life, and a thoroughly honest and clear observer, without any affectation of political philosophy, he has left materials which are invaluable to the student. One may follow in his pages the appearance of step after step in the process of evolution, and trace the inevitable tendency to concentration which found its natural outcome in Mr. Tilden's perfectly

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\* Hammond's *Political History of New York*.

appointed mechanism, with its thousands of correspondents, scattered all over the State, and serving mainly for the love of it, not for mercenary reward. One may see that the very name "machine" is a misnomer; that it is not a manufactured thing, but a natural growth. And one may see, too, that such a machine, while it will inevitably use a spoils system, if it has one ready to its hand, or will be apt to create one, if it is not prevented by law, is not necessarily bound to the spoils system at all. The spoils system is the machine's temptation, not its life; its parasite, not its core. The belief that the machine will work less effectively when the parasite is removed, however honestly the belief may be held, is one which will not bear the test of the historical evolution of the machine itself.

Mr. Talcott Williams has stated\* the historical basis of the machine so clearly and exactly that other students of the American convention system must follow his theory. The successive steps in the process of development have had their reason in the increase of population, the widening of the right of suffrage and consequent increase of the percentage of voters, the resulting necessity for a small unofficial class sufficiently interested in politics to give their time and attention to the essential work of polling all the votes, and the increased facility of communication and exchange of views among the members of this class. Given these conditions precedent, the evolution of the machine and the convention system is only a question of time and of the political habits of the people. It is easy to follow the development of the convention system, if one has the clew, and to note the coincidences in its development with the successive increases of population and voters, and with the successive introduction of steamboats, canals, railways, cheaper postage and better postal facilities, and finally of the telegraph, all leading up to the highly organized national party convention of to-day, whose membership may safely dare the test of comparison, in point of reputation and ability, with either house of Congress, or with any other representative American body, short of the Convention of 1787. One can hardly follow the development without the conviction that the machine is not a thing to be condemned, but to be purified by due process of law from the vicious elements which have grown up around it, and more particularly from the spoils system.

Various origins and derivations have been assigned for the caucus

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\* Lalor's *Cyclopædia*, iii., 112.

and for its name; but the thing itself was probably a natural outgrowth of the New England town-meeting, no more to be prevented than any other natural outgrowth. Within a half-dozen years after the inauguration of the Federal Constitution in 1789, "legislative caucuses," composed of members of one party or the other in the State legislatures, had assumed by common consent the duty and responsibility of making State nominations for the party, and of managing the details of elections. So long as difficulty of communication made it easier for the individual voter to accept the action of the legislative caucus than to unite with others in attempting to exert an influence upon the party councils, the legislative caucus was supreme. Its form was imitated at once in the "Congressional caucus," which began its work in the Presidential election of 1800, and, by nominating party candidates for President and Vice-President, deprived Presidential electors, immediately, absolutely, and permanently, of that power of personal choice of candidates which the Constitution had given them. Every elector chosen in 1888 will still have, in theory, the right to vote for whom he pleases for the offices of President and Vice-President: in practice, the moral force of party action has been so omnipotent that no elector has exercised or claimed any such right of choice since 1796.\* One could hardly wish a better example of the futility of paper restrictions on popular government, when the restrictions are opposed to the current of political development.

The introduction of the steamboat in 1807 gave just enough impetus to communication to make men dissatisfied with the original form of the legislative caucus, without providing any promising remedy for its defects. It had merely become a little easier for influential members of the party in various parts of the State to go to Albany, or Harrisburg, or Providence, and exert an influence on, or show dissatisfaction with, the decisions of the legislative caucus.

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\* The election of John Adams to the Presidency in 1796-7 was due to the fact that one elector in Virginia and one in North Carolina exercised their right of choice, and, "prompted by the lingering memory of Revolutionary services," voted for Adams instead of Jefferson. If they had obeyed the wish of their party, by voting for Jefferson, he would have had 70 votes to 69 for Adams, and would have become President in 1797, instead of in 1801. It seems odd now to read the apologies of Elbridge Gerry, chosen an elector in Massachusetts, to his party leader, for having voted for his old friend Adams rather than for him; and perhaps more odd to read Jefferson's answer: "I entirely commend your dispositions toward Mr. Adams, knowing his worth as intimately and esteeming it as much as any one, and acknowledging the preference of his claim, if any I could have had, to the high office conferred on him."

One feature of this body was especially objectionable: those districts of the State which were represented in the Legislature by members of the opposite party were practically excluded from any direct influence upon the party councils; and it was not to be expected that this state of affairs would be satisfactory to the leading men of unrepresented districts. Sometimes the legislative caucus ignored the unrepresented districts, or gratified their leaders by unofficial consultations. Upon occasions when the dissatisfaction became too great to be ignored with safety, various expedients were tried from 1812 to 1820: sometimes the names of distinguished citizens from all parts of the State who "happened to be present" at the State capital at the time of the action of the caucus, would be added to the signatures attached to the address or "platform" sent out by the caucus; sometimes representatives chosen by caucuses in the unrepresented districts met with the legislative caucus and took full part in its deliberations and action.

This latter method contains too plainly the germ of the present convention system to admit of any surprise at the development of the State convention about 1820. All that was necessary was that the caucuses in represented districts should claim the same privilege of choosing their own representatives to the nominating body which had again and again been conceded to unrepresented districts. In 1823, the system had already been carried so far in Pennsylvania that the legislative caucus was deprived of its previous function of making nominations. The State convention of that year was a representative body; there were thirteen names before the 131 delegates, and a candidate for governor was not agreed upon until the fourth ballot.\* The next year,† the followers of the Albany Regency in New York having the majority in the legislative caucus, their opponents called a similar State convention at Utica for the purpose of nominating a governor. From that time the power of the legislative caucus faded rapidly in all the States. The unofficial machine, which had been developing, preferred very naturally a State convention, in which local leaders could meet and define the policy of the party in a brief session, to the necessity of serving a whole term in the Legislature for the purpose of gaining a place in the legislative caucus; and members of the Legislature yielded perforce to the wishes of the really dominant element of the party

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\* Niles's *Weekly Register*, xxiv., 20 (March 15, 1823).

† Hammond's *Political History of New York*, ii., 156.

organization. Until after 1832, the legislative caucus still attempted to maintain its old claims to the privilege of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, at first in opposition to the Congressional caucus, and then in opposition to the newly established national conventions; but the new influences introduced by the railway soon gave the national convention the same advantage over the legislative caucus which the State convention had shown; and legislative caucuses, as nominating bodies for elective offices, ceased to be.

The rise of the State convention could not but have an immediate influence on local conventions. Incidental references in Hammond \* show that the system of local conventions in counties and senatorial districts was already in operation before 1820, though they had not yet attained the complete organization which was soon to come. They had grown naturally out of the mass-meetings which at first made nominations for town and village elections. Nominations for county officers and State senators were made by similar mass-meetings in the more important centres of population, and the people of the outlying territory could do little more than accept them, though there were, no doubt, occasional revolts. As facility of communication increased, bringing with it the possibility of united action among the influential men of the outlying territory, it became necessary to conciliate them by admitting them to a place in the nominating body; and here also the American tendency to organization soon began to make the county and district conventions representative. The tendency was hastened by the internecine warfare waged within the Democratic party of New York, after 1816, between the "Bucktails," or Tammany Hall men, † and the Clintonians. The struggle was carried into the counties and districts, and the necessity thus imposed upon each faction of excluding from its conventions those who were in sympathy with its opponent had led to a more careful scrutiny of credentials and a more complete organization of the primary caucuses. ‡ The whole system was thus pre-

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\* See, for example, i., 473.

† Compare the well-known lines :

" There's a barrel of porter in Tammany Hall,  
And the Bucktails are swigging it all the night long.  
In the time of my childhood 'twas pleasant to call  
For a seat and cigar 'mid the jovial throng."

‡ The indications are scattered through Hammond's first volume, from page 459 to the end.

pared for the addition of its cap-stone, the State convention; but this latter, in turn, must have exerted a strong reflex influence on the whole system. There was now in existence a representative body, far enough removed from the individual voter to give its decisions a great weight of authority, and to give the seal of "regularity" to the local bodies whose representatives it should admit. The State organization of the modern American party was now complete, and has not been materially changed since.

The new system must have had a strong influence on the unofficial machine as well. The development of the convention system had either accompanied, or been caused by, a corresponding development of that coterie of Democratic leaders in New York which long went under the name of the Albany Regency. For twenty years or more after 1820, it held the recognized leadership in its party organization, numbering among its members such men as Van Buren, Marcy, Silas Wright, John A. Dix, Edwin Croswell, A. C. Flagg, and Dean Richmond. This was probably the best type of the machine which has been seen, though it was pushed hard by the rival machine which grew up under direction of Thurlow Weed. In the hands of such men, the State convention was just the instrument needed. In the brief and hurried session of a State convention, where there were no such opportunities as in the longer life of a legislature for delegates to confer and unite in action, power fell naturally and easily into the hands of the few men who had a State reputation, who had the prestige of general success, who were acting in conjunction, and who showed no great indications of mercenary motives, and the cords of their influence ran down through the State convention into every part of the party organization.

The Presidential election of 1828 proved the strength of the organization which the Regency had built up in New York, and the skill with which they managed it. Their candidate for President had been Crawford, until the failure of his health, after the election of 1824, removed him from the field. From that time until September 26, 1827, the Regency maintained profound silence as to its choice between Adams and Jackson, and kept the party under like restraint. So rigidly were these injunctions enforced, says Hammond, "that several individuals, fascinated with the personal character of General Jackson, who openly declared their preference for him, were at least silently rebuked and partially put in political coventry by the same class of men who had themselves at that time

fully determined that General Jackson was to be their candidate." \* On the date above given, the Regency's first resolutions in favor of Jackson were sent out through Tammany Hall. "The effect," says Hammond, "was prodigious. All the machinery, the construction of which had for two years put in requisition the skill and ingenuity of Mr. Van Buren and his friends at Albany, was suddenly put in motion, and it performed to admiration." It was strong enough to carry the Legislature, elect Van Buren Governor, and secure for Jackson a majority of the State's electors, who were then chosen by districts. It was a natural result that Jackson, on his inauguration, should make Van Buren his Secretary of State, and that the Regency's methods should now find a national field for their development.

Every circumstance at the beginning of Jackson's administration tended to a national development of the convention system. The election of the President had broken up all the old lines of party division; there were old Federalists in hearty support of the Democratic President, and Alexander Hamilton's son was his confidential agent; while many of his professed followers were Protectionists or Internal Improvement men, who might easily be alienated from him. There had not been time to organize a homogeneous party. The Congress in session in 1831 had been elected while it was still doubtful whether Jackson was to accept a renomination; and its Protectionist members were not satisfied with Van Buren's Delphic utterances on the subject which was nearest to them. It could hardly have been quite certain that the claims of Jackson himself would have been passed upon without cavil in a Congressional caucus. He might have relied safely on nominations from State legislative caucuses, which were now reviving their former efforts to claim the power of nomination in Presidential elections; but such a course could not have insured the nomination of Van Buren for the Vice-Presidency, on which Jackson had set his heart. The Albany Regency had formerly been among the strongest supporters of a Congressional caucus; now its members seem to have seen new light, for the legislative caucus at Albany, March 21, 1832, protesting against "the attempts of the opposition to embarrass and distract the Democracy of the country in the selection of a candidate for the office of Vice-President," in order to "prevent an elec-

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\* Hammond, ii., 253, 258.

tion by the people and to devolve the choice upon the Senate," recommended a national convention as a mode of choice "well calculated to unite the Democracy of the country and to insure success to the cause of the Administration." The meeting of the first Democratic national convention at Baltimore, May 21, 1832, following those of the Anti-Masons and National Republicans, at the same place, in September and December, 1831, completed for the future the form of a national party in the United States, by adding the national convention to the State organizations already formed. Subsequent development of the national convention only consisted in the perfecting of the forms which are clearly visible in the first national conventions, more particularly in the Jackson-Van Buren convention.

The tendencies of the Democratic party toward the State foundation of the American Federal system, as contrasted with the nationalizing tendencies of its opponents, have been seen very plainly in its type of the national convention. It gives the privilege of voting to delegates from States only; its Republican opponent has regularly given a vote to delegates from Territories also, and territorial delegates have decided the nomination for President in two of its national conventions (1876 and 1880). In a Democratic convention, the action of the State, either the instructions of the State convention to its delegates or the vote of the majority of the State delegation to cast the vote of the State as a unit, without regard to the wishes of the minority, has been regarded as final and authoritative; Republican conventions have maintained the district delegate's right to free voice, and have repudiated State instructions and the unit rule, the principle being well expressed by a delegate in the convention of 1880, who said that he "carried his sovereignty under his own hat." The governing principle of Democratic conventions is open to at least one serious objection, that narrow majorities of State delegations, even from States which the party evidently cannot carry in the election, may unite their State votes and thus secure the nomination of a candidate who is objectionable to the mass of the party. The corrective is the famous "two-thirds rule" of Democratic conventions, requiring a nomination to be made by two-thirds of the convention, not by a simple majority. This is often said to have been introduced in the convention of 1844, for the purpose of defeating Van Buren; in fact, it is a necessary corrective to the unit system of State voting, and has been the steady



rule in Democratic conventions, the first of which, in 1832, provided that "two-thirds of the whole number of the votes in the convention shall be necessary to constitute a choice."\* Many Republican politicians have always had a hankering for the system of Democratic conventions; and the first struggle in the convention of 1880 was that of the supporters of Grant to introduce some of the preliminary details of the Democratic system. If it had been successful, the next convention would have been compelled, almost as a matter of course, to adopt the "two-thirds rule;" but the whole system was alien to the atmosphere of a Republican convention, and the attempt to introduce it was a failure.

The fundamental objection to the convention system has always been that the sessions are so short that the delegates have no real opportunity for consultation, knowledge of one another, and comparison and reconciliation of views. Weighty as the objection is, the force is being taken out of it steadily as facility of communication increases. Every four years see an increasing proportion of the business of a convention done before its meeting, so that the delegates arrive with a clearer knowledge of the conditions which they are to meet, and less liable to surprise or manipulation by any clique of managers. This process has evidently tended, not to the extinction of a national machine, but to the betterment of its composition, as higher demands have been made upon it. The time has already come when a national convention will no longer submit to the guidance of fourth-rate, or even third-rate men; and the tendency seems to be toward the increasing influence of second-rate, and, finally, of first-rate leaders. A comparison of Von Holst's bitter description of the Whig national convention of 1840† with the general conduct of the national conventions of 1888 will show the decided difference which the natural development has brought about.

It is easy to find flaws in the system, even in its highest development; it has not been so easy to suggest a working substitute for it as an expression of the desires of a national party. Every third party aims instinctively at this form of representative organization, and any failure to reach it provokes the popular verdict expressed in the reply attributed to President Grant, when he was told of the numbers and high character of the mass-convention of the Liberal

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\* Niles's *Weekly Register*, xlii., 234 (May 26, 1832).

† Von Holst's *Constitutional History* (Translation), ii., 366.

Republicans in 1872: "Yes, I have no doubt they were *all of them there*." A convention, to be representative, seems to have only this road of development. The national development of religious organizations, of benevolent and other associations, of every interest in which national representation is an essential, tells the same story: a machine of some sort and a convention system appear together and develop together. A system which is so generally and instinctively adopted by a people should surely be taken as having, at least, a *prima facie* case in its favor.

The future of the convention system will, of course, turn very largely on the influence which is to be exerted upon it by the general adoption of the Australian method of voting, which shows so many indications of becoming our future system. Though the primary aim of the Australian method is to do away with bribery, corruption, and intimidation at elections, it contains what is practically a substitute for, or a rival to, the convention, in the provision for nominations by a specified number of citizens, to be printed on the government ballot. Prophecies are always dangerous, and more than usually so in such a case as this. It may be that the new method of balloting will effect little more than the destruction of the element of pure democracy in the primary caucuses, making the ordinary nomination through government agency the rule in the lower grades of elections, and giving us some more highly organized form of the convention for the more general elections. It may be, on the other hand, that the American party convention is near its end, and is soon to have a place only in political history. If so, it will always be worthy of study, either as a case in which popular institutions have evolved a method of control over a paper constitution, or for the singular regularity with which its form has been developed, from the "caulkers'" meeting of Boston to the great national convention of to-day.

ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

## THE DUTY ON WORKS OF ART.

"I WOULD call your attention to the fact that no nation claiming to be civilized imposes duties upon works of art at all commensurate with those levied under the tariff of the United States."

These words of the Secretary of State accompany a report to the last Congress on the customs duties imposed by foreign nations, and they invite inquiry into some aspects of the present law and an estimate of its effects during the five years it has been in operation. The only works of art recognized in the United States tariff are paintings in oil or water-colors, and statuary—the professional productions of sculptors; all other works of art are printed matter, collections of antiquities, or manufactures of wood, leather, metal, or other material; and it is only since 1872 that the importations of paintings and statuary have been considerable enough to lift these objects out of the commonplace category of "all other dutiable articles" into a separate classification by themselves in the reports of the Treasury Department.

The tariff of 1857, like that of 1846, admitted paintings and statuary free of duty, and when the necessities of the war demanded the raising of revenue from every available source, a duty of only 10 per cent. was placed upon these articles, in 1861. The attitude of the Government, therefore, so far as expressed in legislation, has been through a long term of years one of encouragement, or at least of toleration, toward the fine arts. When a reduction of the public revenue became a necessity, determined efforts were made during several years by American artists at home and abroad to have the duty removed altogether; but, to their surprise and chagrin, the tariff of 1883 instead of abolishing the duty tripled it—the 10 per cent. rate was raised to 30 per cent. Such a change of policy, which was not the fruit of discussion, could not have been effected by a separate measure even had Congress been so disposed; but, slipped at the eleventh hour into the multitudinous sections of a general tariff bill, hurriedly passed in the last moments of an expiring Congress and signed at midnight, the provision for an increase of the duty was a law before those most interested were aware that any

such action was even contemplated. The Mills Bill, therefore, by placing paintings and statuary on the free list in accordance with the repeated recommendations of the President and of his predecessor, is attempting no experiment; it merely aims to restore an enlightened and traditional policy toward works of art as instruments of education.\*

At the present day, when no project for expending the public funds is too extravagant to be advanced, the necessity for the comparatively trifling revenue derived from this source will not be seriously urged as a reason for maintaining the duty. If the tax is defended as a measure of assistance or protection to American artists, it is but fair to give weight to their judgment in a matter so closely affecting their interests. The opposition among them to even a low duty was general and firm; the repugnance with which they regard the present duty is all but universal. After the new law had been in operation for eighteen months the Art Committee of the Union League Club of New York undertook to procure an expression of opinion on the subject from American artists and teachers of art. Out of 1,281 replies received from artists, 1,197, or 93 per cent., favored free art, 18 favored partial restrictions, 33 a specific duty, 26 the old duty of 10 per cent., and only 7 the present rate. Of the teachers of art about 97 per cent. favored the removal of the duty. These classes alone can be supposed to be benefited by the tax, and they alone could be injured by its removal, yet we are confronted with the singular spectacle of a large, intelligent, meritorious, and not wealthy class of workers who have little leisure or disposition for taking united action in a matter of this sort, protesting earnestly and with practical unanimity against the "protection" that is forced upon them.

The American artists, besides recognizing the value of art works, of whatever origin, in cultivating the taste and spreading the love of art, are wise enough and shrewd enough to know that the patronage of art is a practice to be encouraged. The picture-buying habit grows with indulgence, and the man who once buys even the product of the pauper studios of Europe is much more likely to patronize American art than he who has never been led into temptation. The American artists, furthermore, are many of them under

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\* After this article was put in type the Democratic caucus removed works of art from the free list of the Mills Bill. The question of the tax is likely to be brought before the House of Representatives when the clause is reached in the discussion of the bill.

great obligations to foreign governments for free instruction and for the use of galleries and collections, and they are naturally embarrassed that the favors lavished upon them should be so ill requited. They shrink from the odium that is visited on those in whose supposed interest this tax is exacted. Their position is contradictory and anomalous. They go thousands of miles from home to study; they show application, industry, and capacity; they win prizes and honors at the annual exhibitions. In every personal and private way, and with the utmost delicacy and generosity (reaching even to the extent among architects of establishing at Paris a prize for exclusive competition among French students), American artists have shown their devotion to art and their grateful appreciation of benefits received; while at the same time, in their supposed interest, the United States Government lays a tax upon foreign objects of art which the Secretary of State declares is not equalled by that of any state claiming to be civilized.

Any duty upon objects of this nature is a discouragement to the patronage of art, and places a kind of stigma on those who are really doing a public service. Miss Wolfe last year left to the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, a collection of paintings valued at \$400,000. They are an ornament to the city, a source of pride to its citizens, an attraction to strangers, an inspiration and a lesson to artists and students. There is many a town in Europe, with less costly treasures, that American travellers go miles out of their way to visit. At the present rate of duty the gathering of a collection similar to Miss Wolfe's would entail upon the collector a tax of \$120,000. It can readily be apprehended how such a tax, if it did not prove altogether prohibitory, would diminish the probability of the collector's giving or bequeathing his possessions to the public. A conspicuous illustration in point is the portrait by Rembrandt, entitled "Le Doreur," owned by Mr. Schaus. The owner paid more than \$12,000 for the privilege of bringing this incomparable work of art into the country; yet its masterly execution has been an invaluable lesson to every artist who has seen it, and the community is honored by having it in the land. Surely no native artist has suffered by reason of its being here, or has been benefited by the huge sum in which its possessor has been mulcted. A year or so ago it was reported that an original Raphael, of great merit and value, was held for sale in Chicago. At once it was discovered that no work of the character had paid duty at the Custom-house, and it became

necessary to investigate the charge. "Hunt the Raphael down!" was the cry; but when the criminal was run to earth, the picture proved to be a copy of no value, and the complaint against the offender was dismissed. As long as he was thought guilty of introducing a genuine Raphael into the country he was in the position of a malefactor, but as soon as it was shown that he had only a worthless daub, or a deliberate forgery, he was acquitted of all blame. The only Raphael of undoubted authenticity and real importance that has been exhibited in this country was the Munro Madonna, loaned for a season to the New York Museum. It was privately offered here for about \$50,000, but the burden of the tax prevented a sale, and the painting returned to England.

Concerning the effects of the increase of the duty, it is difficult to make an estimate, save in a general way. The Treasury reports take no note of the quality of works of art, or of the number of those that would have come to this country, if the duty had been removed instead of raised. But the figures for the last few years are worth considering. The interval between the passage of the present law and the date of its taking effect was marked, as was to be expected, by an unprecedented increase in importations, and the period immediately following the change by as noticeable a decrease. The average annual importations for the eight years, 1872 to 1879, inclusive, had been about \$1,130,000, the highest amount reached being in the Centennial year. The figures for the ensuing years tell their own tale:

Under 10 per cent. duty.

1880,	. . . . .	\$2,104,565
1881,	. . . . .	2,221,881
1882,	. . . . .	2,800,583
1883,	. . . . .	3,128,593

Under 30 per cent. duty.

1884,	. . . . .	\$830,801
1885,	. . . . .	1,383,697
1886,	. . . . .	946,958
1887,	. . . . .	2,332,436

The report for nine months of the current year shows a falling off again of more than a quarter (28.7 per cent.) compared with the importations during a similar period of last year. That is to say, the importations for four years subsequent to the increase of the duty are some 46 per cent. less than for a like period immediately before. It is impossible to draw any strict conclusions, even from figures

so significant as these, for works of art are not subject to the same economic conditions as the ordinary articles of commerce; but the unavoidable inference is that at least a million dollars a year less are now spent for works of art than, under a more liberal policy, would probably have been expended. Have the American artists been benefited to that, or to any appreciable, extent? There is no evidence of it whatever, and their restlessness under present conditions is proof that they do not regard themselves as beneficiaries but as victims of the law.

It seems certain from the experience of those best competent to speak that the tax has borne most oppressively on the best class of art works. Individual buyers are deterred by the enormous expense added to the actual price, and dealers are unwilling to risk investment in high-class works that may be left on their hands. The importations, moreover, would seem to be confined to a smaller number of buyers, for, of course, as the tax is increased the less wealthy are the first to cease buying, and it first becomes prohibitory with those least able to bear it. Its inevitable tendency is to check the cultivation of art, and, so far as it may do so, to confine the influence of art to the rich. A tax which does not aid the artists in whose interest it is professedly laid, which adds no very considerable amount to an overflowing treasury, which prohibits all but the most wealthy from purchasing foreign works of art and mulcts them roundly for doing so, is a vindictive and unreasonable tax. It robs Peter and does not pay Paul; it is biting the nose without even spiting the face.

The increase in the duty has, further, resulted in attracting to this country a large number of foreign artists, who have come over for a few months to paint their pictures here and thus evade the duty. English, French, Hungarian, German, they have flocked to our shores and hastily gathered in their harvest. The American artists have extended them a welcome, have lent them studios, and aided them in the search for American dollars, knowing that, if their wares are worthy, there is something to be learned from them, and that a man who buys a foreign art-product is not less likely on that account to patronize the domestic article.

One of the minor annoyances of the present condition is the fact that a work on which duty has been paid, if sent out of the country, cannot be re-imported without paying duty a second time. A most interesting and instructive class of exhibitions has been held recently,

at which the earlier and later works of a single master are gathered to illustrate his growth and development. The works of J. F. Millet and Alma Tadema and their peers have been collected from every country, but American possessors of their works cannot lend them for these purposes; and, like the artists, they acquire a reputation for selfishness and meanness that they have done nothing to deserve. And sometimes the prohibition is felt in a closer way. Suppose a person owns some fine tapestries on which a heavy duty has been paid, and they are in need of restoration. There are no workmen in this country competent to work upon them. They cannot be sent to Europe without being subjected to a second duty of half their value on the return, and skilled workmen cannot be sent for to do the work here, because that would be a violation of the law prohibiting the importation of contract labor! And so a noble work of art must rot on the walls.

These inconsistencies and incongruities, which could be multiplied indefinitely, are sufficient illustrations of the hardships attending a hasty and surreptitious piece of legislation in defiance of a long-established and enlightened policy. The resumption of that policy will place us more closely in accord with the liberal views that lead every "nation claiming to be civilized" to extend to the fine arts encouragement and approbation as engines of education, as influences making for refinement and decency. "In order that the artistic capacities of a nation should be largely developed," says Mr. Lecky, "it is necessary that the great body of the people should come in frequent contact with artistic works, and that there should be institutions securing the means of artistic education." Great strides have been made in this direction in the United States through the enterprise and public spirit of individuals. Our schools of artist-artisan-ship afford to thousands of young men and women an opportunity to gain honest and worthy livelihoods in an engaging and elevating sphere. Workers in iron and brass, carvers and decorators can make higher wages, when to thorough workmanship they add some knowledge of the principles of art and some acquaintance with the best examples of all times and ages. A liberal interpretation of the law providing for the free admission of antiquities has removed a great obstruction to fine-art growth by facilitating the acquisition of the best models and standards of preceding centuries. Under this clause it has been decided by a court that silver of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is exempt from duty, and a ruling of the



Treasury Department, some eighteen months ago, brought down the limit as to pictures from the middle ages to the year 1700. All produced before that are antique, all later are competitors of the domestic artist. Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish masters can now be brought into the United States without payment of a disastrous fine; but Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable, Turner, not to speak of living artists, remain under the ban. As there are no manufacturers of antiquities to be protected, it would be a great boon to the fine arts and no interference with commerce to admit free of duty all commodities (except wines) more than thirty years old, as is already the case with books.

Among the nations or colonies claiming to be civilized that admit works of art free are Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Greece, the Netherlands, Italy, Sweden, Great Britain, India, New South Wales, and Victoria. Russia imposes a tax of 30 cents per 36 pounds on certain statuary, but includes pictures, curiosities, and articles "not having the usual qualifications of merchandise" on the free list. China has a tax of 5 per cent. on works of art, if for sale; and Turkey charges 40 cents a pound on pictures and allows the importation of 20 pounds of statuary for a dollar. Portugal collects 5 per cent. on paintings and 1 per cent. on statues, and Spain gets a specific duty of 19 cents off every picture and 7 cents off every 10 pounds of statuary imported. Hawaii and Corea collect 10 per cent. ad valorem, New Zealand 15, and Canada, following a bad example, 20. Mexico, however, only exacts 52 cents per kilogram of paintings and 8 cents per kilogram of statuary, Honduras lays a tax of \$1.20 a pound on all "art," Nicaragua 41 cents a pound (on paintings), San Salvador 5 per cent. ad valorem, and Ecuador 4 cents a pound. Three or four South American republics having a high rate would probably not fall within the secretary's category of "nations claiming to be civilized."

H. MARQUAND.

## NEW YORK AFTER PARIS.

NO American not a commercial or otherwise hardened traveller can have a soul so dead as to be incapable of emotion when, on the return from a long trip abroad, he catches sight of the low-lying and insignificant Long Island coast. One's excitement begins, indeed, with the pilot-boat. The pilot-boat is the first concrete symbol of those native and normal relations with one's fellow men, which one has so long observed in infinitely varied manifestation abroad, but always as a spectator and a stranger, and which one is now on the eve of sharing himself. As she comes up swiftly, white and graceful, drops her pilot, crosses the steamer's bows, tacks and picks up her boat in the foaming wake she presents a spectacle beside which the most picturesque Mediterranean craft with colored sails and lazy evolutions appear mistily in the memory as elements of a feeble and conventional ideal. The ununiformed pilot clammers on board, makes his way to the bridge, and takes command with an equal lack of French manner and of English affectation distinctly palpable to the sense sharpened by long absence into observing native characteristics as closely as foreign ones. If the season be right, the afternoon is bright, the range of vision apparently limitless, the sky nearly cloudless, and by contrast with the European firmament almost colorless, the July sun such as no Parisian or Londoner ever saw. The French reproach us with having no word for "*patrie*" as distinct from "*pays*;" we have the thing at all events, and cherish it, and it needs only the proximity of the foreigner, from whom in general we are so widely separated, to give our patriotism a tinge of the veriest Chauvinism that exists in France itself. We fancy the feeling old-fashioned, and imagine ours to be the most cosmopolitan, the least prejudiced temperament in the world. But the happening of any one of a dozen things unexpectedly betrays that our cosmopolitanism is in great measure, and so far as sentiment is concerned, a veneer and a disguise. Such a happening is the very change from blue water to gray that announces to the returning American—"Americanized" by Europe, as Emerson says—the nearness of that country which he sometimes thinks he prizes more for

what it stands for than for itself. It is not, he then feels with a flood of emotion, that America is home, but that home is America. America comes suddenly to mean what it never meant before.

Unhappily for this exaltation, ordinary life is not composed of emotional crises. It is ordinary life with a vengeance which one encounters in issuing from the steamer dock and facing again his native city. Paris never looked so lovely, so exquisite, to the sense as it now appears in the memory. All that Parisian regularity, order, decorum, and beauty into which, although a stranger, your own activities fitted so perfectly that you were only half conscious of its existence, was not, then, merely normal, wholly a matter of course. Emerging into West Street amid the solicitations of hackmen, the tinkling jog-trot of the most ignoble horse-cars you have seen since leaving home, the dry dust blowing into your eyes, the gaping black holes of broken pavements, the unspeakable filth, the line of red brick buildings prematurely decrepit, the sagging multitude of telegraph wires, the clumsy electric lights depending before the beer saloon and the groggery, the curious confusion of spruceness and squalor in the aspect of these latter, which also seem legion,—confronting all this for the first time in three years, say, you think with wonder of your disappointment at not finding the Tuileries Gardens a mass of flowers, and with a blush of the times you have told Frenchmen that New York was very much like Paris. New York is at this moment the most foreign-looking city you have ever seen; in going abroad the American discounts the unexpected—returning after the insensible orientation of Europe the contrast with things recently familiar is prodigious, because one is so entirely unprepared for it. One thinks to be at home and finds himself at a spectacle. New York is less like any European city than any European city is like any other. It is distinguished from them all—even from London—by the ignoble character of the *res publica* and the refuge of taste, care, wealth, pride, self-respect even, in private and personal regions. A splendid carriage, liveried servants without and Paris dresses within, rattling over the scandalous paving, splashed by the neglected mud, catching the rusty drippings of the hideous elevated railway, wrenching its axle in the tram-track in avoiding a mountainous wagon-load of commerce on this hand and a garbage cart on that, caught in a jam of horse-cars and a blockade of trucks, finally depositing its dainty freight to pick their way across a sidewalk eloquent of official neglect and private contumely to a shop door or

a residence stoop—such a contrast as this sets us off from Europe very definitely and in a very marked degree.

There is no palpable New York in the sense in which there is a Paris, a Vienna, a Milan. You can touch it at no point. It is not even ocular. There is instead a Fifth Avenue, a Broadway, a Central Park, a Chatham Square. How they have dwindled, by the way. Fifth Avenue might be any one of a dozen London streets in the first impression it makes on the retina and leaves on the mind. The opposite side of Madison Square is but a step away. The spacious hall of the Fifth Avenue Hotel has shrunk to stifling proportions. Thirty-fourth Street is a lane; the City Hall a bandbox; the Central Park a narrow strip of elegant landscape, whose lateral limitations are constantly forced upon the sense by the Lenox Library on one side and a monster apartment house on the other. The American fondness for size—for pure bigness—needs explanation, it appears; we care for size, but inartistically; we care nothing for proportion, which is what makes size count. Everything is on the same scale; there is no play, no movement. An exception should be made in favor of the big business building and the apartment house which have arisen within a few years, and which have greatly accentuated the grotesqueness of the city's sky-line as seen from either the New Jersey or the Long Island shore. They are perhaps rather high than big; many of them were built before the authorities noticed them and followed unequally in the steps of other civilized municipal governments, from that of Rome down, in prohibiting the passing of a fixed limit. But bigness has also evidently been one of their architectonic motives, and it is to be remarked that they are so far out of scale with the surrounding buildings as to avoid the usual commonplace, only by creating a positively disagreeable effect.

Still another reason for the foreign aspect of the New Yorker's native city is the gradual withdrawing of the American element into certain quarters, its transformation or essential modification in others, and in the rest the presence of the leas of Europe. At every step you are forced to realize that New York is the second Irish and the third or fourth German city in the world. However great our success in drilling this foreign contingent of our social army into order, and reason, and self-respect—and it is not to be doubted that this success gives us a distinction wholly new in history—nevertheless our effect upon its members has been rather in the direction of development than of assimilation. We have given them our opportunity, permitted

them the expansion denied them in their own several feudalities, made men of serfs, demonstrated the utility of self-government under the most trying conditions, proved the efficacy of our elastic institutions on a scale truly grandiose, but evidently, so far as New York is concerned, we have done this at the sacrifice of a distinct and obvious nationality. To an observant sense New York is nearly as little national as Port Said. It contrasts absolutely in this respect with Paris, whose assimilating power is prodigious; every foreigner in Paris eagerly seeks Parisianization.

Ocularly, therefore, the "note" of New York seems that of characterless individualism. The monotony of the chaotic composition and movement is, paradoxically, its most abiding impression. And as the whole is destitute of definiteness, of distinction, the parts are, correspondingly, individually insignificant. Where in the world are all the types? one asks one's self in renewing his old walks and desultory wanderings. Where is the New York counterpart of that astonishing variety of types which makes Paris what it is morally and pictorially, the Paris of Balzac as well as the Paris of M. Jean Béraud. Of a sudden the lack of nationality in our familiar literature and art becomes luminously explicable. One perceives why Mr. Howells is so successful in confining himself to the simplest, broadest, most representative representatives, why Mr. James goes abroad invariably for his *mise-en-scène* and often for his characters, why Mr. Reinhart lives in Paris, and Mr. Abbey in London. New York is this and that, it is incontestably unlike any other great city; but compared with Paris its most impressive trait is its lack of that organic quality which results from variety of types. It has only the variety of individuals which results in monotony. It is the difference between noise and music. Pictorially the general aspect of New York is such that the mind speedily takes refuge in insensitiveness. Its expansiveness seeks exercise in other directions—business, dissipation, study, aestheticism, politics. The life of the senses is no longer possible. This is why one's sense for art is so stimulated by going abroad, and one's sense for art in its freest, frankest, most universal and least special, intense, and enervated development is especially exhilarated by going to Paris. It is why, too, on one's return one can note the gradual decline of his sensitiveness, his severity—the gradual atrophy of a sense no longer called into exercise. "I had no conception before," said a Chicago broker to me one day in Paris with intelligent eloquence, "of a finished city!" Chicago undoubtedly presents a greater

contrast to Paris than does New York, and so perhaps better prepares one to appreciate the Parisian quality, but the *returned* New Yorker cannot fail to be deeply impressed with the finish, the organic perfection, the elegance and reserve of the Paris mirrored in his memory. Is it possible that the uniformity, the monotony of Paris architecture, the prose note in Parisian taste, should once have weighed upon his spirit? The present writer was once riding on the top of a Paris tram-car, betraying his understanding of English by reading an American newspaper, when that sub-consciousness of moral isolation which the foreigner feels in Paris, as elsewhere, was suddenly and completely destroyed by a next neighbor, who remarked with contemptuous conviction and a Manhattan accent: "When you've seen one block of this infernal town you've seen it all!" He was sure of sympathy in advance. Probably few New Yorkers would have differed with him. The universal light stone and brown paint, the wide sidewalks, the asphalt pavement, the indefinitely multiplied kiosks, the prevalence of a few marked kinds of vehicles, the uniformed workmen and workwomen, the infinite reduplication, in a word, of easily recognized types, is at first mistaken by the New Yorker for that dead level of uniformity which is of all things in the world the most tiresome to him in his own city. After a time, however, he begins to realize three important facts: in the first place these phenomena, which so vividly force themselves on his notice that their reduplication strikes him more than their qualities, are of a quality altogether unexampled in his experience for fitness and agreeableness; in the second place they are details of a whole, members of an organism, and not they but the city which they compose, the "finished city" of the acute Chicagoan, is the spectacle; in the third place they serve as a background for the finest group of monuments in the world. On his return he perceives these things with a melancholy, a *non lucendo* luminousness. The dead level of Murray Hill uniformity he finds the most agreeable aspect in the city.

And the reason is that Paris has habituated him to the exquisite, the rational pleasure to be derived from that organic spectacle, a "finished city," far more than that Murray Hill is respectable and appropriate, and that almost every other prospect, except in spots of very limited area which emphasize the surrounding ugliness, is acutely displeasing. This latter is certainly very true. We have long reproached ourselves with having no art commensurate with our distinction in other activities, resignedly attributing the lack to our

hitherto necessary material pre-occupation. But what we are really accounting for in this way is our lack of Titians and Bramantes. We are for the most part quite unconscious of the character of the American æsthetic substratum, so to speak. As a matter of fact we do far better in the production of striking artistic personalities than we do in the general medium of taste and culture. We invariably figure well at the *Salon*. At home the artist is simply either driven in upon himself, or else awarded, by a naïve *clientèle*, an eminence so far out of perspective as to result unfortunately both for him and for the community. Accused of building an ecclesiastical savings-bank, the soundest architect we have replies, "Let them give me a cathedral to build, then!" Meanwhile the city gets an ecclesiastical savings-bank—on the rare occasions when it gets anything as good—and the community's sense for order and symmetry, for form and fitness, suffers in consequence. And these, as I say, are the exceptions. The general aspect of the city is characterized by something far less agreeable than mere asymmetry: it is characterized mainly by an all-pervading bad taste in every detail into which the element of art enters or should enter—that is to say nearly everything that meets the eye.

However, on the other hand, Parisian uniformity may depress exuberance, it is the condition and often the cause of the omnipresent good taste. Not only is it true that, as Mr. Hamerton remarks, "in the better quarters of the city a building hardly ever rises from the ground unless it has been designed by some architect who knows what art is, and endeavors to apply it to little things as well as great," but it is equally true that the national sense of form expresses itself in every appurtenance of life as well as in the masses and details of architecture. In New York, our noisy diversity not only prevents any effect of *ensemble* and makes, as I say, the old commonplace brown-stone regions the most reposeful and rational prospects of the city, but it precludes also in a thousand activities and aspects the operation of that salutary constraint and conformity without which the most acutely sensitive individuality inevitably declines to a lower level of form and taste. *La mode*, for example, seems scarcely to exist at all; or at any rate to have taken refuge in the chimney-pot hat and the *tournure*. The dude, it is true, has been developed within a few years, but his distinguishing trait of personal extinction has had much less success and is destined to a much shorter life than his appellation, which has wholly lost its

original significance in gaining its present popularity. Every woman one meets in the street has a different bonnet. Every street-car contains a millinery museum. And the mass of them may be judged after the circumstance that one of the most fashionable Fifth Avenue *modistes* flaunts a sign of enduring brass, announcing "English Round Hats and Bonnets." The enormous establishments of men's ready-made clothing seem not to have made as yet their destined impression in the direction of uniformity. The contrast in dress of the working classes with those of Paris is as conspicuously unfortunate æsthetically as politically and socially it may be significant; ocularly it is a substitution of a cheap, faded and ragged imitation of *bourgeois* costume for the marvel of neatness and propriety which composes the uniform of the Parisian *ouvrier* and *ouvrière*. Broadway, below Tenth Street, is a forest of signs which obscure the thoroughfare, conceal the buildings, overhang the sidewalks, and exhibit severally and collectively a taste in harmony with the Teutonic and Semitic enterprise which they attest. The shop-windows' show, which is one of the great spectacles of Paris, is niggard and shabby; that of Philadelphia has considerably more interest; that of London nearly as much. Our clumsy coinage and countrified currency; our eccentric book-bindings; that class of our furniture and interior decoration which may be described as American rococo; that multifariously horrible machinery devised for excluding flies from houses and preventing them from alighting on dishes, for substituting a draught of air for stifling heat, for relieving an entire population from that surplusage of old-fashioned breeding involved in shutting doors, for rolling and rattling change in shops, for enabling you to "put only the exact fare in the box;" the racket of pneumatic tubes, of telephones, of elevated trains; the practice of reticulating pretentious façades with fire-escapes, in lieu of fire-proof construction; the vast mass of our nickel-plated paraphernalia; our zinc cemetery monuments; our comic valentines and serious Christmas cards, and grocery labels, and "fancy" job printing and theatre posters; our conspicuous cupidors and our conspicuous need of more of them; the "tone" of many articles in our most popular journals, their references to each other; their illustrations; the Sunday panorama of shirt-sleeved ease and the week-day fatigue costume of curl papers and "Mother Hubbards" general in some quarters; our sumptuous new bar-rooms, decorated perhaps on the principle that *le mauvais gout mène*



*au crime*—all these phenomena, the list of which might be indefinitely extended, are so many witnesses of a general taste, public and private, which differs cardinally from that prevalent in Paris.

In fine, the material spectacle of New York is such that at last with some anxiety one turns from the external vileness of every prospect to seek solace in the pleasure that man affords. But even after the wholesome American reaction has set in and your appetite for the life of the senses is starved into repugnance for what begins to seem to you an unworthy ideal, after you are patriotically readjusted and feel once more the elation of living in the future owing to the dearth of sustenance in the present, you are still at the mercy of perceptions too keenly sharpened by your Paris sojourn to permit blindness to the fact that Paris and New York contrast as strongly in moral atmosphere as in material aspect. You become contemplative and speculate pensively as to the character and quality of those native and normal conditions, those relations which finally you have definitely resumed. What is it—that vague and pervasive moral contrast which the American feels so potently on his return from abroad? How can one define that apparently undefinable difference which is only the more sensible for being so elusive? Book after book has been written about Europe from the American stand-point—about America from the European stand-point. None of them has specified what everyone has experienced. The spectacular and the material contrasts are easily enough characterized, and it is only the unreflecting or the superficial who exaggerate the importance of them. We are by no means at the mercy of our appreciation of Parisian spectacle, of the French machinery of life. We miss or we do not miss the Salon Carré, the view of the south transept of Notre Dame as one descends the Rue St. Jacques, the Théâtre Français, the concerts, the Luxembourg gardens, the excursions to the score of charming suburban places, the library at the corner, the convenient cheap cab, the manners of the people, the quiet, the climate, the constant entertainment of the senses. We have in general too much work to do to waste much time in regretting these things. In general, work is, by natural selection, so invariable a concomitant of our unrivalled opportunity to work profitably, that it absorbs our energies, so far as this palpable sphere is concerned. But what is it that, throughout the hours of busiest work and closest application, as well as in the preceding and following moments of leisure and the occasional intervals of relaxation, makes every one vaguely perceive the vast moral

difference between life here at home and life abroad—notably life in France? What is the subtle influence pervading the moral atmosphere in New York which so markedly distinguishes what we call life here from life in Paris or even in Pennedepie?

It is, I think, distinctly traceable to the intense individualism which prevails among us. Magnificent results have followed our devotion to this force; incontestably we have through it spared ourselves both the acute and the chronic misery for which the tyranny of society over its constituent parts is directly responsible. We have, moreover, in this way not only freed ourselves from the tyranny of despotism, such, for example, as is exerted socially in England and politically in Russia, but we have undoubtedly developed a larger number of self-reliant and potentially capable social units than even a democratic system like that of France, which sacrifices the unit to the organism, succeeds in producing. We may truly say that, material as we are accused of being, we turn out more *men* than any other nationality. And if some Frenchman points out that we attach an esoteric sense to the term "man," and that, at any rate, our men are not better adapted than some others to a civilized environment which demands other qualities than honesty, energy, and intelligence, we may be quite content to leave him his objection and to prefer what seems to us manliness to civilization itself. At the same time we cannot pretend that individualism has done everything for us that could be desired. In giving us the man it has cheated us of the *milieu*. Morally speaking, the *milieu* with us scarcely exists. We are making sensible strides in this direction, no doubt. The clubs, wealth, leisure, and other agencies are noticeably making us more homogeneous. But, nevertheless, as yet our difference from Europe does not consist in the difference between the European *milieu* and ours; it consists in the fact that, comparatively speaking of course, we have no *milieu*. If we are individually developed, we are also individually isolated to a degree elsewhere unknown. Politically we have parties which, in Cicero's phrase, "think the same things concerning the republic," but concerning very little else are we agreed in any mass of any moment. The number of our sauces is growing, but there is no corresponding diminution in the number of our religions. We have few communities. Our villages, even, are apt to be aggregations. There is hardly, speaking strictly, an American view of any phenomenon or class of phenomena. Every one of us likes, reads, sees, does what he chooses. Often

dissimilarity is affected as adding the piquancy of paradox. The judgments of the ages, the consensus of mankind, exercise no tyranny over the individual will. Do you believe in this or that, do you like this or that, are questions which, concerning the most fundamental matters, nevertheless form the staple of conversation in many circles. We live all of us apparently in a divine state of flux. The question asked at dinner by a lady in a neighboring city of a literary stranger, "What do you think of Shakspeare?" is not exaggeratedly peculiar. We all think differently of Shakspeare, of Cromwell, of Titian, of Browning, of George Washington. Concerning matters as to which we must be fundamentally disinterested we permit ourselves not only prejudice but passion. At the most we have here and there groups of personal acquaintance only, whose members are in accord in regard to some one thing, and quickly crystallize and precipitate at the mention of something which is really a corollary of the force which unites them. The efforts that have been made in New York within the past twenty years to establish various special *milieus*, so to speak, have been pathetic in their number and lack of results. Efforts of this sort are of course doomed to failure, because the essential trait of the *milieu* is spontaneous existence, but they emphasize the mutual repulsion which keeps the molecules of our society from uniting. How can it be otherwise where life is so speculative, so experimental, so wholly dependent on the personal force and idiosyncrasies of the individual? How should we accept any general verdict pronounced by persons of no more authority than ourselves, and arrived at by processes in which we are equally expert? We have so little consensus as to anything, because we dread the loss of personality involved in submitting to conventions, and because personality operates centrifugally alone. We make exceptions in favor of such matters as the Copernican system, and the greatness of our own future. There *are* things which we take on the credit of the consensus of authorities, for which we may not have all the proofs at hand. But as to conventions of all sorts, our attitude is apt to be one of suspicion and uncertainty. Mark Twain, for example, first won his way to the popular American heart by exposing the humbugs of the Cinquecento. Specifically the most teachable of people, eager for information, Americans are nevertheless wholly distrustful of generalizations made by any one else, and little disposed to receive blindly formularies and classifications of phenomena as to which they have

had no experience. And of experience we have necessarily had, except politically, less than any civilized people in the world.

We are infinitely more at home amid universal mobility. We want to act, to exert ourselves, to be, as we imagine, nearer to nature. We have our tastes in painting, as in confectionery. Some of us prefer Tintoretto to Rembrandt as we do chocolate to cocoa-nut. In respect of taste it would be impossible for the gloomiest sceptic to deny that this is an exceedingly free country. "I don't know anything about the subject [whatever the subject may be], but I know what I like," is a remark which is heard on every hand, and which witnesses the sturdiness of our struggle against the tyranny of conventions and the indomitable nature of our independent spirit. In criticism the individual spirit fairly runs a-muck; it often takes its lack of concurrence as credentials of impartiality. In constructive art every one is occupied less with nature than with the point of view. Mr. Howells himself displays more delight in his naturalistic attitude than zest in his execution, which, compared with that of the French naturalists, is, in general, faint-hearted enough. Every one writes, paints, models, exclusively the point of view. Fidelity in following out nature's suggestions, in depicting the emotions nature arouses, a sympathetic submission to nature's sentiment, absorption into nature's moods and subtle enfoldings are extremely rare. The artist's eye is fixed on the treatment. He is "creative" by main strength. He is penetrated with a desire to get away from "the same old thing," to "take it" in a new way, to draw attention to himself, to shine. One would say that every American nowadays who handles a brush or designs a building was stimulated by the secret ambition of founding a school. We have in art thus, with a vengeance, that personal element which is indeed its savor, but which it is fatal to make its substance. We have it still more conspicuously in life. "What do you think of him or her?" is the first question asked after every introduction. Of every individual we meet we form instantly some personal impression. The criticism of character is nearly the one disinterested activity in which we have become expert. We have for this a peculiar gift, apparently, which we share with gypsies and money-lenders, and other people in whom the social instinct is chiefly latent. Our gossip takes on the character of personal judgments rather than of tittle-tattle. It concerns not what So-and-So has done, but what kind of a person So-and-So is. It would hardly be too much to say that So-and-So never leaves a group of which he is not an intimate without being immedi-

ately, impartially, but fundamentally, discussed. To a degree not at all suspected by the author of the phrase, he "leaves his character" with them on quitting any assemblage of his acquaintance.

The great difficulty with our individuality and independence is that differentiation begins so soon and stops so far short of real importance. In no department of life has the law of the survival of the fittest, that principle in virtue of whose operation societies become distinguished and admirable, had time to work. Our social characteristics are inventions, discoveries, not survival. Nothing with us has passed into the stage of instinct. And for this reason some of our "best people," some of the most "thoughtful" among us have less of that quality best characterized as social maturity than a Parisian washer-woman or *concierge*. Centuries of sifting, ages of gravitation toward harmony and homogeneity, have resulted for the French in a delightful immunity from the necessity of "proving all things" remorselessly laid on every individual of our society. Very many matters, at any rate, which to the French are matters of course, our self-respect pledges us to personally examine. The idea of sparing ourselves trouble in thinking occurs to us far more rarely than to other peoples. We have certainly an insufficient notion of the superior results reached by economy and system in this respect. Naturally, thus, every one is personally pre-occupied to a degree unknown in France. It is not necessary that this pre-occupation should concern any side of that multifarious monster we know as "business." It may relate strictly to the paradox of seeking employment for leisure. Even the latter is a terribly conscious proceeding. We go about it with a mental deliberateness singularly in contrast with our physical precipitancy. The self-consciousness of the unit is fatal, of course, to the composure of the *ensemble*; and with us nearly every one seems acutely self-conscious. The number of people intently minding their Ps and Qs, reforming their orthoëpy, practising new discoveries in etiquette, making over their names, and in general exhibiting that activity of the amateur known as "going through the motions," to the end of bringing themselves up, as it were, is very noticeable in contrast with French oblivion to this kind of personal exertion. Even our simplicity is apt to be *simplesse*. And the conscientiousness in educating others displayed by those who are so fortunate as to have reached perfection nearly enough to permit relaxation in self-improvement, is only equalled by the avidity in acquisitiveness displayed by the learners themselves. Meantime the com-

posure born of equality, as well as that springing from unconsciousness, suffers.

But it is mainly "business," perhaps, that accentuates our individualism. The condition of *désœuvrement* is positively disreputable. It arouses the suspicion of acquaintances and the anxiety of friends. Occupation to the end of money-getting is our normal condition, any variation from which demands explanation as little likely to be entirely honorable. Such occupation is, as I said, the inevitable sequence of the opportunity for it, and is the wiser and more dignified because of its necessity to the end of securing independence. What the Frenchman can secure merely by the exercise of economy, is with us only the reward of energy and enterprise in acquisition—so comparatively speculative and hazardous is the condition of our business. And, whereas with us money is far harder to keep, and is, moreover, something which it is far harder to be without, than is the case in France, the ends of self-respect, freedom from mortification, and getting the most out of life, demand that we should take constant advantage of the fact that it is easier to win. Consequently every one who is, as we say, worth anything, is with us adjusted to the prodigious dynamic condition which characterizes our existence. And such occupation is tremendously absorbing. Our opportunity is fatally handicapped by this remorseless necessity of embracing it. It yields us fruit after its kind, but it rigorously excludes us from tasting any other. Every one is engaged in preparing the working drawings of his own fortune. There is no coöperation possible, because competition is the life of enterprise.

In the resultant manners the city illustrates Carlyle's "anarchy, plus the constable." Never was the struggle for existence more palpable, more naked, and more unpictorial. "It is the art of mankind to polish the world," says Thoreau, somewhere, "and every one who works is scrubbing in some part." Every one certainly is here at work, yet was there ever such scrubbing with so little resultant polish? The disproportion would be tragic if it were not grotesque. Amid all "the hurry and rush of life along the sidewalks," as the newspapers say, one might surely expect to find the unexpected. The spectacle ought certainly to have the interest of picturesqueness which is inherent in the fortuitous. Unhappily, though there is hurry and rush enough, it is the bustle of business, not the dynamics of what is properly to be called life. The elements of the picture lack dignity—so completely as to leave the *ensemble* quite without

accent. More unlooked-for happenings, more incidents in the drama of real life will happen before midnight to the individuals who compose the orderly Boulevard procession in Paris than those of its chaotic Broadway counterpart will experience in a month. The latter are not really more impressive because they are apparently all running errands and include no *flâneurs*. The *flâneur* would fare ill should anything draw him into the stream. Everything being adjusted to the motive of looking out for oneself, any of the sidewalk civility and mutual interest which obtain in Paris would throw the entire machine out of gear. Whoever is not in a hurry is in the way.

In this way our undoubted self-respect undoubtedly loses something of its bloom. We may prefer being jammed into street-cars and pressed against the platform rails of the elevated road to the tedious waiting at Paris omnibus stations—to mention one of the perennial and principal points of contrast which monopolize the thoughts of the average American sojourner in the French capital. But it is terribly vulgarizing. The contact and pressure are abominable. To a Parisian, the daily experience in this respect of those of our women who have no carriages of their own would seem as singular as the latter would find the Oriental custom of regarding the face as the most important part of the female person to keep concealed. But neither men nor women can persist in blushing at the intimacy of rudeness to which our crowding subjects them in common. The only resource is in blunted sensibility. And the manners thus negatively produced we do not quite appreciate in their enormity, because the edge of our appreciation is thus necessarily dulled. The conductor scarcely ceases whistling to poke you for your fare. Other whistlers apparently go on for ever. Loud talking follows naturally from the impossibility of personal seclusion in the presence of others. Our Sundays have lost secular decorum, very much in proportion as they have lost Puritan observance. If we have nothing quite comparable with a London bank-holiday, or with the conduct of the popular cohorts of the Epsom army, if only in “political picnics” and the excursions of “gangs” of “toughs” we illustrate absolute barbarism, it is nevertheless true that, from Central Park to Coney Island, our people exhibit a conception of the fitting employment of periodical leisure which would seem indecorous to a crowd of Belleville *ouvriers*. If we have not the cad, we certainly possess in abundance the species “hoodlum,” which, though morally more refreshing, is

yet æsthetically intolerable; and the hoodlum is nearly as rare in Paris as the cad. Owing to his presence, and to the atmosphere in which he thrives, we find ourselves, in spite of the most determined democratic convictions, shunning crowds wherever it is possible to shun them. The most robust of us easily get into the frame of mind of a Boston young woman, to whom the Champs Elysées looked like a railway station, and who wished the people would get up from the benches and go home. Our life becomes a life of the interior, wherefore, in spite of a climate that permits walks abroad, we confine out-door existence to Newport lawns and camps in the Adirondacks; hence also proceeds that carelessness of the exterior which subordinates architecture to "household art," and makes of our streets such mere thoroughfares, lined with "homes."

Certainly, in New York, we are too vain of our bustle to realize how mannerless and motiveless it is. The essence of life is movement, but so is the essence of epilepsy. Moreover, the life of the New Yorker, who chases street-cars, eats at a lunch-counter, drinks what will "take hold" quickly at a bar he can quit instantly, reads only the head-lines of his newspaper, keeps abreast of the intellectual movement by inspecting the display of the elevated railway news-stand while he fumes at having to wait two minutes for his train, hastily buys his tardy ticket of sidewalk speculators, and leaves the theatre as if it were on fire—the life of such a man is, notwithstanding all its futile activity, varied by long spaces of absolute mental stagnation, of moral coma. Not only is our hurry not decorous, not decent—it is not real activity; it is as little as possible like that *vie fiévreuse et excitante* of Paris, where the moral nature is kept in constant operation, intense or not, as the case may be, in spite of the external and material tranquillity. Owing to this lack of a real, a rational activity, our individual civilization, which seems, when successful, a scramble, and when unlucky, a *saute qui peut*, is morally as well as spectacularly not ill described, in so far as its external aspect is concerned, by the epithet *flat*. Enervation seems to menace those whom hyperæsthesia spares.

"We go to Europe to become Americanized," says Emerson; but France Americanizes us less in this sense than any other country of Europe, and perhaps Emerson was not thinking so much of her democratic development into social order and efficiency as of the less American and more feudal European influences, which do indeed, while we are subject to them, intensify our affection for our own institutions, our confidence in our own outlook. One



must admit that in France, which nowadays follows our ideal of liberty perhaps as closely as we do hers of equality and fraternity, and where, consequently, our political notions receive few shocks, not only is the life of the senses more agreeable than it is with us, but the mutual relations of men are more felicitous also. And alas! Americans who have savored these sweets cannot avail themselves of the implication contained in Emerson's further words—words which approach nearer to petulance than anything in his urbane and placid utterances: "Those who prefer London or Paris to America may be spared to return to those capitals." "*Il faut vivre, combattre et finir avec les siens*," says Doudan, and no law is more inexorable. The fruits of foreign gardens are, however delectable, enchanted for us; we may not touch them, and to pass our lives in covetous inspection of them is as barren a performance as may be imagined. For this reason the question, "Would you like best to live here or abroad," is as little practical as it is frequent. The empty life of the "foreign colonies" in Paris is its sufficient answer. Not only do most of us *have* to stay at home, but for every one except the inconsiderable few who can best do abroad the work they have to do, and except those essentially un-American waifs who can contrive no work for themselves, life abroad is not only less profitable but less pleasant. The American endeavoring to acclimatize himself in Paris hardly needs to have cited to him the words of Epictetus: "Man, thou hast forgotten thine object; thy journey was not *to* this, but *through* this." He is sure before long to become dismally persuaded of their truth. More speedily than elsewhere, perhaps, he finds out in Paris the truth of Carlyle's assurance: "It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man that he cannot work; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled." For the work which insures the felicity of the French life of the senses and of French human relations he cannot share. The question of the relative attractiveness of French and American life—of Paris and New York—becomes the idle and purely speculative question as to whether one would like to change his personal and national identity.

And this an American may permit himself the Chauvinism of believing a less rational contradiction of instinct in himself than it would be in the case of anyone else. And for this reason: that in those elements of life which tend to the development and perfection of the individual soul in the work of fulfilling its mysterious destiny American character and American conditions are especially rich. Living in the future has an indisputably tonic effect upon the moral

sinews, and contributes an exhilaration to the spirit which no sense of attainment and achieved success can give. We are after all the true idealists of the world. Material as are the details of our pre-occupation, our sub-consciousness is sustained by a general aspiration that is none the less heroic for being, perhaps, somewhat naïve as well. The times and moods when one's energy is excited, when something occurs in the continuous drama of life to bring sharply into relief its vivid interest and one's own intimate share therein, when nature seems infinitely more real than the societies she includes, when the missionary, the pioneer, the constructive spirit is aroused, are far more frequent with us than with other peoples. Our intense individualism, happily modified by our equality, our constant, active, multiform struggle with the environment do at least, as I said, produce *men*; and if we use the term in an esoteric sense we at least know its significance. Of our riches in this respect New York alone certainly gives no exaggerated idea—however it may otherwise epitomize and typify our national traits. A walk on Pennsylvania Avenue; a drive among the “homes” of Buffalo or Detroit—or a dozen other true centres of communal life which have a concrete impressiveness that only great capitals in Europe possess; a tour of college commencements in scores of spots consecrated to the exaltation of the permanent over the evanescent; contact in any wise with the prodigious amount of right-feeling manifested in a hundred ways throughout a country whose prosperity stimulates generous impulse, or with the number of “good fellows” of large, shrewd, humorous views of life, critical, perhaps, rather than constructive, but at all events untouched by cynicism, perfectly competent and admirably confident, with a livelier interest in everything within their range of vision than can be felt by anyone mainly occupied with sensuous satisfaction, saved from *ennui* by a robust imperviousness, and ready to begin life over again after every reverse with unenfeebled spirit, and finding in the working out of their own personal salvation, according to the gospel of necessity and opportunity, that joy which the pursuit of pleasure misses—experiences of every kind, in fine, that familiarize us with what is especially American in our civilization are agreeable as no foreign experiences can be, because they are above all others animating and sustaining. Life in America has for every one, in proportion to his seriousness, the zest that accompanies the “advance on Chaos and the Dark.”

W. C. BROWNELL.

## HUMANISTIC RELIGION.

### I.

A LITTLE more than a generation ago a distinguished French philosopher published to the world a new scheme for a religion, which on its negative side repudiated all supernaturalism, denouncing the God of the old theologies as a figment of imagination. On its positive side the new scheme postulated the necessity of a religion which should rest on a scientific basis of certified knowledge. It inculcated a motive, an object of worship, and a cult. The motive of the new religion was all that could be desired :

Comte believed, John Morley says, that a "moral transformation must precede any real advance. The aim, both in public and private life, is to secure to the utmost possible extent the victory of the social feelings over self-love, or altruism over egoism. . . . What are the instruments for securing the preponderance of altruism ? . . . Translated into the plainest English the position is as follows : 'Society can only be regenerated by the greater subordination of politics to morals, by the moralization of capital, by the renovation of the family, by the higher conception of marriage, and so on. These ends can only be reached by a heartier development of the sympathetic instincts. The sympathetic instincts can only be developed by the Religion of Humanity.'" \*

The motive of the new religion was, to state it briefly, social regeneration through the culture of the sympathetic instincts. How, then, we may ask, was it proposed to secure this culture? The central part in any religion, in view of which its claims as a religion must be judged, is its object of worship. The old theologies all proposed a supernatural, or at least a superhuman, object. Comte repudiated such a being, and proposed as the divinity of his creed, "Humanity, past, present, and to come, conceived as the Great Being." Just how Comte meant this Being to be understood has been an open question with the critics. The majority have supposed him to be proposing collective humanity as an object of worship. But Comte's words will bear a different and nobler construction. In a passage quoted by Morley (cited above), he says :

"A deeper study of the great universal order reveals to us at length the ruling power within it of the Great Being, whose destiny it is to bring that order continu-

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\* "Comte," *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 9th edition.

ally to perfection by constantly conforming to its laws, and which thus best represents to us that system as a whole. This undeniable Providence, the supreme dispenser of our destinies, becomes in the natural course the common centre of our affections, our thoughts, and our actions. Although this Great Being evidently exceeds the utmost strength of any, even of any collective, human force, its necessary constitution and its peculiar function endow it with the truest sympathy toward all its servants. . . . This natural object of all our activity, both public and private, determines the true general character of the rest of our existence, whether in feeling or in thought, which must be devoted to love, and to know, in order rightly to serve, our Providence, by a wise use of all the means which it furnishes to us." . . .

John Morley characterizes Comte's Great Being as "the abstract idea of Humanity conceived as a kind of Personality." We must bear in mind, if we would understand the basis of his religion, that Comte's *Positive Polity* is a sequel to his *Positive Philosophy*. It is an elaborate attempt to apply the principles of the latter to the reconstruction of society. The fundamental category of the *Positive Philosophy* is the law of social progress, commonly known as the law of the three stages. This law expresses the "great universal order" of which Comte finds manifestations everywhere. This order reveals the Great Being which is striving to bring that order to perfection. If we suppose that Comte made the transition from science to religion by first hypostasizing the law of the three stages, and then identifying it with what, in figurative language, we style the genius of the race, we will probably not strike far wide of his thought. Such a conception readily lends itself to the personifying instinct. Few minds are able completely to resist the tendency, consciously or unconsciously, to endow the spirit of the age with a species of shadowy personality. The Comtean finds the charm of such a procedure altogether too strong for him, and the abstract conception of humanity which he has reached by generalization from social phenomena gradually assumes to his imagination the lineaments of a personified being who manifests himself in social order and progress and strives continually toward ideal perfection.

Why, the Comtean may ask, is not humanity so conceived an adequate foundation for a religion? Theistic religions, in their higher forms at least, represent humanity as a manifestation of divinity. The Divine Spirit works in history and human life, determining the large results and shaping the destinies of individuals and nations. Personified Humanity may, then, include the divine agency, and Comte's *Grand Etre* may be but another name for the God of the rejected theologies. Aside, however, from the fact that no con-

sistent advocate of humanistic religion would found its claims on such considerations, the postulates of the *Positive Philosophy* would make any such claim on the part of its adherents in the highest degree inconsistent. There are two classes of philosophical agnostics. The one agrees with Herbert Spencer in affirming the existence of a Being transcending humanity, while denying that it can be an object of knowledge. The other asserts with Comte and G. H. Lewes that neither the existence nor the character of such a Being can be affirmed. The one says, "I know that a supernatural Being exists but I cannot determine what this Being is." The other says, "I do not know even that there is a supernatural Being. What I know is that man and nature exist, and that there is an unknown residuum. Whether this be simply unknown or absolutely unknowable, I am unable to determine." The latter expresses the philosophical creed of Positivism, and on it the Religion of Humanity is historically and logically founded. The basis of a religious creed, Lewes says somewhere, must be the known and the knowable. But only that which lies open to the ordinary methods of observation and verification is knowable. The God of the theologies does not lie open to the ordinary processes of knowledge. Theistic religion must, therefore, abdicate and a creed which does not postulate the unknowable must take its place. Whether, then, a power superior to humanity is present and operative in history and experience or not, the exponent of Comte's humanistic creed is precluded by the principles of his philosophy from making any use of it. He must assume that humanity is self-centred; that there is no power above or beneath or back of man of which any account needs to be taken. The story of human civilization must be to him a record of the achievements of purely human forces and agencies. Humanity must, in short, contain the explanation of its development strictly within itself.

Religion, as a historical phenomenon, has two conditions, which are sometimes called subjective and objective. The subjective condition is what is called the religious instinct. Man is by nature religious, in the same sense that he is rational and social. There is a germ in his nature which, under normal circumstances, will develop and manifest itself in some sort of religious belief, if not in actual worship. Whatever may be said of individuals and small aggregates of men, the race, as a whole, is constitutionally religious. By virtue of this fact it finds social and political societies and institutions wholly inadequate to satisfy its wants. Religious societies and

organized worship are also necessary. The objective condition of religion is the existence of some worthy object. Religion manifests itself in worship, and worship to be genuine must call into exercise sentiments of awe and reverence as well as sentiments of gratitude and love. An object which is either unable to call forth these sentiments, or to keep them alive when they already exist, is not fit for the central place in a religious scheme.

How, we may ask, does Comte's humanistic religion propose to satisfy these conditions? It, of course, recognizes the religious instinct and its claims to be satisfied. Does the object proposed meet the subjective want? In the first part of his *First Principles*, and in other places, Herbert Spencer contends that the fundamental element in which all religions agree is their assertion of the existence of an ultimate mystery. In other words, it is of the essence of religion to recognize the existence of some transcendent reality, the comprehension of which baffles the powers of human conception. Religion loses its distinctive character, if deprived of this transcendent object. Spencer, as every one knows, identifies this mysterious object asserted by the religious consciousness with the Absolute Power of which both nature and humanity are manifestations. There are, he contends, the deepest reasons for asserting the existence of such a power. Stripped of all accidents, the necessary object of religion stands forth as a transcendent reality whose nature and designs are enveloped in impenetrable mystery.

Reasons have been given in a former article\* for thinking this deification of mystery extreme and indefensible. But it contains a sound core of truth. Some one has made the profound remark that a God who could be fully known would be no God at all. Man's religious nature demands an object which in some respects transcends human conceptions. The life of such sentiments as adoration and awe has its roots in the incomprehensible. But Spencer carries his insistence on this feature of religion to extremes, and, in postulating an *absolute* mystery, suppresses the springs of such sentiments as gratitude and love. That religion may be intelligent, and that love and gratitude may survive as elements of religious worship, there must be some community of nature, some basis of mutual understanding between man and the Being he worships. The unifying concept is to be found, therefore, in the synthesis of opposites.

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\* "The Agnostic Dilemma."—NEW PRINCETON REVIEW, September, 1836.

The agnostic emphasizes a true aspect of religion. But it needs to be supplemented by the Positivist claim that a religious creed can build only on the known and the knowable. In other words, in an adequate concept of the object of religion there will be a synthesis of intelligible and unintelligible attributes. God must transcend humanity and finite limitations, but man-ward the Divine must emerge into the sunlight of the intelligible and knowable. Theistic religions, when they understand themselves, admit the mystery which envelops God's essential nature, but this is only one article in their faith. They also assert, and in the same breath, that God stands in intelligible relations to humanity. He may reveal himself in extraordinary ways, but the ordinary mode of his manifestation is through a certain community of nature between himself and the creature, which enables the creature to come into living and intelligible relations with the Creator.

There is such a thing as low-water mark in the basal concepts of religion. In the nineteenth century this mark cannot be precisely what it was in the time of the ancient Greeks, or Romans, or Teutons. To suppose that it is, would be to assume that progress is superficial, and that humanity cannot make any real advance in the sphere of ideas. One of the great epoch-making forces in the religious evolution of the western world was Platonism. Plato projected the theistic conception of the world into the very heart of Europe's consciousness, where it has acted as a dominating force in the development of religious ideas. Stoicism produced another step in advance. The cardinal article of its faith was the assertion of a Divine Father of the race. The Stoics were, in other words, the propounders of that ethical concept which plants religion on God's paternal relation to humanity. Stoicism was the most effective religious force in the ancient European world. The Teutonic invasion, which destroyed the old civilization, might have swept away its religious gains also, had not Christianity with its inseparable companion, the Old Testament Scriptures, encountered and conquered the barbarian elements. In its cardinal doctrine of God's Fatherhood, the net results of Stoicism were reasserted, vitalized, and projected like leaven into the religious life of the masses of the people. Christianity did much more than assert the fundamental tenet of Stoicism. It is not argued here or elsewhere, that theism is the only, or the most important, element in Christianity. Nor is it argued that mere theism could have produced the results of Chris-

tianity. The precise point of the argument is that no scheme which does not at least recognize the theistic basis of Christianity can reasonably hope to effect the social regeneration of the race. For, in the process of historic evolution, however it may be brought about, certain final and unalterable results are achieved. Christianity marks high-water mark in the religious development of the western world. Its low-water mark, the level below which it cannot sink without losing all the gains of development, is that faith in a Divine Father of the race which is common to both Christianity and the most enlightened forms of paganism. This has been styled the faith of natural as distinguished from revealed religion. It serves as a touch-stone by which the foundations of a religious scheme may be tested.

It is in relation to this fundamental article of natural religion that the agnostics of the Spencerian school have a decided advantage over the advocates of humanistic religion. They have in their Ultimate Power a being which satisfies many of the cardinal requirements of a deity. It is clear that an all-productive energy may be conceived as a sort of personality and represented as the All-Father of the race. The agnostic is not demonstrably wrong, since he keeps well within the limits of possibility, when he ascribes a species of godhood to his Ultimate Power. Its transcendent relation to man and nature, while lifting it above the sphere of our conceptions, leaves it a possible subject of such predicates as intelligence, consciousness, personality, and will. The Ultimate Power of the agnostic possesses those attributes which are necessary to call forth the sentiments of awe and wonder, and, to a certain degree, reverence. It is infinite, eternal, and invisible. It is transcendent, incomprehensible, and immutable. It is omnipotent, omnipresent, the creative energy of which all things are manifestations. Obeying the irresistible demand of his religious nature, the agnostic may, by a pardonable, if illogical, exercise of the personifying imagination, conceive this Power after the analogy of a primary human relationship, as the Father of him and his race. There is nothing except the logical barrier which he himself has erected, to prevent him from holding the God of theism as a religious postulate, in much the same way that Kant asserted him as a postulate of morality.

Here the break-down of the humanistic scheme is complete. Its limitations cut it off strictly from everything that transcends human agencies. Comte and many of his followers, by a free exercise of



imagination and an elaborate use of symbols, succeed in hiding the difficulties of their creed, even from themselves. They habitually speak of humanity in terms which are misleading, if the intention is not to attribute to it superhuman power and a species of personality. But this is nothing else than a kind of mythologizing. Humanistic religion must deify humanity in order to obtain even a plausible object of worship. Religious veneration can be paid neither to individuals nor to aggregates of human beings; hence it becomes necessary to perpetrate a piece of mediæval realism over which the ghost of scholasticism might well rejoice. It is open to a believer in the God of the despised theologies to see in human history the manifestations of a personal agent not identical with any human forces. But an exponent of a humanistic creed cannot consistently allow himself any such liberty. If the object of worship is humanity and all supernatural implications must be carefully excluded from it, there is no power left apart from individuals and aggregates of individuals. To ascribe any sort of personality to an aggregate would make too severe a demand on human credulity. There remains, then, only the two alternatives of crude man-worship, which no one repudiates with greater vehemence than the exponent of the creed in question, or to deify the abstract idea of humanity, which is open to all the objections already urged.

The truth is, any humanistic scheme of religion finds itself in a dilemma. If it admits a power above humanity, it destroys its own first principle and goes over to the camp of supernaturalism. If it refuses to admit any such power and contents itself with a merely human object of worship, it is obliged to outdo the mediæval realists in order to obtain a conception at all capable of calling forth the religious sentiments. This brings out the fundamental defect of all humanistic creeds. An adequate object of worship must contain a synthesis of knowable and unknowable attributes. It must transcend man and his powers of conception, and it must also come into the sphere of the thinkable and knowable. In other words, the God of the religious consciousness must be absolute, infinite, and immutable. But he must also be the Father of men, and must possess attributes which will make him a fit object for the love and loyalty of his children. The humanistic creed repudiates the transcendental side of religion in advance, and hence is never able to provide such an object as the religious nature of man requires.

## II.

TO the foregoing objections the general answer may be made, that, along with the repudiation of the object of supernaturalism, the ideas of worship which have grown up with it are also to be dismissed. It may be said that the essentials of religion may be preserved without prayers and invocations and hymns, and the sentiments which these alone adequately express. This I understand to be the favorite position with the more recent advocates of humanistic religion. They recognize the necessity and value of religious motives and culture, but insist that these may be conserved without the intervention of churches and prayers and "ecstatic worship." This view was ably and clearly presented by Frederic Harrison several years ago, in the course of his famous controversy with Herbert Spencer. The very purpose of the humanistic creed, he contends, is to convince sensible persons that the "ecstatic worship" of supernaturalism has come to an end; that religion shall henceforward mean simply "recognizing your duty to your fellow-man on human grounds." The motive power of this new creed is to be a sentiment akin to patriotism, freed from its local restrictions and elevated into a species of enthusiasm for humanity. In short, the new religion is conceived to be, in its essence, simply "morality fused with social devotion and enlightened by sound philosophy."

Such a rendering of the humanistic creed frees it, I admit, from some of the most serious criticisms to which the older Comtism was open. But in this change of front it has been forced to meet the galling fire of a new enemy. If all that there is of religion is morality fused with social devotion, what is that after all but social morality parading under a high-sounding name, and why could not men do very well without any religion? The suggestion arouses Mr. Harrison's indignation, and he denounces it as a view often cherished in secret by "the comfortable, the strong, and the selfish," but unfit to be paraded before the public as a contribution to the philosophy of religion. But on reflection his wrath is appeased, and he admits that the social nature of man may produce and maintain the requisite moral standard; but adds a rider to the effect, that, while the cultivated, the thoughtful, and the well-to-do may be able to nourish this morality in a cool, self-contained, and sub-cynical way, the moralization of the masses of humanity will require the agency of all that passion and faith and devotion which nothing but a religious belief in something vastly nobler and stronger than self is able to call forth.

These are to be nourished in the masses, not by the Christian religion or the worship of any supernatural being, but by a careful study of the "mighty tale of human civilization."

I have recalled Mr. Harrison's famous discussion, not for the purpose of thrashing over old issues, but because I think his words supply the best and clearest answer to the question, What does the humanistic scheme of religion amount to? The position may be stated in a single sentence. It aims to substitute social morality for theistic religion, and its supreme motive, to put the matter in its most attractive form, is to be enthusiasm for humanity. But here the old question comes up, How is this humanitarian sentiment to be maintained? Taking history as a competent witness, Christianity is the only force that has been able to produce and maintain enthusiasm for humanity on a large scale. Stripping Christianity of all distinctively religious features and taking simply the ethical conception on which it rests, we find the theistic postulate, if we may so style it, laid down as a fundamental plank in its morality.

The conception of Christ includes the humanistic stand-point. Christ and Christianity insist on social morality, on love to man and enthusiasm for humanity, as strongly as any modern philanthropist. But Christ teaches that certain conditions are necessary in order that social morality may flourish. He insists on the recognition of two fundamental relations, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. He sums up his conception of human duty in the two comprehensive commands, love God and love men. It was manifestly not his opinion that social morality could flourish on human nourishment alone. He finds in man's relation to his Divine Father the living spring of morality. He insists first and foremost on the fatherhood of God. Human brotherhood springs from this primal relation, and depends on it. He includes the human motives in his programme. But he is firmly convinced that these alone are not sufficient for the moral regeneration of the race.

The distinctive feature of the humanistic scheme is its suppression of the Divine Fatherhood and its retention of the idea of human brotherhood as the complete and sufficient motive of social regeneration. But, if history has any significance, it means that the vital element in religion has been the Divine idea, manifesting itself at first, perhaps, in rudimentary forms, but slowly and surely developing into the conception of one transcendent Being. To propose the social idea as an adequate substitute for the historic conception of

religion, is virtually a proposition to suppress historic religion and fill its place with a novelty. The truth is, Mr. Harrison's scheme, which is here taken as representative, has never been tried on a large scale. The nearest approach to it is found in Confucianism. But little aid or comfort is to be derived from Confucius, whose position was much nearer to Herbert Spencer's than to Comte's. Confucianism assumes the existence of God. It assumes that "man's nature is from God, and that the harmonious working out of it is obedience to the will of God, and that violation of it is disobedience." \* This theistic background of Chinese religion is to a great degree unknowable. But it is there; and no man can tell the difference it would make to the life of the people, if God should be blotted out of their beliefs and zero enthroned in his place. I think history, as well as the deeper convictions of man, will bear out Herbert Spencer's opinion that humanity owes that splendid moral development of the past which so arouses Mr. Harrison's enthusiasm, to its long connection with a supernatural power, of which both nature and humanity are manifestations. Nothing but a prolonged and successful experiment on an extensive scale could be sufficient to vindicate the adequacy of the proposed substitute for the historic concept of religion.

If it were granted, however, that the social idea would supply a logically satisfactory basis for religion, the question of its practical efficiency would still remain. If a religious conception be powerless, it makes little difference how perfect it may be from the logical or artistic point of view. It is a failure from the religious stand-point. Mr. Harrison scouts Sir James Stephen's suggestion that man could get along without any religion, on the ground that while it might do for the comfortable, the strong, and the selfish, it would be bad for the masses of humanity. Here, it seems to me, he touches a vital truth respecting religion. Culture may be for the few, but religion, like political liberty, is a delusion and a snare, if it is not adapted to the masses of humanity. A religion for the few and not for the many is an absurdity. How does the humanistic conception of religion bear this test? "To soften and purify the masses of mankind," its exponent says, "we shall need all the passion and faith which are truly dignified by the name of religion, religious respect, religious sense of duty, religious belief in something vastly nobler

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\* "Confucius," *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 9th edition.

and stronger than self." Where are this passion and faith and religious belief in a superior power to be found, and how nurtured? The exponent answers, "In the mighty tale of human civilization." But the passion and faith and religious belief which adorn this tale have had their spring in man's conviction that he is in living relations with a supernatural power. Let us suppose that the masses have reached the stage where to them "the promises of the churches are known to be false and the hopes of the superstitious are felt to be dreams,"—how are these sentiments of passion and faith and religious reverence to be kept alive in them? We know the consolation this religion has to offer to the soul struggling in any of the great crises of life. "It is a strength and a comfort to all, whether weak, suffering, or bereaved, to feel that the whole sum of human effort in the past as in the present is steadily working on the whole to lessen the sum of misery, to help the fatherless and the widows, to assuage sickness and to comfort the lonely." If this abstract meditation does not seem to convey much solid comfort to the heart of the wretched, he is met with the assurance that "this is, at least, all that men and women have on earth." Whatever effect such consolation would have on the "cultivated, the thoughtful, and the well-to-do," I feel quite sure that the masses would find the new religionist one of Job's comforters. That his prescription for keeping alive the passion, faith, and religious sentiment, which he admits to be so essential, would be any more effective, I see no good reasons for believing. The truth is, the new gospel may be a religion for a cultivated few, but it is not a religion for humanity. Christ knew better what the requisites of a religion of humanity are. In man's living connection with God he found the perennial spring of those sentiments on which the highest well-being of the race depends.

### III.

THE proposition to give up religion and trust wholly to human morality has the merit, at least, of making a palpable issue. Are religion and morality necessary to social welfare, or is morality alone sufficient? Religious persons are not always judicious in their claims. It is possible to make a hobby of religion and to ride it to death. It has never been true nor is it true now, that human welfare is altogether dependent on religion. Man has a conscience which would survive and be of some use to him, even though he were to become an absolute atheist. Man is a social creature, endowed

with sympathetic sentiments which would make themselves felt whenever he found himself in the society of his fellows. He has, also, a sense of honor, a regard for the opinions of his fellows which would act as restraints on his conduct. If we add to this man's natural love of law and order, the elevating and refining influence of literature, art, and social intercourse, it will be necessary to admit that the extra-religious motives and restraints would, doubtless, under normal conditions, produce and maintain a certain grade of personal and social virtue. Something, it may be admitted, is to be said for Sir James Stephen's claim, that, with the death of religion, morality would be transformed, but by no means destroyed.

*"Ubi homines ibi mores.* Men can never associate together without honoring and rewarding and protecting in various ways temperance, fortitude, benevolence, and justice. No individual man can live in any society, of any size, without observing this fact, sharing more or less in the common feelings, judging his own conduct according to them, and perceiving that his own personal interest is, to an extent more or less considerable, bound up in the general interest. That this state of things will hereafter produce, as it has in the past produced, a solid, vigorous, useful kind of moral standard, seems practically certain. . . . If a purely human morality takes the place of Christian morals, self-command and self-denial, force of character shown in postponing the present to the future, will take the place of self-sacrifice as an object of admiration. Love, friendship, goodness, kindness carried to the height of sincere and devoted affection, will always be the chief pleasures of life, whether Christianity is true or false."\*

That morality has extra-religious roots every candid person will admit. It is not a question whether morality would be able to survive religion or not, but whether it would not be stunted by the death of religion. It may be admitted that experience does not supply an absolute demonstration, for while we have had many instances of the co-existence of religion and morality, we have had none on a sufficiently large scale of the existence of morality without religion. Consequently the experimental data on which our opinions are formed may possibly be open to different constructions. But the broad universal facts are these: the religious instinct co-exists in man with the moral and social. Civilizations have, so far as the facts can be ascertained, received their initial impulse from religious sources. The *mores*, the literature, and the political institutions of the civilized nations have had their tap-roots in religious soil. The decline of the power of religion has invariably marked the beginning of a decline of virility in all directions, from which

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\* "The Unknowable and the Unknown."—*Nineteenth Century Review*, June, 1884.

morality as well as other interests have in the end suffered. These are facts of civilization. They are also facts of national history. National religions, however defective they may be, seem to hold the creative forces of national life, and their decline strikes the death-knell of the national development. In modern times the four great religions, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and Confucianism underlie four great lines of development which embrace in their scope the modern civilized world. What the history of the race would have been without its religions, no man can tell. But if we interrogate race experience as to whether religion has been a cardinal force in civilization, the answer is unequivocal. Religion has exerted a causative energy, an originative force which no other agency has been at all able to equal. The explanation of this phenomenon may not be obvious. Religion may owe its superior power partly to the fact that it contains more of the genius of the race, more of its elemental forces, than either its moral, social, or civic forms. It doubtless does owe much to the fact that it brings man into vital relations with something that not only vastly transcends him in power, but also supplies him with an inexhaustible spring of inspiration and hope.

When Sir James Stephen says he thinks men could live very well without religion, he speaks, not from the race stand-point, but from that of a few cultivated, well-to-do persons, who have already absorbed all the advantages of nineteenth-century enlightenment. For these it may be that "love, friendship, ambition, science, literature, art, politics, commerce, professions, trades, and a thousand other matters, will go on equally well, whether there is or is not a God or a future state." But what about the masses of humanity which the learned writer, on the same page, rather contemptuously describes as "a creature made up mostly of units, of which a majority cannot even read, whilst only a small minority have the time or the means or the ability to devote any considerable part of their thoughts to anything but daily labor." This, I insist, is an important part of the constituency whose claims are to be considered in settling questions of morals and religion. If this creature, made up mostly of such units as the learned justice has described, may be left out of the question, the remaining few may possibly find themselves able to make shift without the belief in God and the future life. But if the question is one that concerns the race as a whole, then it is certain that humanity could not get on well without religion.

The moral welfare of humanity demands religion, if not as "a uniting and governing power" yet for its motivity, the stimulus, and hope it puts into human life. It may be that the function of control will in the future tend to pass more completely from ecclesiastical to secular agencies, that the political power of the Church will decrease while that of the State increases; but that religion will be rendered thereby any the less necessary, no one who understands its real power will for a moment admit. The claim for the necessity of religion is perfectly consistent with the most unqualified recognition of the indispensability of other agencies. Society is conserved and public welfare is secured by a group of forces, none of which could be spared without detriment. Were the religious instinct to become silent, the religious motives to lose their efficacy, and the religious sentiments gradually to disappear, the purely human and secular motives to morality would remain. The altruistic instincts would still exist, family affection would survive, the motives and restraints of social intercourse would be alive and active, and the obligation to truthfulness, honesty, justice, and self-denial would be recognized. Among the cultivated and prosperous would doubtless be found many shining examples of that solid and useful kind of virtue which Sir James Stephen describes. All this is conceded in advance. But if the rooting out of the religious instinct, and the consequent drying up of its springs of motivity would remove one of the forces which have always been essential to the welfare and progress of humanity; if the elimination of religion from the group of co-operating agencies which have up to this time borne the brunt in man's struggle for existence would tend to imperil the issues of that struggle by lowering the efficiency of the remaining forces; if, in short, humanity would find itself crippled by the disappearance of religion as a factor in social and individual life, then, altogether apart from the question of its truth or falsehood for the intellect, religion is a clear moral and practical necessity, and man would fare but ill without it.

That each and all of the above conditional statements may be categorically asserted is not a mere matter of private opinion, but of high historic probability. As respects experimental verification, they stand on a level with those political maxims which direct the course of legislation. The historical argument, stripped of all accidents, amounts substantially to this: Religion has been the most potent of civilizing and moralizing agencies. There is no evidence that humanity could have realized its early achievements without it, and



there is no sufficient reason to suppose that, were religion to disappear from the life of men, the race would be able to attain the highest and best results in the future.

Assuming that religion is essential to human welfare, we get back to the issue raised by the humanistic creed. The believers in theistic religion need entertain nothing but hospitality toward the motives of those social philosophers who, having lost faith in God, and yet realizing the importance of religion, endeavor to construct one on a purely human foundation. If the God of all the theologies is a figment of imagination, then a poor substitute is better than rank atheism. The energizing power of religious belief has been so great, that it is worth while to make a desperate effort to save even some shreds of it. But the contention here is that a purely human religion would not be able to play the rôle its advocates assign to it. It could never achieve that subordination of politics to morals which the Comteans predict, nor could it perform the more modest, but more effective, function of supplying a perennial spring of energy and hopefulness to the race. Nothing short of a theistic belief can satisfy this cardinal requirement of religion. Nothing short of it can make the hope of immortality anything like a living conviction. Nothing short of it can serve men in those great crises of national and individual life when every human support totters, and the Almighty arm is the only power that can interpose between us and the abyss. In presence of such issues, both individuals and aggregates realize their own impotence, the powerlessness of mere human forces, and the conviction becomes profound and certain that only that religion which anchors humanity fast to the rock of Divine Omnipotence will be able to help most when it is most needed.

In cutting loose from the transcendent object of the old theologies, the advocates of the humanistic creed have found it necessary to repudiate some of the most distinctive of the religious sentiments. No adequate scope is found for those feelings which find their normal expression in prayers, invocations, and hymns. It seems impossible for a humanistic creed to maintain permanently any cult or any organic life. Comte's attempt to preserve the husk after the corn had been thrown away proved an elaborate failure. The most distinguished representative of Comtism turns his back on all such "mummery," and asserts that henceforth for him and his associates mysticism shall be abjured, and religion shall mean simply morality fused with social devotion and enlightened by sound philosophy.

The scheme is well-meant, but Utopian. Morality fused with social devotion is one of the most consummate flowers of our civilization. Holy Writ lays it down in substance as the criterion of pure and undefiled religion. But the old difficulty comes up here to trouble us. If religion is to be transplanted from a divine to a human foundation, the burning question is whether the race can reach and maintain a high standard of social morality. Granting that the new gospel is reducible to a scheme for the regeneration of the race by means of social ethics, what are the probabilities that it will succeed? If the condition of regeneration be not simply morality in its prosaic form, but morality fused with social devotion, where is the motivivity necessary to raise the social devotion to the requisite pitch to be found? To this question history suggests an answer. Among the Greeks and Romans, the Stoics were the only religious philosophers whose morality was independent of the accidents and vicissitudes of fortune. They owed this immunity to the fact that their ethics were anchored fast to a firm faith in an immutable God. Christianity reasserted this faith of Stoicism in a different form, and with adjuncts which made a far more universal and abiding impression on the emotions of the race. The consummate flower of Christianity is a morality fused with social devotion, which has regenerated modern society. It may reasonably be asked where, outside of Christianity, can an agent be found vital and coercive enough to lift humanity to the plane of social regeneration? Where, outside of Christianity, can an ethical concept be found potent enough to raise and permanently maintain social devotion anywhere near the standard required by the new creed? All these queries are in order, but our question is less exacting. Going back to the bed-rock of historic fact, what chance has any scheme which does not even rise to the level of enlightened paganism to succeed in its effort toward the social and moral regeneration of the race? What power has an ethic that does not anchor to the throne of the Almighty, that does not lay a living faith in a Divine Father at the basis of human brotherhood, to fuse the inert masses of humanity with social devotion? Until the humanistic creed shall reform its foundations and come into line with history and experience on this cardinal point, it cannot vindicate its claim to be considered either a religion or an ethic that is adequate to satisfy the deepest wants of humanity.

ALEXANDER T. ORMOND.

## POETICAL DEDICATIONS.

THE first of the British periodical essayists, and the father of all later contributors to English and American magazines, wrote in *The Tatler* on the 26th day of May, 1710, and from *The Trumpet*, in Sheen Lane, that "the ingenious Mr. Pinkethman, the comedian, had made him a high Compliment in a facetious Distich by way of Dedication to his endeavours." This couplet, unfortunately, has not been preserved; but it gave to the editor of *The Tatler* an opportunity to discourse most wisely upon the "Difference betwixt ancient and modern Dedications":

"In olden Times," he wrote, "it was the Custom [for authors] to address their Works to some eminent for their Merit to Mankind, or particular Patronage of the Writers themselves, or Knowledge in the Matter of which they treated. Under these Regards it was a memorable Honour to both Parties, and a very agreeable Record of their Commerce with each other. But," he added later, "vain Flourishes came into the World, with other barbarous Embellishments; and the Enumeration of Titles and great Actions in the Patrons themselves, or their Sires, are as foreign to the Matter in Hand as the Ornaments are in a Gothic Building."

And thus for a page or two the venerable gentleman, then known to the reading world as Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, berated his contemporaries, the moderns, for the fulsomeness and unmeaningness of their dedications, in a volume which is inscribed to the Right Honorable William, Lord Cowper, Baron of Wingham, and signed "My Lord, Your Lordship's Most Devoted, Most Obedient, and Most Humble Servant, Richard Steele."

The history of the dedications of books goes back as far as the beginning of the history of books themselves. Among the ancients, concerning whom *The Tatler* wrote, dedications were little more than prefaces and introductions, and it was not until what *The Tatler* considered modern times that they became the pegs upon which the author hung the compliments he bestowed upon that "Patron" who was willing to pay most generously for his praises. It is a curious fact that the earliest printed addresses and inscriptions of the poets themselves were generally written in prose, although it was a prose which contained, as a rule, quite as much poetry as truth; and that of all the examples, ancient and modern, noted and quoted in Mr.

Henry B. Wheatley's delightful volume entitled *The Dedications of Books*, not more than half a dozen are in verse.

Horace dedicated his first Ode, his first Epistle, and his first Satire, in metre, to his friend and patron, Mæcenas :

" Mæcenas, scion of a race  
Of kings, my fortune's crowning grace  
And constant stay."—(Book I., Ode I.)

And Catullus dedicated his poems to Cornelius Nepos, in lines which Mr. Andrew Lang has put into English for Mr. Brander Matthews's *Ballads of Books*, as reprinted here :

" *Quoi dono lepidum novum libellum.*"

" My little book, that's neat and new,  
Fresh polished with dry pumice stone,  
To whom, Cornelius, but to you  
Shall *this* be sent, for you alone—  
(Who used to praise my lines, my own)  
Have dared in weighty volumes three  
(What labors, Jove, what learning thine !)  
To tell the tale of Italy,  
And all the legend of our line.

" So take, whate'er its worth may be,  
My book,—but Lady and Queen of Song,  
This one kind gift I crave of thee,  
That it may live for ages long ! "

This same Mr. Andrew Lang, after rescuing the " Book " of Catullus from the language in which it had lain dead during so many ages, dedicated his own *Books and Bookmen*, at the end of nineteen hundred years, and in accents then unknown, to this same Mr. Brander Matthews, who had found for his wandering papers a home and a publisher in States then unborn.

" You took my vagrom essays in,  
You found them shelter over sea ;  
Beyond the Atlantic's foam and din  
You took my vagrom essays in !  
If any value there they win  
To you he owes them, not to me.  
YOU took my vagrom essays in,  
You found them shelter over sea ! "

But to return to the gentlemen who even in Mr. Bickerstaff's time were styled the ancients. Master Geoffrey Chaucer, the " Floure of Poetes throughout all Britain "—

" That nobly enterprysed  
How that our Englisshe might fresshly be enued,"

while given to prologues, does not seem to have indulged himself in dedications, although William Wynne, Chief Clerk of the Kitchen to Henry VIII., and editor of the first edition of Chaucer's works (1532), inscribed his volume "to that most gracious Defencer of the Christen Faithe, his most dradde soveraygne lord." And Dryden dedicated his version of the *Tales from Chaucer*, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, to the Duchess of Ormond, in lines beginning,

"The bard who first adorn'd our native tongue,  
Tuned to his British lyre this ancient song :  
Which Homer might without a blush rehearse,  
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse ;  
He match'd their beauties, where they most excel ;  
Of love sung better, and of arms as well."

Spenser's single poetical dedication is that to the Earl of Leicester "late deceased," prefixed to his *Virgil's Gnat*, one of the "Complaints" published in 1591. But there is nothing in it which warrants its being reprinted here.

The fact that Samuel Page, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, dedicated *The Loves of Amos and Lama*—not his *Alcilia*, as Mr. Wheatley has it—to Izaak Walton, in 1619, is worthy of note, because at that time Walton was only twenty-six years of age, and was entirely unknown to the world except as the occupant of a linen-draper's shop, seven-feet-and-a-half long and five feet wide, in the Royal Bourse in Cornhill. His first work, the *Life of Doctor Donne*, was not published until 1640, and *The Compleat Angler* did not appear until 1653. When Page wrote his lines to the humble sempster he little dreamed that on their account alone posterity would remember him. Here are his claims to immortality :

"TO MY APPROVED AND MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND, IZ. WA.

"To thee, thou more than thrice beloved friend,  
I too unworthy of so great a blisse,  
These harsh-tun'd lines I here to thee commend,  
Thou being cause it is now as it is ;  
For hadst thou held thy tongue by silence might  
These have been buried in oblivion's night.

"If they were pleasing, I would call them thine,  
And disavow my title to the verse ;  
But being bad, I needes must call them mine,  
No ill thing can be cloath'd in thy verse.  
Accept them then, and where I have offended  
Rase thou it out, and let it be amended."

Perhaps these are the verses which inspired the subject of them to write five-and-thirty years later that angling and poetry are somewhat alike—"Men are to be born so!" He must have been a good fellow even in his youth, this Izaak Walton, born so himself. *The Compleat Angler* was dedicated in prose "To the Right Worshipful John Offley, of Madely Manor, in the County of Stafford, Esquire."

John Taylor, "the Water Poet," dedicated *Et Habeo, Et Careo, Et Curo, A Poem* (1621),

"TO EVERYBODY :

"Yet not to every Reader, doe I write  
But onley unto such as can Read right ;  
And with impartial censures can declare,  
As they find things to judge them as they are."

The reader of early biographical literature cannot help being impressed with the fact that most British men of letters before the close of the Georgian era were chronicled as being the father of something. Chaucer was the father of English poetry, Walton the father of angling, Richardson the father of the British novel, Steele the father of the British essay, and now comes a Scottish bookseller who figures as the father of the circulating library. Allan Ramsay began life as a wigmaker in Edinburgh. He wrote a second canto to *Christ's Kirk of the Grene*, no less than two kings of Scotland claiming the authorship of the first; he was esteemed so highly by Hogarth that the twelve plates of *Hudibras* were dedicated to him in 1726, and he figures in these pages as the author of a poetical dedication to Josiah Burchet, Esq., prefixed to *The Gentle Shepherd*, his own great work, and closing as follows :

"May never care your blessings sowr,  
A'n may the Muses, ilka hour,  
Improve your mind, an' haunt your bow'r,  
I'm but a callan ;  
Yet may I please you, while I'm your  
Devoted Allan."

Ramsay retired from his original profession of "skull-thatching," as he himself somewhere describes it, in 1718 or 1719, and during the rest of a long life he either sold, loaned, or made books. He was intimate with Gay, admired of Pope, praised by Boswell, snubbed by Johnson, and, according to Sir Walter Scott, he was the lamp at which Burns lighted his torch.

While dedications are not always altogether pleasing to the per-

sons to whom they are addressed, it is not often that their very abusiveness adds to the market value of the books that contain them, as in the case of Churchill's *Sermons on the Lord's Prayer*. Among their reputed author's posthumous papers was found an unfinished dedication to William Warburton, Dean of Bristol and Bishop of Gloucester, the character of which inspired the publishers to give two hundred and fifty pounds sterling for the ten sermons to which it was prefixed, sermons so poor in themselves that they are generally believed to have been the work of a duller, but better, man than the author of *The Rosciad*. But whoever originally delivered the discourses, there can be no question as to the authorship of the dedication. It is written in a strain of terrible irony.

" To Doctor ! Dean ! Bishop ! Glo'ster ! and My Lord !

Let not thy brain (as brains less potent might)  
 Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,  
 Turn round, and lose distinction, lose her skill  
 And wonted power of knowing good from ill,  
 Of sifting truth from falsehood, friends from foes ;  
 Let Glo'ster well remember how he rose,  
 Nor turn his back on men who made him great ;  
 Let him not, gorged with power, and drunk with state,  
 Forget what once he was though now so high,  
 How low, how mean, and full as poor as I."

The Bishop of Gloucester, gorged with power, lived fourteen or fifteen years after this, and must have found comfort in the fact that the publishers of the sermons suffered as much in their pockets by the venture as he did in his feelings.

It is not possible here to quote, or even to enumerate, the poetical dedications of the men of modern times. In previous generations, but within the present century, Keats inscribed, in 1817, to Leigh Hunt the little volume of poems which had already been printed in Hunt's *Examiner*; and Tom Hood dedicated his *Hero and Leander* to Coleridge in 1828.

" It is not with a hope my feeble praise  
 Can add one moment's honor to thy own,  
 That with thy mighty name I grace these lays ;  
 I seek to glorify myself alone :  
 For that some precious favor thou hast shown  
 To my endeavor in a bygone time,  
 And by this token I would have it known  
 Thou art my friend, and friendly to my rhyme !  
 It is my dear ambition now to climb

Still higher in thy thought,—if my bold pen  
 May thrust on contemplations more sublime,—  
 But I am thirsty for thy praise, for when  
 We gain applauses from the great in name  
 We seem to be partakers of *their* fame."

Shelley's *Queen Mab*, printed in 1813, was dedicated "To Harriet" in lines beginning :

" Whose is the love that, gleaming through the world,  
 Wards off the poisonous arrow of its scorn ?  
 Whose is the warm and partial praise,  
 Virtue's most sweet reward ?

Beneath whose looks did my reviving soul  
 Riper in truth and virtuous daring grow ?  
 Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,  
 And loved mankind the more ?

Harriet, on thine : thou wert my purer mind,  
 Thou wert the inspiration of my song."

Whether this was written to Harriet Grove, his first love, or to Harriet Westbrook, his first wife, the commentators have not been able to decide, but there is no doubt that the "Mary" to whom *Laon and Cythna* (*The Revolt of Islam*) was dedicated in 1818 was the Mary Godwin to whom he had then but lately been married. In it he says :

" So now my summer task is ended, Mary,  
 And I return to thee, mine own heart's home."

Scott prefaced the different cantos of *Marmion* with poetical letters to different friends ; and Byron, in what he called "good, simple, savage verse," dedicated *Don Juan* to Southey.

" Bob Southey ! You're a poet—Poet laureate,  
 And representative of all the race,  
 Although 'tis true that you turned out a Tory at  
 Last—yours has lately been a common case."

Among the men of our own day, Bayard Taylor dedicated in verse his *Poems of Home and Travel* to George H. Boker, and his *Poems of the Orient* to Richard H. Stoddard ; Mr. Stoddard inscribing to Mr. Boker his *Songs of Summer*. Mr. Swinburne dedicated *Songs of the Springtide* to Edward John Trelawney ; Mr. Whittier, *In War Times*, to Samuel E. and Harriet W. Sewell, of Melrose ; Mr. Longfellow, the *Ultima Thule*, to G. W. G. (George W. Greene) ; John



Forster, the *Life of Goldsmith*, to Charles Dickens; and Owen Meredith, *The Wanderer*, to J. F., in a long poem dated Florence, September 24, 1857.

Susan Coolidge dedicated her *Verses* (Boston, 1881) to J. H. and E. W. H.

"Nourished by peaceful suns and gracious dew,  
Your sweet youth budded, and your sweet lives grew,  
And all the world seemed rose-beset for you.

"Only this leaf, a single petal flung,  
One chord from a full harmony unsung,  
May speak the life-long love that lacks a tongue."

The *Vignettes in Rhyme*, the first American edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's verses, was introduced to American readers by Mr. E. C. Stedman, to whom Mr. Dobson dedicated his second volume entitled *At the Sign of the Lyre*.

"No need to-day that we commend  
This pinnacle to your care, oh, friend!  
You steered the bark that went before  
Between the whirlpool and the shore,  
So—though we want no pilot now—  
We write your name upon the prow."

In like manner he dedicated his *Proverbs in Porcelaine* to Mr. Frederick Locker, perhaps his only contemporary rival in their own peculiar and delightful line.

"Is it to kindest friend I send  
This nosegay gathered new?  
Or is it more to critic sure—  
To singer clear and true?  
I know not which, indeed, nor need,  
All three I find in you."

H. C. Bunner's *Airs from Arcady* are inscribed "To Brander Matthews: By the Hearth."

"Take these, the gathered songs of striving years,  
And many fledged and warmed beside your hearth;  
Not for whatever they may have of worth—  
A simpler tie, perchance, my work endears.

"With them this wish: that when your days shall close,  
Life, a well-used and well-contented guest,  
May gently press the hand I oft have pressed,  
And leave you by Love's fire to calm repose."

Mr. Lowell, by his own fireside, talks to Charles Eliot Norton in *Under the Willows* of old times and old scenes.

" I sit and I dream that I hear, as of yore,  
My Elmwood chimney's deep-throated roar.  
If much be gone, there is much remains;  
By the embers of love I count my gains,  
You and yours with the best, till the old hope glows  
In the fanciful flame as I toast my toes."

Somewhat more tender is the dedication to *Among my Books*.

" TO F. D. L.

" Love comes and goes with music in his feet,  
And tunes young pulses to his roundelay ;  
Love brings thee this: will it persuade thee, Sweet,  
That he turns prosier when he comes and stays ? "

These lines suggest Browning's "One Word More" at the conclusion of *Men and Women*, inscribed

" TO E. B. B.

" There they are, my fifty men and women,  
Naming me the fifty poems finished !  
Take them, love the book and me together :  
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also."

To another good wife Mr. Aldrich dedicates *Flower and Thorn*.

" TO L. A.

" Take them and keep them,  
Silvery thorn and flower,  
Plucked just at random  
In the rosy weather—  
Snowdrops and pansies,  
Sprigs of wayside heather,  
And five-leaved wild rose  
Dead within an hour.

" Take them and keep them :  
Who can tell ? some day, dear  
(Though they be withered,  
Flower and thorn and blossom,)  
Held for an instant  
Up against thy bosom,  
They might make December  
Seem to thee like May, dear ! "

And Professor Boyesen dedicated his *Idyls of Norway*, in 1882, to L. K. B.

" I fain would praise thee with surpassing praise,  
 To whom my soul its first allegiance gave ;  
 For thou art fair as thou art wise and brave,  
 And like the lily that with sweet amaze  
 Rocks on its lake and spreads its golden rays  
 Serenely to the sun and knows not why,  
 Thou spreadst the tranquil splendor of thine eye  
 Upon my heart and fillst the happy days,  
 Brimmed with the fragrance and the light of thee.  
 Mute was my life and chill ere thee it found ;  
 Like dumbly heaving waves it rolled along  
 In voiceless wrestling on a barren sea,  
 Until it broke with sudden rush of sound,  
 Upon thy sunny shore in light and song."

One of the most touching of dedications is that of James Whitcomb Riley, contained in his *Afterwhiles*, published in the beginning of the present year. It is very simple and very brief.

" TO HUMBOLDT RILEY.

" I can not say, and I will not say  
 That he is dead—He is just away."

The poetical dedication to the book is what the prologue is to the play. They both serve to explain to the public the circumstances of the action of the work they introduce, or the situation in which the writer stands, or wishes to stand, in regard to the world at large. They address sometimes the whole audience of readers, but more often some one particular individual whose commerce with the author, as *The Tatler* quaintly puts it, is agreeable and affectionate, and an honor to them both. The score or so of poetical dedications given here, and the hundreds of others which must readily occur to the lover of books, will show as emphatically as any other form of literature the changes of thought and expression in English letters.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

## A CALABRIAN PENELOPE.

THE fields were dry, and cracks ran across the furrows that were like parched lips open from thirst. Clouds arose and crossed the face of the sun shining yellow and hot in the middle of the sky; they looked upon the suffering earth and then passed by without pity, giving no drink to the sown fields that languished in the drought. Far away, down among the marshes, hung a thick steam; but here, on the hills, everything was dry and baked. The grain, not yet ripe, was yellow as if it had the fever.

Along the edge of the field ran a row of Indian figtrees; and in the shadow of one of them sat Compare Andrea, with Pina, his wife. They had left the house at dawn, and gone to their work in the field, where, kneeling between the furrows, they pulled up the weeds that grew faster than the grain and struck deep roots, as ill weeds will, to rob the good grain of what little it might have gotten from the earth. In the heat of the noon hour even the little brown tomtits, that hop from furrow to furrow for the worms which come out with the uprooted weeds, had ceased to move and chirp, and were hidden in their nests in the hedge. The crickets, even, were silent; now and then one of them showed his black body and thin, bent legs among the dry blades of the scanty grass. The pretty little green lizards slept under the edges of a flat stone, or moved languidly across it to find a cooler spot. The odors of rosemary, thyme, and a thousand other herbs were drawn out by the hot sun.

Compare Andrea sliced with his clasp-knife the piece of black bread and the *pace di casa*—the small, slender squash that is called "household peace," because when there is enough of it for the family meal there is peace in the house; if not, this good gift of Heaven is better than a stick to enforce peace, and is always at hand to be thrown across the table in the face of any one who speaks inconveniently.

While Andrea and Pina were eating, they talked of the bad year they were having.

"So it is; in this field we sow our life and we reap ruin," complained Andrea.

"The blades of grain seem to me like so many of my children, and I can do nothing for them," responded Pina, with two great tears in her eyes. "The grain dies in our sight, and the ill weeds come to make its funeral."

"It is like ourselves," said her husband, knitting his brows, "we are poor and barely live; and there comes the *galantuomo*, who buys and sells us like the land and the beasts that he owns. He lives like the sun in the sky, with one hand in the other; he does no work, and takes everything. If it is a good year, there is always something to pay; if it is a bad year, it is we who must bear the expenses of it, as if it were our fault. 'Pay, pay!' says the agent of the *galantuomo*, and he opens his great books with the rows of figures fit to give you an apoplexy to see them, and here is your name, and this is due, and that other, and you tear your hair in vain. And if you make a bad face at it, a reprimand; and if you have no money, the judge orders a *pignoramento*, and an officer comes to take all your goods; and if you put your hands on the officers of justice, there is the prison. They are all brigands. It appears to me that it is better to be the weed than the grain, and get what one can. For my part, I shall turn brigand, I!"

At this saying Pina started. "Brigand! no, do not say it," she begged him. "We are honest people that have never done harm to our neighbors. If you turn brigand, when your hour comes you will leave me to weep for an excommunicated man—and from the heat of to-day you can judge if it is hot down there."

Compare Andrea was silent. Pina plucked some withered sprays of mint, and crumbled the dry leaves between her fingers, while she watched him with a sidelong gaze.

"Swear to me that you will think no more of brigands," urged Pina. She wiped the tears from her burning cheeks with the hem of her cotton gown, which was turned up over her petticoat so as not to spoil it while she was at work. "Swear it to me, Andrea. The carabinieri would make a mark of you, and then——"

Pina covered her face with her hands and sobbed. A tinkle of small bells was heard from the slope of the hill, and soon Fra Giacomo, he that went about to collect alms, came riding along the dusty road on his stout, black mule. The Franciscan friar was stout himself; he smiled with a good-natured air, and asked:

"How much do you give me for the good of your soul, Compare Andrea?"

"Oh! as for the soul, then," replied Andrea, "rather tell me, *reverendo*, how to keep one inside the body in the bad year we are having."

"There are always some pence for the Holy Church and the repose of the souls of your dead," urged Fra Giacomo. "If you give me a little, I shall pray for rain upon your land; if not, the will of Heaven be done."

"If you had spoken a little word to the blessed saints four weeks ago," said Andrea, "it would have been a fine thing, for then every drop of rain was worth so much gold."

"Give him something, give," recommended Pina, pulling her husband by the sleeve.

"For the Church, my brother," added Fra Giacomo.

Andrea took two copper coins from his pocket, and put them into the hand of the friar, who played the deaf man in order not to hear "Holy brigand" muttered over the offering. Then Fra Giacomo gave his blessing to Compare Andrea and his wife, turned the mule about, and set off at a careful pace down the road.

"Brigands here, brigands there," said Andrea; "I tell you the truth, I will not lead this life any longer. And this blessed day I shall push into the *macchia*; the trees are thick beyond there in the forest of La Sila; and if the guards find me, you know whether I, too, am a sharp-shooter. *A chi tocca, tocca*, he whose hour is come, will fall."

"If you care no longer for me or for our children," said Pina, "is there no other way to forsake us than to become a brigand?"

"I shall not forsake you so, no," replied Andrea. "You shall come with me. There is a place in the forest where from the mountain ridge one looks upon both seas. The rocks there are like a *difesa* built by masons. We can make our home there; and when the *galantuomini* shall come near, upon the road, in their fine carriages, with their pockets full of the money which we have taken out of the earth for them with our hands, for which we have risked our skins in the forest or sucked the poison of the marshes—then we will take back our own. What do you say to that?"

"I will not hear of it," Pina answered, steadily. "Listen, Andrea: when we come to die we could not enjoy a Christian end. The priest would not bring the blessed oil nor light a candle in the house of a brigand."

"So much the better," said Andrea. "When my uncle was shot

at night, in the *piassetta*—for the affair of the stolen goat that you know of—Don Serafino put his head out of the window as we knocked at his door. There on the stones lay my uncle in a pool of blood, and the goat, with its fore-feet tied together, still hanging across his shoulder. ‘Help, help, *reverendo*,’ we cried, ‘here is Zio Menico dying!’ ‘It rains by basinfuls, my sons,’ says Don Serafino to us; ‘I take on my own conscience the sins of that dying man, I take them.’ And he shut the window as if it had been the gate of Paradise, and went back to his bed to stretch his arms and legs and get warm, while poor uncle grew cold. Brigand of a Don Serafino, that would rob us in this world and the next!”

Comare Pina was discouraged and made no reply. The shadow of the stem of the Indian figtree beneath which they were sitting now fell across the large cracked stone where there were so many lizards, proving that the hour of noon was past. Andrea put back in his pocket the clay pipe which he had not thought to light, and took up his spade. Pina also arose, knelt between the furrows, and began to tear up the weeds as if each one of them had been an enemy. The locusts sang anew their canticle in praise of the sun; the lizards came forth and glided about, graceful as ladies; the tom-tits hopped here and there, shaking their impertinent little tails, and took the worms almost from under the hands that uprooted the weeds.

When the twilight came Andrea and his wife went to their house. They had worked on, speaking very little; but Compare Andrea had been turning over and over in his mind the thoughts that filled it, like heavy mill-stones with nothing between them to grind. He had observed, among the weeds and soil, Pina’s hands stained and spread with hard work, and the wedding-ring, that scarcely could have slipped over the joints of her finger, shone against the dark earth of the furrows. Then the memory of the time had come back to him when Comare Pina, beautiful with her sixteen years, used to pass by the field where he tended a flock of goats. She wore her holiday clothes—a red skirt, a dark jacket with ever so many bright metal buttons, an apron of stamped Cosenza leather tied with ribbons; a white linen *tovagliolo* covered the black braids of her hair, and in her ears were great hoops of gold hung with tinkling balls. She carried in her hand a knotted kerchief full of tomatoes or Indian figs—on the way, she explained, to visit her grandmother, who lived, however, in the opposite direction. But, as she further explained, to

reach the house of the *nonna*, one must cross the pasture where Compare Santo, the *mandriano*, kept his cattle.

"And of bovine beasts," she would say, "you know if I am afraid of them, Compare Andrea."

It was on one of these occasions that she had promised to marry Andrea. He had been gathering wild asparagus when she came near and his hands were soiled, so he cleaned them on the sides of his trousers before he took Pina in his arms and kissed her. Then they sat down on the grass together and ate all the Indian figs that were in her kerchief, with no thought of the *nonna*; and he tied around her throat the little heart of filigree gold on a blue ribbon, which he had bought for her in the city of Cosenza, when he went there to sell some goats; and which he had carried in his pocket until the right occasion should come for making her a present of it.

"Pina," at last said Andrea, "you know whether from my soul I care for you and for our children. But this life makes me die. I met Compare Santo on the road last evening. He seemed in great good humor. He told me that he was tired of eating black bread and wearing sheepskin breeches, and has decided to sail next week with a ship that goes from the port of Messina over to America, where they gather money like strawberries. There are great virgin forests there, and mines of gold and of silver, and endless herds of cattle and sheep, and all the people are *galantuomini*, and no one lacks the good gifts of Heaven. I shall go to America with Compare Santo; and when I have put together a great heap of money, I shall come back to take you and our children over with me. Shall I go to America, Pina *mia*?"

"Yes," she answered; "since you love us like that, Andrea, you shall go wherever it appears pleasing to you. The sky stands over America as here; and if you do no wrong, you will get no harm. Rather, you will be nearer to my heart there, an honest man, than a brigand here at my side. Meanwhile, I shall wait for you in our house with our children; and when I no longer have work in the seed-field, I can put my hands to the loom, I can do white sewing, or wash clothes, to support the children and keep them out of the middle of the road."

"Always the *galantuomini* who ruin us," grumbled Andrea. "They rob us of our labor and our life, and drive us from our families and our houses."

Who could count the tears that Comare Pina shed during the



night before Andrea went away? It would be like counting the drops of a river. But in the morning no trace of them was left upon her face, bronzed and hardened by the wind and the sun. She made up a package of her husband's best clothes, and let him go. She watched him on the road until sight could follow him no longer, and then returned slowly into the house, searching in her mind for a little comfort. He would send her a letter from Messina, where there are expert *scrivani* that know how to say everything with the pen before you have the words out of your mouth, or even in your mind. Andrea would send her a letter, one of those fine ones.

Meanwhile, her husband walked on, in company with Compare Santo, who had joined him at the turn of the road; and singing as he went, to drive away the sad thoughts that disturbed his mind, one of the bitter songs of the Calabrian people:

"O my bad case! Where is the field I have sown,  
The field between two mountain streams that lay?  
I sowed good grain, and gathered grief alone;  
My wheat, in threshing, flew like flies away.  
To buy my field, a rich man came from town;  
No money, only buffets, did he pay.  
I went to court, to make my grievance known—  
The captain took me off to prison that day."

The promised letter came from Messina in due time. The *scrivano* understood his business, and earned his two *soldi*. He did not spare fine expressions; he added to the spontaneous words of affection that Compare Andrea sent to his dear ones the information that the traveller, crossing from Calabria to Messina, had passed in safety the tremendous perils of the ancient Scylla and Charybdis. He said nothing of sirens, however, so it may be hoped that the good Andrea met none. And to the signature, with magnificent flourishes, worth by itself the two *soldi*, Compare Andrea set his brave cross, in black on white, with a good pen.

Comare Pina, left alone with her children, gave up the field, stayed in the house, and earned what little she could by white sewing and by weaving the beautiful cloth in arabesques, which is the art of some of the Calabrian women. The children, also, did what they were able to do; the little girls could sweep the house, and clean the rice, or knead the bread, and the boy could shoot with his bow and arrows the small game which abounded in the *macchia*. He, with his little sisters, also planted beans and tomatoes in a small three-

cornered piece of ground behind the house, and cared for the pig, the goat, and the half-dozen hens.

As soon as Compare Andrea set foot on the new continent, he had a letter written to Pina. The country was called Argentina, he said, and, no doubt, there was silver for everybody. After that Comare Pina received no more letters from him.

When a year had passed, bad news reached the village concerning Compare Santo, the herdsman who went away with Andrea. He was dead in America, of yellow fever, he and several other Italians, his companions. Of these, said the letter written to the parish priest of the village, one only remained unrecognized, since he had no papers by which his name and country could be proved, but he was believed to be of Calabria.

The good priest, successor to Don Serafino, was made of very different stuff from that unworthy, who ate his bread perfidiously without caring for the souls of his parish. Hardly was the letter read before Don Geremia mounted his mule and betook himself to visit the poor Pina. The *comari* of the neighborhood, who had heard from the sister of the curate some word of the misfortune of Compare Santo, had gathered at Pina's house, from motives of good will mixed with curiosity. Don Geremia let Pina know, as gently as he could, the sad suspicion of the death of Andrea. When he had finished speaking, the women began to shriek and tear their hair. Pina alone remained as if she were made of stone.

"Courage, my daughter, and patience," recommended Don Geremia, placing his hand gently on her shoulder.

Pina turned suddenly toward him. "And why not, *signor curato*?" she said. "I can have courage, for I know that my man will come back. He promised it to me. And as for patience, I have had it a whole year. I have had it!"

She would never admit a doubt of Andrea's return, nor let any one speak of him as dead, although after a little time she chose, for respect, to put on mourning for him, by wearing, as is the custom of the place, all her husband's waistcoats, one upon the other, over her dress, until they were worn out and fell into rags. But she firmly maintained that Andrea would, some time, surely come back to her.

"I do not believe," she said, "that such evil has happened. One day, indeed, I felt myself *adocchiata*, and went to Zia Agata, the wise woman, to have the evil eye taken away from me. It may have been too late—what do I know? She put the salt and water on my

face, made the sign of the cross, and said the verses; and I yawned and yawned fit to unhinge my jaw, so that it was a pleasure to see. It is therefore certain that there was the witchcraft. But what *maggia*! All that came of it was that a hen died the same night and my daughter broke a dish. That was enough, but it was not for Andrea."

Meanwhile there were not lacking those who wished to marry Pina, seeing her so courageous and with two fingers' breadth more of brain than most women have. Among them was Compare Giuseppe, who owned not only his house and lands and a discreet number of cattle, but also the dowries of the three wives that he had buried.

"So many thanks," said Pina to him, "but I must care for my soul before I am ready to leave this world, and even then you would have the embarrassment of choosing a fifth woman."

The agent of the baron, who had moustaches like those of a cat, wished to take her with him to the city; and Compare Gianni, a well-to-do *massaro*, would willingly have married her and assumed the support of her four children—so much did he esteem her—for she was good as bread, a woman that worked all day and wasted nothing, not even an onion-top, was never of cost to her man, and so neat that—as the saying is—she would not wash her face in order not to soil the water. Whoever married Comare Pina would make a good bargain.

But she would listen to none of these suitors; and one evening, when the agent of the *galantuomo*, he of the moustaches, came under her window to sing with his guitar, Pina threw a pail of water on him, so that he shivered as if he had the fever. That water was not wasted, for the agent of the baron never came again to buzz around the house of Comare Pina.

If the neighbors spoke to her of Compare Gianni, who would be a good husband to her and also maintain her children, she answered seriously:

"One husband I have already, and that is enough for an honest woman."

It was no less than twelve years after the time that Compare Andrea went to America, that a stranger entered on foot the one long street of the village. This man was poorly clothed, a little bent, and walked leaning slightly upon a stick. His conical hat with a wide brim was lowered upon his forehead, and he appeared at the same time weary and in haste. He came to the *piazzetta*, where the women were filling their jars at the fountain, and asked for water

to drink. While he was drinking, he looked anxiously at one and another of the women. It seemed as though he wished to ask some question; but in the end he decided not to do so, and contented himself with merely thanking the woman who had offered him her jar. Then he went on his way until he reached the house of Comare Pina. Here he came to a halt before the door. He passed his hand more than once across his brow; for it seemed to him, as to a drowning person, that he saw crowding before his sight all that had happened during so many years. What was it in the odor of the rosemary and the thyme that almost made the tears come to his eyes? Was such a thing ever heard of! *Su, animo!* At least, he was again in his own country.

The old dog, which had been the faithful companion of Compare Andrea, lay stretched across the door-stone asleep, rousing himself now and then to snap at the flies that teased him. He heard the step of the stranger, lifted his head, and listened a moment. Then he arose, growled, was silent for an instant, licked the hand of the stranger, and finished with barking joyously.

Comare Pina left the loom, and came to the door to see what ailed Turco that he should bark so loudly. The stranger stretched out his hands to her.

"It is I, Pina *mia*," he said. "I am come back."

Pina stood motionless, as if she doubted what was said to her. The dog pulled at her skirt. The little daughters came from the field behind the house, and stood staring with great eyes at the stranger. In a few moments there assembled some *comari* of the neighborhood, who had watched the traveller on the road.

"Pina, Pina, I am Andrea," he said. "Will you not recognize me?"

"Look, Pina," interposed Comare Barbara, who always thrust herself into the affairs of others. "Do you not see that it is truly Compare Andrea? He is badly dressed, it is true, so that he appears like a beggar—but that does not prevent one from recognizing the large nose that his mama made him."

"Are you not glad to see me again?" urged Andrea.

"It is so long, so long!" murmured Pina to herself. "Who can say if it be really Andrea? I do not know—and I am Andrea's wife."

"Say, Pina, is not this your man?" asked one of the neighbors.

"What do I know about it?" responded Pina, mournfully.

At this moment her son came down from the forest. Over his

shoulder hung some rabbits which he had shot ; and his father's large gun, almost too heavy for a youth, was in his hands.

"Who is this that comes to disturb my mama?" he asked, and when he looked angry he was all his father.

"I am your papa," Andrea answered him.

"Is my papa come back again?" said the boy. "We have waited so long, mama, and the little sisters, and I."

Comare Pina snatched the gun from her son's hands. "If you truly are my Andrea," she said, "you can shoot, and so prove it to me."

Andrea's eyes gleamed under the rim of his hat. He held out his hands a little tremulously. "I may have lost my skill," he observed. "I am out of practice."

Nevertheless, he took the gun from her hands.

"It may be so," cried Pina, "but you have to shoot."

"Pina, Pina!" entreated the other women, frightened without knowing why.

She drew off her wedding-ring by main force. Andrea, looking on confusedly, saw that her fingers were grown much thinner during the twelve years of his absence. She ran many paces across the road ; and, raising her left hand to her head, she held, between thumb and fore-finger, the sacramental ring near her throbbing temple.

"Shoot!" she commanded.

"Heavens, no, Pina! For pity's sake!" begged Andrea. "Tell me, rather, to shoot myself."

"Shoot!" repeated his wife.

"Oh! Will you not believe me—I am, I am your Andrea, your husband. I will prove it to you in so many ways, only give me a little time," he prayed her.

"If you are my Andrea," answered Pina, "you can send the bullet through the ring that you gave me. If you are not he—draw the trigger and burn my brain, for I have waited and hoped too long to be disappointed at last. Shoot!"

All the *comari* screamed and hid their faces from fear ; the little girls ran into the house and crouched under the bed, not to see what was being done. The boy flung himself across the door-stone, burying his face in the hair of the dog.

Andrea glanced at Pina. She did not look at him. Her wide-open eyes were turned toward the sky and seemed blinded by the rays of the sunset. Andrea threw down his hat, straightened himself, raised the gun to his shoulder, took aim, and fired.

Comare Barbara was the only one who could look at such a horror ; it is true that the neighbors said of her that she would have watched the torment of the souls in purgatory, in order to be able to tell the story of it afterward, she was such a chatterbox. In relating this story, she never failed to say it was a pleasure to see the bullet pass straight through the ring, as if it had been the finger of a bride ; and Pina's hand that held the ring never moved, though the wind of the bullet ruffled her hair.

And then poor Pina ran, all in tears, fell at her husband's feet, and, clasping his knees, prayed him to put the ring again on her finger, as if they were standing before the priest. He lifted her from the ground, and, with his arm around her, led her into the house.

It was true, the neighbors agreed, that Compare Andrea had brought back little from America ; and he said that it was like the rest of the world, money was not as the stones of the road, even there. But with what little he had saved from his earnings he was able to buy back his land, and some more with it. He spent much of his time also at the shop of Maso the blacksmith, trying to construct a plough that should be different from those which had satisfied the good souls of his father and grandfather ; and in other ways it appeared to the neighbors that his head was no longer up to the mark. It might have been the effect of the yellow fever—who knows?—that gave him the whim of inventing these things. The fact is, too much thinking spoils the brain !

But it was also true that, because of the extraordinary plough or for some other reason, the land of Compare Andrea bore twice as much as the fields of his neighbors ; and he had good fortune with his cattle, sheep, and poultry. It became necessary for him, beside himself and his son, to hire men for the herds and the land. The truth is, riches are like ducks, they run to those who know how to call them.

And it was really a consolation to see Comare Pina so contented at the side of her husband that she would not have wished to be in the clothes of the queen. The only anxiety which remained to her was lest Andrea should some time desire to cross the ocean again, to revisit America, and seek fortune in the Republica Argentina. Meanwhile, her twelve years of lonely weaving and waiting were ended.

E. CAVAZZA.

## CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

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### MODERN ITALIAN POETS.\*

WERE it not that this book is put forth as the result of the careful study of many years, we should think it an essentially youthful work, written chiefly as a frame in which to set exercises in verse-translation. The author's knowledge of Italian literature seems to stop at about a quarter of a century ago ; the critics and literary historians on whom he relies for his opinions are of no later date than 1860 ; and of these only De Sanctis is recognized as of any authority, while Emiliano-Giudici was so warped by his political opinions as to be of no weight at all. Why should Mr. Howells begin a book on *modern* Italian poets with Frugoni and the Arcadia ? And why should he end his series oblivious of all that has been written in the thirty years since Italy has been united and independent ? But even within the limits that he has chosen, why, if Frugoni is talked of, should there be no mention of Metastasio, whose great merits are being daily better recognized ? Why should he omit Pindemonte, who rivalled Monti and Foscolo ; and why, if he speaks of such minor versifiers as Berchet and Carrer, because they were patriots, should he pass over such a really great poet as Carlo Porta, who, although he wrote in the Milanese dialect, expressed better than any one else the feeling of Italian unity as it existed in Lombardy, both during the Italic kingdom and under Austrian domination ? Or why should he omit such other great poets in dialect as Buratti the Venetian, and Belli the Roman ? Or why should he neglect Gabriele Rossetti, the most important of all ? Indeed the first half of this book does not give us as much information as is found in the essay "On the Present Literature of Italy," published in 1818 by Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse) but which was really written by Ugo Foscolo.

The author does not seem to have consulted the three volumes of *Histoire de la Littérature Italienne Contemporaine* by Amadée Roux, which come down to 1883, and which are excellent in their way, or the various special studies, memoirs, and collections of letters recently published in Italy, which have greatly enlarged our knowledge of Italian political and literary life during the last hundred years.

While we are firm believers of the doctrine of *l'art pour l'art* in criticism

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\* *Modern Italian Poets : Essays and Reviews*, by W. D. Howells. New York : Harper & Brothers.

ing poetry or any other branch of pure literature, we hold to the principles on which M. Taine lays such stress, that in discussing a work of the past we must take into account the time when the author lived, his environment, and the circumstances of his life, as well as the development of his personal character.

We go even farther when considering the works of foreigners, and wish to know not only how they impressed their contemporaries, but how they are viewed in their own country after the lapse of years. It is now nearly a century since Parini and Alfieri flourished; and with the many changes in Italy, more rapid and more diverse than in most other countries, critical opinion on the poets treated of by Mr. Howells has probably become what it will always remain, though it is by no means concordant with his views. The poets were greatly influenced in their subjects and in their mode of expression by political surroundings which have now entirely passed away, and which it is difficult to appreciate without a considerable study of history. These Mr. Howells seems to have lost sight of, for he treats his poets too much as if they were independent of all space and time relations.

The more we study the history of Italy in the eighteenth century, the less we believe in the theories so long current of the extraordinary corruption of manners and morals, and of the futility of intellectual life. We can form an idea from Vernon Lee's book of how the expression of the beautiful gradually changed from poetry to music, while in philosophy in its broadest sense Italy was second only to France, or at least stood on a par with England in the second rank.

In the period of peace which followed the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748—to go as far back as does Mr. Howells, and to speak only of imaginative literature—the traditions of the age of Louis XIV. still ruled in Italy, as perhaps to a less extent, elsewhere. Out of these emerged Metastasio and Goldoni, the former at his best soaring toward Corneille and Racine, while in his language he is the follower of Guarini and Marino, and exemplifies the transition of Italian verse into music; the latter having in him something of the excellences of Molière and Regnard. Out of Italian society of the latter period of the century, the greater part of which was still living as in the comedies of Goldoni, and pleasing itself with the ideals of Metastasio, but in which the upper strata were leavened by the doctrines of the philosophers and economists, and the revolutionary ferment was working, emerged two poets, Parini and Alfieri—one representing gradual reform, the other immediate insurrection. Parini, like Goldoni, drew pictures of real life, but pictures marked by contempt and pain, etched with the style of a censor. But the efficacy of Parini in reforming his fellow men was much less than that of Alfieri; he rarely looked beyond the lime-tree walk at the east gate of Milan, and never rose to the idea of a renewal of Italy, nor do his exquisite verses vibrate with thoughts of Italy as a fatherland, or free. "He left a noble example of style and life," as the poet and critic Carducci



says, from one of whose lectures at Bologna a portion of the above has been paraphrased.

"Vittorio Alfieri left us passion; and at certain moments passion is necessary for retempering a people as well as a literature. It has been said that the tragedy of Alfieri is French tragedy, with the flesh taken off the bones; and, looked at from one point of view only, this may seem true; but, in fact, that was not the time, nor Italy the country, nor Alfieri the man, for theoretical questions. Tragedy was then *the form par excellence*: the form given to it by the poets of Louis XIV. was universal; it was believed to be stable and eternal like the Monarchy, like the Church, like society divided into three classes. And by means of this legitimate and regular tragedy, Alfieri, with the nervous force of Dante, brought among us the *contrat social*; and with the unities of time and place proclaimed the Revolution. This is the novelty of Alfieri: whether he created national tragedy or not seems a purely scholastic question: he re-created poetry, he created the Italian Revolution."

It is for this reason, for what they inspire and not for what they say, that the dramas of Alfieri will continue to be read. But his minor poems will do most to keep alive his memory and his reputation; overshadowed in his lifetime by his more ambitious works, they are now more widely known.

The next literary phase, that of the Revolution, from 1789 to 1815, is represented by three poets, Pindemonte, Monti, and Foscolo; the two last in every way remarkable. While the French Revolution was acclaimed by liberal minds and poets in England and Germany, it was hated and suspected in Italy; and Monti was merely an exponent of the general feeling of the country, not merely of Rome and of clericalism, when in his *Bassvilliana* he attacked the spirit of French democracy and wrote the splendid apotheosis of Louis XVI. We, who have lived under settled and orderly governments, do not readily appreciate the changes which can come over the characters of individual men, in a brief space of time, during a period of revolution. It has been the fashion to accuse Monti of inconsistency and time-serving, because at one time he opposed the Revolution, and subsequently lauded Napoleon. It is forgotten that, in spite of the excesses and misdeeds of the French in the Peninsula, Bonaparte brought a certain sort of self-government and liberty; that in the Italic kingdom—the *regno Italico*—he restored the name of Italy to at least a portion of the country, which became the centre of the hopes and aspirations of all the remainder; that under his guidance the long unwarlike Italians fought and conquered, for the first time on German soil, in arms against their old oppressor; and that at last the Italian name was one to be proud of. At that time how could an Italian patriot refrain from praising Napoleon? When Napoleon had fallen, when the Italic kingdom, chiefly through the influence of England, had become the Austrian Province of Lombardy, when the dream of independence had vanished, regrets for deluded hopes took forms as different as human characters. Italians, at least, now see that Monti was no mere time-server, and that, in spite of his weaknesses and hesitations, he was as sincere a patriot as any one.

It is to be regretted, therefore, that Mr. Howells should content himself with the old erroneous view of Monti's character and Monti's times which

was current among ultra-republicans some forty years ago. It is curious that Mr. Howells, who does not seem to have an intimate knowledge of Monti's poetry, should never even mention the *Mascheroniana*; if only for the reason that—as told in one of Beyle's letters—a party of eminent Italians in Milan, in 1816, agreed that the first twelve lines of this poem were the finest that had been written in Italy for a hundred years; and that Monti himself recited nearly the whole of the first canto, to the great and evident delight of Lord Byron, who was present.

Ugo Foscolo brought into Italian poetry a Greek ardor for liberty and a Greek love of beauty, both native in his Zantiot blood. Every line, every sentence vibrates with passion and with life, even where the form seems cold and classical. Some of his sonnets have had no equal since Petrarch and Tasso, with whose they can be advantageously compared; and his nervous prose is the beginning of modern style. Foscolo fought, as well as wrote, for Italy; and the most beautiful of his poems were composed during the siege of Genoa, or amid the fatigues of camp life. But he was one of the earliest to awake from Napoleonic illusions and to despair of Italy's future. He went into voluntary exile, and his last years were passed in England in doubt, distress, and struggles for existence. Though he found many and generous friends to help him, and aided himself by brilliant articles in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, his personal failings and the defects of his character gradually alienated his friends. Mr. Howells rather loses himself in his comparisons and antitheses when he says:

"There is much of violence, vanity, and adventure in it to remind of Byron; but Foscolo had neither the badness of Byron's heart nor the greatness of his talent. He was, moreover, a better scholar and a man of truer feeling."

He could scarcely have ventured on his slur about "badness of heart" had he been acquainted, even slightly, with the history of the amours of Foscolo. The mention of Byron, however, recalls a passage in one of that poet's letters to Murray which contains a criticism:

"So you and Mr. Foscolo, etc., want me to undertake what you call a great work? . . . And Foscolo, too! Why does *he* not do something more than the *Letters of Ortis*, and a tragedy, and pamphlets? He has good fifteen years more at his command than I have; what has he done all that time?—proved his genius, doubtless, but not fixed his fame, nor done his utmost.

"Besides, I mean to write my best work in *Italian*, and it will take me nine years more thoroughly to master the language."

This last sentence has been frequently misunderstood as implying that Byron seriously intended writing an Italian poem; whereas, it is evidently a little skit at Foscolo's English essays, corrected by Hobhouse and his other friends, in Murray's *Quarterly Review*. We must both agree with, and dissent from, Byron's judgment. Foscolo never did his utmost, but he did fix his fame, which is growing greater rather than less, at least in Italian opinion.

Pindemonte, the last of the three of whom we are speaking, was of an entirely different character. Not a fiery radical like Foscolo, nor sensitive to

every fluctuation of political life like Monti, he passed his days in quiet contemplation at Verona. He had been at Paris during the Revolution with Alfieri, and had spent some time in England. His poems, whether elegies, satires, or epistles, seem inspired by English feeling, and remind us in a way of Gray, of Goldsmith, and of Crabbe; they hold, too, in Italian poetry a similar place.

The period of despair and disillusion which followed the downfall of Napoleon, and the reëstablishment of petty despotisms in Italy, produced totally different effects on the two great writers of this period: Manzoni took refuge in mysticism; Leopardi became a pessimist. The feeling of Manzoni came to be, "All in good time, if such be the will of God;" but in his sacred hymns, his tragedies, and his great novel, he is no less a patriot. Leopardi, from sheer despair, lost even the feeling of patriotism which had prompted his earlier poems; exclaimed, "All is vanity, effort is useless; better death than such a life." Leopardi offers the most striking example in Italy of the *maladie du siècle*, the *Weltschmerz*, or what so many have called Byronism. Foscolo was not unaffected by the same disease, which seems to have been but a natural reaction in generous minds on the failure of all their great hopes of liberty and progress inspired by the French Revolution. Even as far away as Russia the political reaction was at the bottom of the pessimism of Pushkin and Lermontof. In particular cases the *ennui* and intellectual discontent were complicated by private circumstances, and this was especially the case with Leopardi. If his birthplace at Recanati had really been in Tuscany, as Mr. Howells states, instead of in the Papal States, the whole life of Leopardi would have been different. But we should, perhaps, have lost some poems which, in spite of their teachings, are supremely beautiful, and which are destined to last. Mr. Howells is certainly wrong in supposing that "Italian criticism of the present day would not give Leopardi nearly so high a place among the poets as his contemporaries accorded him." The fame of Leopardi stands higher now than ever in the opinion not only of his countrymen, but of foreigners. It is only a year since Mr. Townsend's excellent translation of Leopardi's poems was published in America, and a new and complete French translation is now announced.

The fame of Manzoni as a poet is, on the contrary, declining; although a school of violent Manzonians still exists, who for a while after his death were as bitter as the admirers of Victor Hugo in allowing no opposition or even reservations, Manzoni will be chiefly remembered by his great novel *I promessi sposi*, which was the culminating work of what pedants call the romantic school. This name was indeed appropriated and gloried in by Berchet, Borsieri, Silvio Pellico, and the band of young men who published the *Conciliatore* in Milan in 1817. But Manzoni, although he sympathized with them, refused to join them, as he was unwilling to belong to any association. Several of these men are included by Mr. Howells among the minor poets. Some of their verses will always find a place in every anthology; but they will be chiefly known through their prose works, little as these are

now read. Their historical novels are at best but political pamphlets, in which Spaniards take the place of Austrians, while their tragedies—even including those of Nicolini, once so popular—will be as seldom taken from the library shelves as the plays of Joanna Baillie. Among the minor poets not mentioned by Mr. Howells, two seem to have a return of popularity—Fantoni, the last of the Arcadians and better known by his Arcadian name, Labindo; and the Milanese dialect-poet, Carlo Porta, who was said by Beyle, writing at the time, to condense in his short poems the best and most truthful pictures of Milanese life, as well as patriotic feeling and biting satires against the Austrians.

When we come to later times the field is held by Giusti, the chapter about whom is, with that on Parini, the most successful part of Mr. Howells' book. It is partly, perhaps, because he is more successful in pictures of life and character than in criticism; chiefly, however, because Mr. Howells had for his authority on Parini the careful monograph of Cantù, and on Giusti the excellent and interesting life by Miss Horner. As to Prati, who was popular in his day, we shall only say that we admire Mr. Howells' courage in boasting that he has read very little of him, and yet writing about him.

It would be interesting to compare the new school of contemporary Italian poetry with that of the early part of the century—to speak of Stecchetti and his followers, Panzacchi, the vagaries of Rapisardi, and the remarkable and beautiful poems of Carducci, but Mr. Howells has chosen to fix the limits of his book before their day and with these we must be content; venturing only to quote to him a recent remark of the French critic, Brunetière: "*Les romanciers seraient sages de ne pas s'essayer à la Critique: ils n'y sont ni dans leur rôle, ni sur leur terrain, ni dans leur élément.*"

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#### McCOSH'S RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF EVOLUTION.\*

ASIDE from his rank in distinctively philosophical circles, Doctor McCosh is one of the leaders of that large class of thinkers whose philosophy is largely conditioned by their Christian beliefs. At the present time, when many of this class are still either faltering adherents or active opponents of the theory of evolution, his attitude in expounding this theory and openly advocating it, within certain limits, cannot fail to have a wide influence. He prepared the way for a fair scientific consideration of this theory in his lectures upon Christianity and Positivism, that is, he admitted the force of Darwin's argument and took a neutral stand-point; this was in 1874, when evolution was, comparatively speaking, in the *hypothesis* stage. Now that every branch of biological research, during the intervening years, has brought fresh proofs, he is happily in a position where he is not obliged to retrace his steps, but can himself adopt the theory and state the evidence.

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\* *The Bedell Lectures, 1887: The Religious Aspect of Evolution*, by James McCosh, D.D., LL.D. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Thus, in the Bedell Lectures for 1887, on *The Religious Aspect of Evolution*, Doctor McCosh has, we think, rendered a material service both to science and to religion.

In the opening lecture he endeavors to remove the misconception that the mutability of species is inconsistent with creative action: "I have never been able to see that religion, and in particular that Scripture in which our religion is embodied, is concerned with the immutability of species," p. 27; again, "The *status questionis*, as the scholastics expressed it, is here not between God and not God, but between God working without means and by means, the means being created by God and working for Him." The second chapter is an outline of the geological evidences for evolution (which have accumulated so rapidly in the palæontological discoveries of the past decade) concluding with the sentence: "While the law of genetic descent is universal, it does not therefore follow that there is no other power involved in the genesis of our earth and the direction of its history." This introduces the third chapter, in which it is shown that organic evolution must stand with gravitation and other physical laws as demonstrating design and the presence of God in nature; further, that evolution does not explain the introduction of life into matter, or of morality. The fourth chapter, upon "Beneficence in the Method of Evolution," opens with two propositions which well embody the pervading spirit of these lectures, and, in fact, of the author's life-teaching; and which should be adopted as planks in the platform of theistic philosophy. First: "This impression" (that the doctrine of development is adverse to religion) "is to be removed, first by declaring emphatically that we are to look on evolution simply as the method by which God works," p. 58. The second has a still wider scope: "The time has now come when people must judge of a supposed scientific theory not from the faith or unbelief of its discoverer, but *from the evidence in its behalf*. They will find that whatsoever is true is also good, and will in the end be favorable to religion."

In briefly reviewing these lectures we have kept in mind the author's purpose in preparing them. They were not designed as a treatise on the theory of evolution but to show its bearing upon the theistic argument. From this point of view the work is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject.

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#### HISTORY, POLITICS, AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE works in this department have not been over numerous or important. The American Historical Association sends out from time to time instalments of its excellent papers;\* and the Fifth Series of the *Johns Hopkins University Studies*† is nearly completed. Mr. O'Neil has issued a volume

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\* *Papers of the American Historical Association*, Vol. II. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† *Johns Hopkins University Studies*, Fifth Series. Baltimore, 1888.

on *The American Electoral System* \* which is rather better than its preface might lead the student to believe. It was hardly advisable for the author to speak continually as if his subject were untrodden ground, ignoring McKnight's *Electoral System*, a work much better, in many points, than his own. Mr. Jones's little book † is an attempt to show that, in the matter of concurrent taxation, such as the income tax, the Federal Government has appropriated all the receipts, leaving to the States the mass of the expense of good government. The author seems to forget that the taxation of corporations is almost a new resource, which has accrued almost wholly to the States. As to the volumes of Messrs. Norman ‡ and Foulke, § it is hardly necessary to do more than commend them cordially, and advise students of the Irish and Eastern questions to read them carefully. The same may be said of Mr. Isham's brief résumé of the Fishery Question, || in its history and its present phases. Mr. Jacobson's volume ¶ is an effort to show that a graduation succession tax and manual training schools are to solve all our modern industrial problems.

Mr. Kearny's volume \*\* is a good student's abstract of our financial history, unsatisfactory only in that it stops at 1835. Mr. Warfield has really contributed something absolutely new to the study of the Kentucky Resolutions. †† His demonstration that Jefferson's famous letter of December 11, 1821, was not addressed to "— Nicholas, Esq.," but to J. C. Breckinridge, has changed the historical aspect of the Resolutions in many points, and makes this volume an essential to any one who is studying this period of American history. A more modern contribution is that of Judge Kelley. ‡‡ It is a statement, from personal observation, of the wonderful contrast between the South as it was in 1867 and in 1887, and a valuable statement, too, in spite of the constant interjection of protectionist theories. Economic observation is good; and party pamphlets are good: but it is not advisable to mix the two.

Mr. Griffis's *Life of Perry* §§ is a worthy biography of a great sailor, an

\* *The American Electoral System*. By Charles O'Neil. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† *Federal Taxes and State Expenses*. By William H. Jones. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

‡ *Bodyke: a Chapter in the History of Irish Landlordism*. By Henry Norman. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

§ *Slav or Saxon*. By Wm. D. Foulke, A.M. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

|| *The Fishery Question*. By Charles Isham. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

¶ *Higher Ground*. By Augustus Jacobson. Chicago, 1888: A. C. McClurg and Co.

\*\* *Sketch of American Finances: 1789-1835*. By John Watts Kearny. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

†† *The Kentucky Resolutions of 1798: an Historical Study*. By Ethelbert Dudley Warfield. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

‡‡ *The Old South and the New*. By Hon. Wm. D. Kelley. New York, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

§§ *Matthew Calbraith Perry: a Typical American Naval Officer*. By William Elliot Griffis. Boston, 1887: Cupples and Hurd.

original thinker, and an inveterately industrious worker. Oliver Hazard Perry won the battle of Lake Erie. His less-known brother, the father of our steam navy, the re-introducer of the ram into modern naval tactics, the leading instrument in the establishment of the Naval School, in the abolition of flogging and the grog ration, and in the reform of American gunnery, and the diplomatist who unsealed the life of Japan to foreign eyes, has waited until now for a biographer. Fortunately for him and for history, the biographer is a competent one ; and Mr. Griffis's volume will take a place in the permanent literature of American history.

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#### DYNAMICAL BIOLOGY.

BIOLOGY is frequently called a new science, not, however, because the subject matter is new, but because a new method of treatment has been introduced. During the last thirty years a great change has taken place in the study of this science. From a purely statical science it has passed into a stage of dynamics, and in this light it is recognized and studied to-day by most of its devotees. In all things the human mind is at first satisfied with names ; subsequently with classifications ; and finally it demands causes. Such has been the history of biological science, and for centuries plants and animals have been studied as facts of nature. They have been named, dissected, analyzed, and classified, but always as existing things ready made for study. It was not until the present century that questions of cause have been asked, and not until the last twenty-five or thirty years that plants and animals have been studied as living and changing factors of nature. Statical biology, or what was formerly called natural history, studied anatomy, relation, homologies, classifications of organisms as inanimate things ; it studied organic nature at rest, and could be pursued even better with dead animals than with the living. Dynamical biology, which is biology in its modern sense, studies life in motion, and takes into consideration all of the factors occurring to modify it. It deals always with living and not with dead organisms. It asks what causes an animal to digest its food, and what forces are at play within it causing the food to undergo the numerous complicated life-changes. It does not longer content itself with asking into how many divisions the animal kingdom should be divided, but asks *why* it should be divided at all. It asks not what the classification of a plant may be, but what is the *principle* of classification ; not what the embryology of an animal is, but what is the law of embryology. It asks what has produced the various forms of life ; why the elephant has a trunk and the giraffe a long neck ; not only what has been the purpose, but what the *causes* which produced them. It asks what effect upon animals and plants have heat, light, moisture, dryness, famine, abundance, etc. It asks *why* a child inherits from its parents, and what causes organisms to reproduce at all. It asks for the origin of species, the origin of life, and it is constantly trying to discover what life is.

In short, facts are now studied in connection with their causes ; and the present for the purpose of learning the past and predicting the future.

Dynamical biology cannot be regarded as introduced to the world by the work of any one man, nor as the result of any particular line of investigation, nor indeed as having had any definite beginning. It has slowly appeared as the result of numerous lines of thought, and it is the inevitable result of modern science. Darwin and Spencer certainly gave it a vigorous impetus onward, but only because many others had been preparing the way. The study of chemistry, as applied to organic material ; the study of physics, with its slowly advancing ideas concerning energy ; the study of geology, with the growing conception of the uniformity of nature's laws in producing the present world ; the study of microscopic forms, in which life was reduced to its lowest terms and freed from the confusing complications present in higher forms ; the study of animals under domestication and a perception of the readiness with which they are changed—all of these factors were preparing the way for an inquiry into the causes which have led to the present animate nature, and the study of organisms in a living, active condition. Many names could be mentioned with those of Darwin and Spencer as intimately connected with this sort of biological study. To-day, while we still find among naturalists many students of purely statical biology, most of the younger men regard this study alone as of secondary importance, and look upon the study of species only as a means to an end, which end is the discovery of the laws regulating life.

Dynamical biology is a subject of almost infinite complexity. Not only is the number of problems to be solved beyond calculation, but the modifying factors are innumerable. It is supposed that there are definite laws regulating living phenomena, but the disturbing factors interfering with their normal action are so great that it is impossible to tell how greatly any law may be modified. Chemistry and physics enter intimately into almost every biological problem. Other sciences are simplicity itself compared with this one. Let any one, for instance, by knowing the rate of multiplication of a fly, attempt to determine how many descendants a single individual will have in three months. It is absolutely impossible. Famine, flood, storms, enemies, all come in as direct factors, and these are dependent upon others, and these yet upon others, making the seemingly simple problem insoluble. Mathematics has not yet been applied to this science, and when we consider the extreme complexity of the subject we may almost despair of ever reaching a mathematical basis. For biology is indeed the combination of chemistry, physics, and geology, and all in their most complicated and least understood phases. It is organic chemistry, molecular physics, dynamical geology, and meteorology, the very branches of science about which we know the least, which form the factors from which biological science must be deduced ; and to this must be added the special factor, and still further complicating principle of life, whatever that may be. What the future may develop in this vast unknown field we cannot say, for science is as yet only



in its outer boundaries. Even the fundamental law of descent or evolution is hardly yet established to the satisfaction of all, and as to the method of that evolution and its causes, hardly two biologists can be found to agree.

The philosophical leaning of this new science is significant and interesting, for it forms a final step along a line in which thought has been long advancing. From the very earliest times man has been trying to formulate to himself explanations for the mysterious phenomena of nature. Understanding personality as a cause, he was first led into polytheism. This subsequently gave way before the nobler conception of one omnipotent power ruling all things. Slowly there arose side by side with monotheism the idea of natural law, a conception which ought to have formed a part of monotheism, being in perfect harmony with it, but which has unfortunately been frequently regarded as antagonistic to theism. A law is simply a rule of activity, and not an explanation of activity. The discovery of laws has been only the discovery of regularity in the activities of nature. These regular methods of activity were called laws, and the advance of science consisted in combining these laws and including in them many disjointed phenomena hitherto regarded as miraculous. One by one the different realms of nature have been studied and shown to be all acting harmoniously in accordance with natural law. The various phases of nature have been shown to be inter-dependent, and the idea of a unitary harmonious whole has slowly arisen. Astronomy, physics, chemistry, meteorology are all found to be parts of this unit. Until recently, however, the one phenomenon of life has not been allowed to share in this brotherhood of sciences. Life is so unique, has such mysterious properties, that it was not until recently conceived that it could be brought into the realm of the same natural laws with other sciences. In this connection, then, is the great significance and interest of dynamical biology, since it is simply the attempt to put life and its phenomena within the same realm of law to which other mysterious phenomena have been before consigned. Can life and all its manifestations be explained by that same series of laws which we find omnipresent in nature, or must some other independent factor be assumed as its foundation? This is the question around which hangs modern dynamical biology. The question is not yet answered—certainly not yet in the affirmative; and it is the existence of such a far-reaching, unanswered question that gives a peculiar interest to biological research. The details of the study of protoplasm are in themselves interesting, but everything pales before this fundamental question which every biologist feels as he studies. Is life governed by anything other than natural law? Are the phenomena of life all explainable by natural law? Is life an independent factor of nature, or is it only a complex combination of chemical, physical, and other forces? These questions are what make biology a new science, and it is for their answer that its devotees are directly or indirectly working.

## BOOKS RECEIVED,

*Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.*

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## LITERARY ANODYNES.

THE whole world seems lately to have resolved itself into a commission on fiction. With an extreme and owl-like gravity mortals write essays in which fiction is treated as if it were, or should be, the last word of humanity. The first recorded word of man was not absolutely accurate, and his last may also be fictitious, but in the mean time one may protest that novels are not a kind of *Novum Organon*. They cannot contain, and they need not pretend to contain, the whole sum of mortal thought, knowledge, and experience, with a good deal of prophecy thrown in. Yet this attempt is what many earnest novelists are coming to. You take up one book from the library, or you even buy it, and lo! it contains a new religion, or what the author (who may not have deeply studied the history of creeds) thinks is new. The next three volumes are a parable of how "life may be lived well," when the old morality has been superseded in favor of the new morality—socialism and free love. Now, one may live to see socialism tried, but, to a mature person, it is a great comfort that free love will not affect *him*. The newer and higher moralists may take the property of the elderly citizen, but they (the young ones at least) will not fall on his neck and embrace him as he takes his walks abroad. This reflection is comforting, but it prevents one from reading novels about how we are to live when we all do as the more emotional of our authors think we ought to do. A third romance neither tells us what we ought to believe, nor the truth as it is in Mr. Mudie's, nor how we ought to

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behave when that state of things arrives which Carew foresaw and prophesied in *The Rapture*. The third novel describes, with dismal minuteness, the loves of a piano-tuner and a lady teacher in a high-school. The loves come to nothing, and so does the interest, but the record is so conscientiously dismal that perhaps it is a masterpiece. In any case, it makes the reader wish that he had never been born, or, at all events, that the author had never been born. The fourth venture with the box from the circulating library may try to enliven us with the more seamy side of the life of a married couple, whose attempts to divorce each other are paralyzed by the interventions of that malignant being, the Queen's Proctor. To explain *his* functions in English society is not for a critical, but still chaste and untarnished, pen: I must refer the studious to the learned pages of modern romance.

Here, then, are four kinds of novels—four popular kinds. Here is the novel of the new religion, the novel of the new society that declines to have any religion, the novel of dismal commonplace, and the novel of the divorce court. Can any poor man or woman who reads romance for amusement, and because it serves as an anodyne, get diversion, or comfort, or oblivion (except in slumber), from any of these? I do not say that these philosophies of all things in three volumes have no right to exist. "We have all a right to exist, we and our works," as even Mr. Matthew Arnold admitted. But people have also a right to exist who read novels for the purpose of being amused, and of forgetting. Now, what does an able-bodied voter, or a sensible lady, want to forget, in this age of ours? Why, he (or she) wants to forget everything to be read about in the newspapers (except in *Sporting Intelligence*), and everything to be heard about from the pulpit, and everything in real life that saddens and perplexes. A man wants his novel to be an anodyne. From the romancer he demands what the wife of Thon of Egypt gave Helen,—nepenthe,—the draught magical which puts pain and sorrow out of mind. Is this a selfish, unfeeling demand? It seems to me that one might as rationally call the timely tendency to sleep at night unfeeling and selfish. Are not some fourteen hours of the day enough wherein to fight with problems, and worry about faiths, and rend one's heart with futile pities and powerless indignations? Leave me an hour in the day, not to work in, or ponder in, or sorrow in; but to dream in, or to wander in the dreams of others. Into these dreams, printed and bound, let as little of truth come as may be; let me forget the



sweating system, and the European situations, and party government, and a phantom fleet, and a stunted army. Let me forget that "miracles do not happen"; carry me where they *do* happen. Let me forget that nobody marries his true love; bear me to that enchanted realm where, as the ballad says,

"Oh, ye may keep your lands and towers,  
Ye have that lady in your bowers;  
And ye may keep your very life,  
Ye have that lady for your wife!"

Weary me no more, for this hour, with your shades of theological opinion; let me be happy with that god of the old French tale, that "god who loveth lovers." Close the veil on the brutes who kick women to death, and raise the curtain on gallant deeds, and maidens rescued, and dragons and duennas discomfited. Pour out the nepenthe, in short, and I shall not ask if the cup be gold chased by Mr. Stevenson, or a buffalo-horn beaker brought by Mr. Haggard from Kukuana-land, or the Baron of Bradwardine's Bear, or the "cup of Hercules" of Théophile Gautier, or merely a common café wine-glass of M. Fortuné du Boisgobey's or M. Xavier de Montépin's. If only the nepenthe be foaming there,—the delightful draught of dear forgetfulness,—the outside of the cup may take care of itself; or, to drop metaphor, I shall not look too closely at an author's manner and style, while he entertains me in the dominion of dreams. Opium-smokers do not care for marble halls; they can have visions in a hovel. Novel-reading, as here understood, is confessed to be a kind of opium-smoking. But it has none of the ill effects of that other narcotic; it may be taken with temperance; it cheers, and it does not inebriate, except the very young. As a very small boy, I once made and consumed, with distasteful results, certain cigarettes. This I did, not that I liked smoking, but because Captain Mayne Reid's heroes made and smoked cigarettes. They also took scalps, and fought grizzly bears, and associated with earless trappers. Circumstances made it impossible for me to imitate those feats, but I could and did roll cigarettes, and make arrows with stone heads. This was an example of the inebriation of romance, but only very small boys are affected in this way. The mature can take a grown person's dose of fiction with impunity. Judges are notorious novel-readers; yet I never heard that they fled from their wedded wives to woo strange maidens because such things are done in romance. Prince Bismarck, probably, never assassinated any one in all his days (what-

ever M. Henri Rochefort may think), yet Gaboriau is held to be the Prince's favorite author. "The world is too much with us," and the world must be still more with Prince Bismarck. That is why, no doubt, he enjoys novels which are not of any world, still less of his own distinguished *monde*. These dukes of Gaboriau's, who shoot people in low *cabarets* from the best of motives, and all because of the consequences of some affair that occurred in the First Crusade, or at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, are dwellers in no world but fairy-land.

To get into fairy-land—that is the aspiration of all of us whom the world oppresses. Mr. Howells may assure us that the part of modern fiction is to make to-day more actual, more real, to show us the kind, ugly, manly face of life—I do not quote his words, but the general sense of them. Well, Fiction may do that if she can, may do it for people who do not find to-day a great deal too actual for their taste already, who do not see the face of life at too close quarters. But many—the majority, one fancies—want to forget to-day now and then, to live a while unconditioned by time and space and evolutions. The old roads to fairy-land are lost: you may walk nine times "widdershins" round any fairy gnome, and the door will not open into that enchanted climate. The Fairy Queen will not "borrow" us, as she borrowed Tamlane, but how we wish she would! We cannot reach that land of glad appearances, where none but the foolish cared to see that all the beautiful dames were mere shells and semblances, and the Queen herself but the ghost of dread Persephone. Cut off from the fairy world, tied down to a world in which there are but few exceptions, at best, to the workings of the laws of Nature, we are driven into the domain of make-believe and of romance. In fiction we have the interest of realistic photographs of the life we know too well, realistic studies of the development of characters like our own petty characters, thwarted passions, unfulfilled ambitions, tarnished victories over self, over temptations, melancholy compromises, misery more or less disguised, dull dinner-parties, degraded politics. This is the stuff of the fiction that calls itself natural and real—this, and the study of blind forces of society, blind uneasy movements of the unhappy collective mass of mankind. To write about all this in novels may be considered a kind of moral and artistic duty; to read about it may be regarded as a discipline. I deny the duty: let the press and the pulpit and the platform see to it. I don't want the

discipline ; enough of it one gets every day, and too much. The discipline is a *discipline* in the old sense,—a constant self-flagellation ; the wearing, voluntarily, of an iron chain studded with spikes.

So true is this that, as the world unavoidably gets more terribly real and earnest, romance and literary anodynes will be more and more in demand. When the Civil War began in England, when things were at their sharpest and hardest for that season, we find Lovelace recommending Sidney's *Arcadia* to his Lucasta. An escape into a peaceful world of shepherds and singers was what this gallant soldier asked, and what all of us who continue to read will soon be asking from the Muse of Fiction. Very great skill and art may be expended in drawing people exactly like our tormented and bewildered selves, with experience like our own ; but this art will give us neither joy nor any rest. A person who is yet young enough to feel the distresses of the heart, and who is actually feeling them, will hardly be able to read a novel in which these regrets and disasters are too minutely studied, in which he sees his own tortured face as in a glass. He will want something very different, as Carlyle felt the need of Marryat's novels in the literary misfortune of his life. The course of things at present makes for disorder and unhappiness. Nobody but the stormy petrels of our race can enjoy this. We are driven, perforce, to the shores of old or new romance, and are compelled to care less for the feelings and emotions and thoughts of fictitious characters, than merely for a sequence of exciting events. We are concerned, in fiction, with what happens, if it be forcibly described, rather than with what is suffered or thought by the fictitious persons of the tale. Happily, the world is well supplied with books in which plenty of unusual events are made to happen with sufficient frequency and lack of verisimilitude. From the *Odyssey* to the *Arabian Nights*, from those to *Don Quixote*, to Sir Walter Scott, to Dumas, to Mr. Stevenson, to the *Mystery of the Hansom Cab*, if you please, or to *Mr. Barnes of New York*, there be records enough of the deeds that never were done. An eminent English novelist, a student of character, has just remarked to me that, in ten years, the romance of impossible adventure "in fairy lands forlorn" will be extinct and out of fashion. On the other hand, if this *genre* be well done after its kind, it can never cease to hold its readers. Sindbad has outlived a thousand tales of analysis, or of realism, or of religious maundering, and will outlive them all. The eternal child in the human breast will never cease to demand this sort of entertainment, and there will

always be somebody to take the child on his knee and tell him a story.

Look at *Mr. Barnes of New York* and its myriads of readers. What attracted them? A picture of actual life, knowledge of the world, knowledge of the human heart, a well-graced style, sagacious reflections? Nothing of the kind: merely a rattling narrative; merely another shake of the old kaleidoscope of romance, in which the familiar glittering bits of colored glass have fallen into a more or less novel arrangement. Not every one can shake the kaleidoscope so that the bits of glass shall dispose themselves cleverly, but he who can will ever find men, women, and boys eager to pay for a look into his peep-show. This is the reason of the success of M. Fortuné du Boisgobey and of M. Xavier de Montépin. The former scarcely takes the trouble, as a rule, to give the kaleidoscope a new shake. Give him a murder, a mutilated body, a fast young man with a good heart, a selection from the *demi-monde*, an *ingénue*, a duel, a diving-bell, and a game of baccarat—with these and a villain (who generally cheats at cards), M. Fortuné du Boisgobey and his public are content. He gives his little tube a toss, the baccarat and the duel assume new relations to the murder and the *ingénue*, and lo! the novel is written. It is not very high art,—far from that,—but you go on reading because things do really occur in the tale, because you are curious, and because your curiosity makes you forget your work, forget your sorrow, forget “problems,” metaphysical, social, religious, financial, or political. You are wrapped in a cloud of the author’s *nugae*, and *totus in illis*. It is the same with the admirable M. Xavier de Montépin. How many young ladies have I seen him throw out of the window of railway carriages, and over bridges! How often have I assisted at a kidnapping of the heroine, who, being spirited away to some lonely criminal bower, cannot be boring one with love scenes for some considerable time at least! How many wills have I witnessed,—forged wills; how many blameless *ouvriers* have I seen arrested on false charges; of how many murders, in sepulchres and in four-wheeled cabs, have I not been the delighted spectator! Heaven forbid that one should compare these rapid and facile ingenuities to the works of artists in romance—of Scott, or (in his strange field, the churchyard,) of Edgar Poe, or of Alexandre the Great. But as long as the *feuilleton* helps one through a rainy evening or a long railway journey, and banishes thought and kills time, these great enemies, let us never be ungrateful to the *feuilleton*. Whereas, if one assails

the dreary evening or the railway journey with a much more pretentious naturalistic or analytic novel, one might as well spend the time with one's own saddest thoughts and most bitter memories.

The world is aware of this, though it may hide its knowledge, and judges and maid-servants alike prefer a pleasant dip into the well of oblivion, the well of romance that keeps these rare shadows floating on its waves. A pitcher of water from this well it was, no doubt, that Venus sent Psyche to bring for her. Shall we not be thankful to the bold adventurers who carry it home for us, for the tired and unimaginative? They may bring it, like Scott, in a golden pitcher, or, like the author of *Mr. Barnes of New York*, in a travelling-flask, but it is the right water for our present thirst. To take a strong example: one feels incapable, without a resolute struggle, of sitting down to the tremendous Tolstoï, or the dismal Dostoiefsky, or the latest Scythian or Servian novelist. But one takes up Sir Walter's last, and not his best, *Count Robert of Paris*, and one is a boy again, back among the mysteries of the Byzantine Court, and nearly as happy with the Varangian as with Quentin Durward. What is this magic of the story-teller, that makes D'Artagnan and Athos our life-long friends, that keeps us as curious on a fifth reading as when we knew not what was about to happen to Porthos or Aramis? These gentry deal with no social problems, but with the accidents of adventurous life as they arise: they never preach; they never hunt for epigrams till the reader is as tired of the chase as the author must have been. They offer us no new religion in three volumes; they do not even attack the old; in fact, our ancient friends in Scott and Dumas compete neither with the newspaper nor with the thoughtful monthly magazine. A constant competition with these dismal educational forces makes the serious novel of to-day so tedious and so uninviting. Even with the *Society Journal* do even the most serious novels compete, and you feel that they are full of personalities understood of a few, and that the rest of the world is howling for a "key." Let him use the key who will, and thread the labyrinth, and listen to the wisdom, and canvass the problems. The great world will in the long run prefer even a wild legend from the *Family Herald*, or will go wandering with Sindbad again in the Diamond Valley, or with Aladdin in the rich vaults underground, will haunt the House of the Seven Gables, or dwell in the lichened Old Manse of many Mosses. The more part of us, above all, the silent and uncritical multitude, are lovers of the Fairy

Queen, and wilfully dwell in the land of illusion and romance. Glamour is better than truth sometimes, and moonlight than daylight; and the dear folk who never were, Porthos and Leatherstocking, Dugald Dalgetty and Locksley, are more substantial than the shadows of ourselves who fill the earnest modern novel with the shadows of our sorrows and the thin echo of our complaints. These are the sad ghosts, and unholy, whom it is wiser to shun, for the company of happier and gayer unsubstantialities.

Consider, for example, M. Daudet's novel *L'Immortel*, which appears at this moment, as I write. What an industrious dulness, what a leaden weight above the gay fantastic talent of the author of *Tartarin de Tarascon*. I have read articles in which M. Daudet was talked of as the impeccable and faultless novelist, and "they were friends of ours," as Aristotle says, when he differs from Plato, "who brought forward this opinion." M. Daudet is a charming writer when he treats of his own South and his happy southern countrymen. But when he writes as a Parisian of Paris, truly from the literary cup he offers us it is pleasure to abstain. It is a comfort to speak one's mind about M. Daudet's later novels. They appear to me to combine the temper of the society journalist with the over-anxious research of words, which is the joy of the "art-critic." M. Daudet has observation, but it is too sedulously minute; he has wit, but it has become too bitter and unkind; he has knowledge of the world, but how much of that knowledge even a foreigner may glean from the *Figaro* or *Gil Blas*. The old Latin saw says that "indignation makes verses"; not poetry, of course, but verses. Indignation, even when it is not envy in disguise, does not make good novels. The humor and the good-humor which Fielding implored the muse to lend him, are absent wholly from M. Daudet's *L'Immortel*. It is an angry study, through a microscope, of the tempers and intrigues of Parisian literary society, or, at least, of the official class of literary people. There is not one noble, or generous, or unselfish character in the book, scarce even one honorable motive. The plot, what there is of it, is borrowed from a thread-bare stupid old scandal,—the anecdote of the mathematician who bought the forged autographs. A mathematician might do that, but M. Daudet's hero, or victim, is not a mathematician. As a professed historian and man of letters, he could hardly have made this colossal blunder in his own province; if he had strayed into mathematics, then, doubtless, he might equally have blundered. All the other characters, except,

perhaps, the jolly painter who cares not for things academic, are a joyless, loveless, faithless company of mean intriguers. They are, as a rule, corrupted by the Academy; they are mean, lustful, avaricious, larcenous, and you lay down this piece of *naturalisme* with the certainty that it is eminently unnatural, as unnatural as the leaden and deluged July whose rain beats the windows as I write.

You cannot make a good novel out of bitterness, ill-temper, sarcasm, the hunt for adjectives, the study of unredeemed mental and moral depravity, and a collection of venerable and virulent anecdote. It is not a very good world that we live in, or we would be less eager to leave it for the world of Leather-stocking or of Allan Quatermain. But a world in which old literary *crittins* would accept the dishonor of their daughters for the chance of a vote in an election to the Academy, seems distinctly a worse world than that in which we live and move. Of the two kinds of pictures, the frankly imaginative and impossible is more true and real than the other,—the naturalistic, the realistic, the world of the reporter of the "Society" press. It may be urged that to come back to common life after a long-drawn interview with M. Daudet's characters is like escaping from the Inferno into Purgatory. Perhaps; but why should we voluntarily visit the Inferno at all? Like most literary questions, this is, ultimately, a question of taste, and cannot be argued further. But, for my own part, when I hear M. Daudet and his followers praised as if they were worthy to sit in the chair of Cervantes or of Fielding, I am glad to remember that it is always easy to fall back on the Waverley Novels, or to look forward to the next batch of boys' books, or even to beg, or buy, or borrow a volume of the *Family Herald*, or a narrative by the author of *The Leavenworth Case*. These, or any other literary anodynes, are needed to make one forget the vivisection of academic monstrosities performed by M. Daudet. Certainly the maddest of impossible plots is better than the stale story of M. Chasles and his collection of forged autographs, with which M. Daudet attempts to enliven our leisure. "Not here," O Tartarin, "are haunts meet for thee." Not by these verities will mankind be made merrier, or better, or wiser, though grateful they may be that things are not so bad, nor men and women so vile, as in M. Daudet's novel.

ANDREW LANG.

## THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

IN this age of new departures, it is important to estimate the character of any movement which marks either a transition or a revolution. This is the condition of our understanding its problems; and it is also the only legitimate approach to their solution. The movement of which we speak is only a part of the convergent tendencies in all scientific thought, and illustrates the usual phenomena of a reaction. In the philosophic field it is a conflict between introspection and experiment, with the tide of sympathy in favor of the latter. Older and traditional methods are paralyzed in the presence of an instrument whose triumphant success everywhere else secures all presumptions in its support. One after another of the sciences has had its baptism in experimental methods, and has proceeded thenceforward in a presumably regenerated course of life. Last among them seems to have been the subject of psychology, which claims to have achieved thereby the last step in its removal from an anomalous position. But in the confusion of the transition we are not all aware of the meaning which attaches to the change, and perhaps forget the dangers which beset the path of deviation from the accumulated conceptions of the past. It is not our purpose, however, to carry on a polemic discussion. The present article will be occupied with the statement and explanation of a tendency in the science of psychology,—a tendency of which many are more or less unconscious, and which many others have not the courage to acknowledge. Discussion of its merits will only be incidental, since the temper of public opinion on the one side is intolerant of criticism, and on the other is not prepared to conduct a scientific defence. It will suffice for the present, therefore, if we can give a careful exposition and analysis of the problem which psychological inquiry has endeavored to solve. In order to do this, and in order to realize just what the tendency of modern psychology is, we propose at least three general topics for consideration. They are: (1) the influences in science and philosophy which affect the very conception of the subject; (2) the origin, growth, and development of the experimental method in psychology, with the implications involved in it; (3) the place and



importance of neurological causes and morbid phenomena in the question, such as hallucinations, insanity, and spiritualistic events. Connected questions will appear incidentally in the discussion; but these general topics will define sufficiently the character of the problem to be investigated.

What is the "New Psychology"? Wherein does it differ from any other? The answer to these questions will reveal mental tendencies everywhere concomitant with new scientific impulses. Of course, the name is meant to be contrasted with what is often disparagingly known as the "Old Psychology." But there may be something invidious in making or admitting such a comparison. This depends upon the person making it, and it is here that the mind needs to be on its guard against concealed implications. In philosophy, as elsewhere, the personal equation affects the content and interpretation of every conception we possess, and will determine the kind of reception it meets at the hands of others. Hence the import of what is characterized in the "new" or "old psychology" will be very much influenced by the spirit which is shown for or against either of them; by the ulterior end to be served in the maintenance of a particular opinion. Each view has its advocates and its opponents, and we can hardly admit the expressions "new" and "old" without involving ourselves in the problems which both this distinction and the interests of party controversy force upon us. The very possibility of making the distinction is significant, when taken in connection with what every advanced student must know to be the characteristic spirit of the age; namely, a general revolt against traditional theories. Therefore we suspect that a proper examination of the new departure, as represented by a large number of its advocates, will reveal a more or less disguised form of "psychology without a soul." This is professedly the position of Ribot and some other writers of that school. An unconscious tendency in this direction can be seen in the very definition of the subject as affected by current philosophic speculations.

Psychology has been traditionally known as the "science of the soul." But all those influences which have been embodied in Hume, Kant, Comte, and the representative minds of those schools, sceptical in their ontological beliefs, have conspired to disparage such a definition of it, because it was supposed to beg the question, while there could be no doubt as to the phenomena about which it was concerned. This influence appeared in the reaction against Cartesianism.

The mutual exclusion of thought and extension in that philosophy necessitated a system of dualism; but this created as great a problem as it solved. It was encumbered with the grave difficulty of finding any connection between the physical and the psychical, between matter and mind,—a connection which was an indisputable fact, but rendered impossible by the Cartesian theory. Every one is familiar with Spinoza's attempt at the solution of the problem with the dualistic conception of phenomena still retained; also with Leibnitz's modification of this view by his doctrine of "pre-established harmony." But, since Kant, monistic tendencies have been dominant, which refuse to recognize the Cartesian antithesis between thought and extension, and, combined with the agnosticism implied more or less by the distinction between phenomena and "things in themselves," have favored a *phenomenological* as opposed to an *ontological* definition of the science. The implication was, of course, that a definition of it must represent what all could agree to be a proper subject of distinct investigation, or, barring this agreement, its nature as a science must be abandoned. If it were occupied only with a purely speculative question about the *ground* of consciousness, those who felt obliged to take the agnostic position in regard to our knowledge of it, although at no variance with others about the peculiar nature of the facts, would also be obliged to deny that there ever would be a "science" of such a being or "subject," while admitting the existence, order, significance, and classifiable character of phenomena which have to be distinguished from all others. Hence the only recourse seemed to be a definition of the science in terms of phenomena, which, although they implied a subject, did not determine the nature of that subject in a dogmatic manner, or in favor of the associations and presumptions of dualism. In whatever way, therefore, the conception of psychology was expressed, whether as investigation of thought, of the mind, of knowledge, of psychical functions, etc., it was accepted as the *science of the phenomena of consciousness*. The question which such a conception of psychology leaves open to farther investigations will appear as we proceed. It is unquestionably one which offers some possibilities to the theory of materialism.

It will be interesting to point out some other facts looking in the same direction, and they may be introduced by an incident which represents the great influence of Kant. German philosophic tastes, and the thorough way in which the Kantian movement stamped

itself upon the thought of succeeding periods, have prevented the German mind from being oblivious to the importance of introspection in psychology. The validity of that aspect of it has not been questioned, and hence, when modifying their views of the subject to suit the requirements of advanced discovery, and perhaps of changed methods, German thinkers have not drawn an invidious comparison between "new" and "old," but have chosen to denominate the advanced position assumed as "physiological psychology," or "psychophysics." This had the merit of evading an antagonistic front to the past, and of preserving, or endeavoring to preserve, the proper continuity between what had previously been gained and what was still to be realized. It was merely supplementary to what had been done. So far as "new" and "old" are used to characterize nothing more than this, there can be no objection to them. If the "new" indicates only the increment which has been given to our knowledge of the subject by modified methods, and does not mean to disparage the main instrument of all psychological inquiry, no insinuations will be charged to its account. But if its implications are to involve the disparagement of logical and introspective analysis, all who are interested in the prevention or suppression of scientific dogmatism must interpose a remonstrance. It is possible to maintain that introspection is the condition of successful experiment. The prejudice against its employment originated from false implications growing out of its abuse, and not from any knowledge of what it really meant.

Among English-speaking people, with a predominant tendency to easy and practical methods of speculation, and with a theology largely cast in the mould of Platonism and Cartesianism, there has grown up the habit of urging a naïve conception of psychology, which, although protesting against sensational analogies in its definition, is too frequently affected by that very influence. In this country, education has been much influenced by that view of the subject which has induced physicists and scientists at large to think and speak of psychology as a kind of introduction to theology. It has been but recently that any disposition to revolt against this so-called usurpation could receive any public favor or recognition. But after it did appear, supported as it was by all the scientific tendencies of the age, and with a strongly contracted prejudice against speculative methods which it had been the combined effort of all movements to overthrow, it was natural that the assault upon the metaphysics of psychology should be accompanied by a strong hostility to

the recognized methodological instrument by which ontological views were built up and supported. In this way the disparagement of introspection arose, and with it the disposition to consider only the physical and physiological aspects of the problem. It is a fact to be admitted that the dualistic influence of the older psychology had a tendency to suppose, and even to emphasize, a complete antithesis between introspective and experimental methods. The introspective method exerted all its power to exclude the introduction of mechanical and material cause into the explanation of mental phenomena. Its aim was to find an explanation which would employ psychical causes and conditions, instead of physiological. The facts which it had to deal with could not be reached in the same way as those of the material world, and it was reasonably asked whether they could be explained in the same way. Foreign interests reinforced this position, and introspection came to be the chosen weapon for combating materialism. As soon, therefore, as the former would fall into ill-repute, the latter would reap the results of a reaction, such as we see everywhere in progress.

Now, introspection is supposed by the scientist to have shut itself up in that self-secluded independence which must be made responsible for many of the consequences that have followed refusal to come into contact with objective facts. At any rate, scientific minds that could not, or would not, follow it into the misty and mazy systems of the last century and the beginning of the present, were glad to think it a Will o' the Wisp, in order to excuse their unwillingness to accept its guidance, although not wanting in the curiosity that would lure them by the light of hope into speculations from which there is no escape but by metaphysics. But having once discredited the instrument by which idealism had endeavored to vindicate a spiritual view of the world and of man, the metaphysics with which the scientist would return under such circumstances would most likely carry the colors of materialism. The extension of experimental methods generally, favored by an aversion to admitting that any field could be excepted from inquiry of that kind, and the general belief that all phenomena are under the control of *laws* representing the complete unity of nature, prejudiced the scientific world in favor of unifying all methods of investigation, and of studying mental as we do material phenomena. The basis, therefore, upon which psychology seemed to be most secure, and most free from the disturbances of fanciful speculations, was assumed to

be that in which its facts and laws could be ascertained with objective accuracy. Introspection was confessedly excluded from the presentation of such results. Experimental methods offered better promises under the prestige of success in other fields, and the familiar conceptions which the idea of invariable mechanical law promulgated, in direct antithesis to the free causation of consciousness and volition, readily persuaded the mind, in its love of unity, to comprehend in the range of physical sequence and dependence the residual phenomena of knowledge which had before appeared outside the province of material conditions. In this way an irresistible, and perhaps unconscious, tendency to materialistic views has accompanied the reaction against introspective psychology.

We have presented the purely psychological aspect of the tendency under consideration, and now turn to the origin and extension of experimental methods in mental science. Here again we meet the influence of Kant, who, singularly enough, may be deemed the source of the modern view which in many minds is expected to supplant transcendental idealism. This is making a Nemesis of his psychology to destroy his metaphysics. In classifying the characteristics of experience, that philosopher remarked two general properties belonging to it. They were its *extensity* and its *intensity*. In the "Axioms of Intuition," he noted that all experience represented *extensive magnitudes*; that is, consisted of phenomena in the forms of time and space. It, therefore, possessed commensurable *quality*. In the "Anticipations of Perception," he observed that all experience represented *intensive magnitudes*, or degree; that is, was a phenomenon with the characteristic of intensity. Experience thus possessed commensurable *quantity*. The suggestion of commensurability was enough. Herbart seized upon it and made a step in advance. He sought to ascertain a mathematical relation, although in the most abstract way, between two assumed intensities in experience, where one was struggling to supplant or suppress the other. Here was an attempt to apply mathematics to psychology, and to obtain results as definite as in the mechanical sciences, which traditional views had separated from the mental sciences by the very characteristic of mathematical applications in the former alone. Although applied only to intensive magnitudes, it was not long in finding its relation to the extensive; namely, space-perception and physiological time. The "sum of arrest" was the formula of Herbart's doctrine, and in seeking to express the real or imaginary point at which this quantity-

vanished into zero, or the unconscious, he gave rise to the conception of a "threshold" (*Schwelle des Bewusstseins*), which served as a convenient position from which to reckon the relation between the amount of stimulus and the intensity of sensation. Although not himself experimenting upon this, the natural outcome of his conceptions could have been easily predicted. Weber and Fechner, instead of conducting the problem in the speculative and abstract form it assumed with Herbart, began to experiment in order to determine the ratio between stimulus and sensation, with results which need not be detailed here.

It suffices to know that certain mathematical relations and formulas were approximately ascertained, and afforded a strong presumption for exact methods in a sphere from which they had hitherto been excluded. Experimental investigation of space-perception, visual, tactual, and aural, soon followed; then physiological time, including reaction and association time. The analysis of sound, overtones, rhythm in hearing, and optical phenomena of every conceivable character, became the subject of inexhaustible inquiry on the part of Helmholtz, Wundt, and others. With astonishing rapidity, the general method involving physiological inquiry was pushed into the question of motor and reflex actions, the localization of mental functions, dreams, illusions, hallucinations, sensorial activity in after-images, hypnotism, epilepsy, aphasia, paranoia, insanity, and morbid mental and nervous phenomena of all kinds that promised to be experiments of nature's own, and that could not be artificially produced. Under the same methods and impulse has appeared careful scientific inquiry into "mind-reading," "thought-transference," telepathy, slate-writing, ghost-hunting, and spiritualistic phenomena generally. The "new psychology" may have no right to the monopoly of such subjects; but the thorough and earnest way in which it has gone to work with them, after accepting the challenge to investigate them, will impress the general mind with its exclusive right to the honors and rewards of success. But many do not appreciate the tendency represented in the appropriation of morbid phenomena, and those "unexplored remainders" which have been the fruitful appeal of philosophic quacks; so absorbed has been their curiosity in the discovery of new and interesting facts and explanations. The influence of its results will unquestionably be beneficial, but there is a concealed concomitant tendency, which would diminish the applause in its favor, were many who welcome

the new departure conscious of what it means. Some facts will be necessary to make this evident.

The materialistic tendency of the "new psychology" appears in two different aspects of the subject—the psychological and the physiological. The first of these refers to the investigations in sensation, its quality and quantity, "perception," "apperception," "association," and "volitional time," with certain deductions which the influence of traditional methods will force upon opinion, whether they are legitimate or not. The second refers to neurological phenomena as conditions of consciousness, and the relation of morbid mental activities to the nervous system. We shall consider these in their order.

In the brief account which represents the rise and development of experimental methods, we observed that the sphere of such investigations was confined almost entirely to *sensation*. The only approach to higher psychical processes is in "reaction time," the "compass of consciousness," and the rhythm or "oscillation of apperception" (attention), as they are called by Wundt. In all these, however, there are two facts to remark, whose significance will be the subject of comment. *First*, the expression of results in mathematical terms and formulas, which at least insinuates, if it does not affirm, the application of mathematics to psychology; *second*, the interpenetration and interdependence of all mental phenomena, from the simplest to the most complex, so that they seem to form a compact whole of the same kind, and incapable of an analysis implying an independent existence for given units in it. That is, sensational and rational processes no longer seem to have that independence of each other which the psychology of Plato and Locke attributed to them. It will not be necessary to detail the significance of the first fact. Every one knows what associations are connected with the applications of mathematics, and that the controversy, not yet ended, about Weber's and Fechner's law of the ratio between stimulus and the intensity of sensation, involves the problem of materialism and mentalism at its basis. It may not rightly involve this; because it can be shown that the investigation proceeds in a way the inverse of that in the physical sciences, and possesses data which are incommensurable in terms of each other. Nevertheless, the sound of mathematics in psychology, from which it has been systematically excluded, has been enough to disturb old associations, without taking the pains to inquire about the method of their application. The

reduction of psychical processes to the formulas of physics has a very suspicious look about it, to those who have been accustomed to conceive, in the spirit of Cartesianism, a complete antithesis between mental and material laws. Mathematics gives a definiteness to such phenomena that associates them with the only phenomena which have hitherto been supposed capable of exact investigation; and hence the triumph of experiment in the field of sensation and physiological time seems just so much of a subtraction from the claims of mentalism, and a corresponding reinforcement for the physical view of the subject.

The second fact requires more particular notice. Opponents of materialism have placed much stress upon the distinction between sensation and thought. This grew out of Cartesianism where it was employed to express the difference between neural and psychical action, sensation being identified with the former, as in the case of animals, which were regarded as automata. Assured of this view, the mentalist depended entirely upon making good the existence of psychical functions "independent" of sensation, and so materialism was associated with every reduction of mental activity to modification of sense-products. Later psychology, however, does not identify sensation with neural functions, whatever the latter may do to condition it. Kantianism has connected it too closely with consciousness to admit of its classification with the subconscious processes of the material organism, even if it be finally explained as a *sui-generis* mode of motion in the nervous system. But nevertheless conceptions retain their implications long after their original import has passed into oblivion. So it has been with sensation, and hence a removal of the old distinction between it and thought would not at the same time overcome the materialistic associations traditionally connected with the change. The result seems a conquest in favor of physiology. To the idealist, of course, it does not seem so. But this theory has so many difficulties of another kind, and is so generally repugnant to the conception of physical science, that it does not command a large enough support to check the confidence and dogmatism of scientists. Besides, the results of discovery are claimed, and perhaps are too frequently admitted, to be all on the other side. The course of investigation, influenced by that conception of continuity which has been so fruitful in the theory of evolution, and by the doctrine of the conservation of energy, has shown a correlation between physiological and psychological functions which seems to



violate all the traditions of dualism. Then, the immanence and unity of consciousness in all psychical phenomena, showing the interpenetration of sensation and thought, or, in Kantian phraseology, the immanence of the "categories of the understanding," in experience, set at defiance all argument based upon the old formulas which express an antithesis between sense and intelligence. The issue of the controversy, therefore, depends entirely upon the question whether we can idealize sensation and retain the conceptions connected with a spiritual view of things, or whether we must sensationalize thought and accept the traditional implications charged to such a doctrine.

The continuity of all forms of mental activity, from the simplest to the most complex, can be briefly presented. For instance, a sensation is such only as it is known; it can exist only as a form of consciousness. To know it is to condition it by an intellectual as well as an external act. Perception, a necessary concomitant and constituent of it, involves the judgment of an object, of cause and effect, of its relation, perhaps, to previous states of consciousness. The sensation itself may vary in nature and intensity with the stress of attention, or with the modifying influence of association, habit, and excitement. Apart from the co-presence of such elements, we know not what the phenomenon is. To our knowledge, it is not determined in its character solely by the nature of the external stimulus. In addition to the specific energy of the nerves, the influences we have mentioned affect its content to such a degree that it is impossible to tell how much is sensational, and how much is intellectual or ideal. Then, also, we discover that it is impossible to have any state of consciousness without its accompaniment of interest and emotion. Every sensation and every state of mind has its quantum of pleasure and pain in one form or another. To be a state of consciousness also, they involve attention in a greater or less degree of concentration; now distributed, perhaps, over a large area of sensorial activity, and again converged upon a particular point of interest. Now, both schools of opinion agree that attention involves will and volition, at least so far as mere intellectual choice is concerned. Then, further, it is demonstrated that it can scarcely occur without more or less of an automatic tendency to motor activity. This is most clearly seen in binocular vision, where the variation of attention will affect the translocation of images, and motor sensations seem unavoidable. In

Wundt's theory of space perception,—founded upon a larger generalization than visual phenomena, and availing itself of the generally admitted fact that no mental action can take place without a corresponding and correlative influence upon the whole organism, perhaps noticeable in the variations of muscular tonicity, as attention is distributed or concentrated,—this continuity of sensorial and psychical functions is very clearly represented. The long-standing distinction between motor and sensory functions is broken down by the hypothesis of "central and innervation sensations," which are assumed to be "feelings of effort" and functions of the motor system, instead of the sensory, although perhaps not actual discharges of force upon the motor lines, but merely sensations inhibited from execution in movement. Then, again, reflex activities are constantly correlated and combined with the voluntary, as in breathing, winking, walking, swallowing, and in less manifest cases, so that it is impossible to tell where one begins and the other ends. Thus the passage from sensation to motor reaction through ideational states, through intellection, interpretation, association, emotion, desire, interest, attention, and volition, is such a continuum of interconnected phenomena that they seem merely the same function in different moments of its progress. Here we have to conceive a kind of neuro-psychical endosmose and exosmose, in which all activities constitute such a continuous series of mutually involved contents that there seems to be no point at which the transition from one event to the other can be described as abrupt. The metamorphosis is one in which all the media and all the forces constitute a homogeneous continuum for changes which, although they seem distinct functions in the life of different centres of the organism, are nevertheless only different moments of the same activity at different points of application. The apparent distinctions are only abstractions, which serve the convenient purpose of evading the confusion that might be contingent upon the identification of one moment of its progress with another.

If, in connection with these facts, we consider the violence done to old formulas of speculation, which conditioned the integrity of mentalism upon the independent existence of rational activities, and also recognize the present disposition to grant a prior importance to sensation, with its affinities of organic functions and its conditioning relation to knowledge, we shall see very clearly why psychology is threatened by a reaction in favor of materialistic views. This is made

still clearer, when we observe the mysterious imitations of intelligence in the phenomena of hypnotism and somnambulism, where we seem to be thrown upon the resources of neural activities to account for them, because the functions of consciousness cannot be assumed; and when we take into consideration the overwhelming tendency of the scientific mind to reduce a consequent more or less to terms of its antecedent, especially if the connection can be expressed in some mode of motion. Now, it is admitted by both schools that neural phenomena are the conditions of all psychical agency. If, then, consciousness is to be explained by reducing it to some action like that which is supposed to be its condition, it becomes only a modified form of neural functions in a series of events differing only in degree, and materialism is established. Everything depends upon the question whether we shall view the problem as a mechanical or a dynamical one.

It is here that the conception of psychology as "the science of the phenomena of consciousness," substituted for that which makes it "the science of the soul," betrays the consequences which are concealed beneath an apparently harmless exterior. Although it may not prejudice the supposition of an immaterial or spiritual subject to those who are firm in their conviction of its existence, it does imply, when carefully scrutinized, a mental attitude of less certainty about *what* the subject is than about the facts to be explained. It does not require long for such a position to develop into the agnostic one in regard to the *nature* of the subject, although the fact that there must be a subject may be as well certified as the existence of the phenomena. But with the scientist, who is not always consistent enough to adhere strictly to the positivistic conception of the "science," and who can no more evade metaphysical conceptions and entities than his much berated and belabored double, the metaphysician, agnosticism does not long remain an acceptable creed. Having to deal with matter, which, in spite of all attempts to define and consider it as a *phenomenon*, turns up in thought and scientific theories as a *noumenon* (atom, molecule, body, brain, nerves), he finds in this substance a ready receptacle for any and all functions and phenomena. Its constancy and tangibility in the flux of phenomenal changes, its convenience as a standard of reference, the inability to eliminate certain organized forms of it without suppressing consciousness, while the last may be suppressed and the material organism remain,—all these accord with the generally accepted maxim of in-

vestigation which affirms, as the cause and ground of given phenomena, that element which uniformly conditions them, and may survive their transient existence. Matter steps in for its share of consideration here, and, along with manifold corroborative incidents, such as the relation between the quality and quantity of the brain and the amount of intelligence, the localization of mental functions, etc., which seem to obtain accumulative force as investigation progresses, comes to the front with an assurance that frightens all other claimants into submission. The mere habit of assuming matter as the object of reference for phenomena tends to confer upon it a monopoly of explanatory functions, and all other competitors either disappear, from neglect, or are taken up by its remorseless grasp to be mere satellites and dependents of its power. This tendency is immensely reinforced by the necessity of admitting a large sphere for the direct influence of organic functions, which sustains the habit of conceiving a prior importance for the material organism. Having once divested ourselves of the presumptions from dualism, we unexpectedly discover that we are at the mercy of a monism which, in whatever form it appears, seems alike fatal to a satisfactory system of mentalism.

So much for the purely psychological aspects of the question. We turn next to the second and physiological. Here we have to meet with the tendency as it is affected by a still narrower conception of psychology as a "science." It is no longer a question regarding the general problem,—namely, the nature and relations of psychical phenomena as they affect the larger interests of life and thought,—but only a particular part of it, which is predisposed to ignore the wider import of the subject, and to usurp for the physical conditions of mental states the whole function and significance of the science. All the sciences, and more especially that of psychology, have at least three aspects defining their functions—the ætiological, the nomological, and the ethological. The narrower conception which we have intimated is confined to the first of these, the ætiological. This function of the science is to inquire into the causes of phenomena. The two chief problems of knowledge are constituted by the inquiries into *what* things are and *why* they are. The last seeks an explanation, or an adequate reason for their existence, and hence is occupied with their *causes*. It is this which attracts far the greatest interest in speculation, and at present to such an extent as to overshadow all others. The physical sciences seem to be occu-

pied with nothing else, and, taking their preconceptions from the methods and aims of those scientists, psychologists are, many of them, dominated by no other consideration than the origin and causes of mental phenomena. Starting, then, with the view in general that science is exclusively employed in the investigation of causes, psychology is assumed to be concerned solely with the conditions of consciousness, or of all forms of mental experience which are conveniently classified under that term.

In taking this view, we may attempt either to ascertain the nature of the *subject* of such phenomena, or to investigate the physiological conditions and functions which are, at least, the invariable concomitants, or, perhaps, correlates, of conscious activity. These alternatives correspond to the dynamical and the mechanical aspects of causality. But as long as no distinction is drawn between these, and as long as the conception of psychology leaves it an open question in regard to what the subject of consciousness is, these two alternatives may involve identical results; and hence the search for the condition and the origin of mental phenomena may terminate in a conclusion about the nature of their subject. For it is claimed, on the one hand, that the mere fact of consciousness does not guarantee whether it is or is not a mode of molecular motion, or of cerebral function, or the attribute of a spiritual being, and, on the other hand, that the correlation and continuity of physiological with the so-called psychological phenomena are a presumption in favor of their classification with the physical; especially as ætiological considerations assign the priority of existence and causal influence to physical conditions and functions. Now, all tendencies have conspired to emphasize the importance of physiology, and especially neurology, in the problem, and the fruitful labors of such men as Ferrier, Hitzig, Goltz, Exner, Luciani, Donders, Delboeuf, Wundt, Du Bois Reymond, and many others, have given so much encouragement to investigation of this kind that we have, at least for the time, no choice but to await the results of the new impulse. But, having once assumed the physiological aspect, and having once submitted its problem to neurological tests, psychology will not issue from the laboratory without a taint of the materialism from which it has had so much to fear. We even now are beginning to see, in the bold announcements of a few scattered specialists, or enthusiasts for a change of basis, a tendency to make the science a department of physiology; as in the case of a

recent writer who roughly urged "the banishment of psychology into that limbo into which theology has long ago been exiled."

The protest which can be entered against a purely physiological view of the subject, and in favor of a sphere for introspection, comes from the nomological and ethological aspects of it. The former comprises the laws of psychological action and the classification of its phenomena, as they come within the ken of consciousness, and independently of any knowledge about their local origin and conditions. In this we need not estimate their causes, but may rest content with ascertaining what they are as components of a system of events, and so endeavor to comprehend them in some formula representing the uniformity of coëxistence and sequence. Their classification in a rational system, and reduction to some general form of consciousness, with the subordinate laws of association, logical connection, judgment and interpretation, attention, etc., may be conducted without reference to their physiological conditions. This fact, also, has more significance than is usually assigned to it. But we shall not urge it to the full extent of its meaning. It suffices to indicate that psychology has for its object to determine the *laws* of sensation, of memory, of association, of reasoning, of emotional feeling, of attention, of desire, and of volition, as well as their causes. Within this sphere there is place for the *psychological explanation* of experience. We have the support of J. S. Mill in such a view, and he will not be accused of prejudice in favor of the "old psychology."

Then, again, there is the ethological aspect of the science, by which we mean those conceptions of psychological phenomena that have a bearing upon the ethical sciences, and that can be determined neither by physiology nor experiment in the later sense of that term. Of these relations, introspective methods are the sole determinant. And, in addition, there is the vast sphere of investigation that comprises the *meaning, the interpretation, and the validity* of mental phenomena, which concern every sphere of thought and condition, whatever conclusions may be reached by physiology.

Moreover, it can be objected to the purely ætiological conception of the subject, that the physical antecedents and conditions of phenomena do not determine one characteristic of those phenomena as objects of knowledge. They cannot be deduced from the nature of their antecedent physiological conditions. The tendency to suppose so, or to conduct inquiry and discussion with implications to that effect, originates from confusing *efficient* with *material* causes

—that is, *occasional* with *functional* influences,—so that the order of dependence for the existence of mental manifestations as facts, comes to be taken for the nature of those phenomena, considered in respect of their character. By this we mean that the difference between efficient and material causes indicates the difference between the *mechanical* production of a series of events without reference to the subject in which they occur, and the *dynamical* exercise of a function in the subject to make each event *what* it is in distinction from any other. The former determines *that* a thing shall be, and operates *ab extra*: the latter determines *what* it shall be, and operates *ab intra*. In other words, every effect, or phenomenon, must have both its *cause* and its *ground*, or its *causa fiendi* and its *causa essendi*. If, therefore, we can urge the finality and importance of this distinction, and if we can confine all physiological functions and conditions to the sphere of mechanical causes, there will remain the possibility of seeking the subject of consciousness elsewhere,—perhaps in the “unit being” of Lotze, the “monad” of Leibnitz, or the “soul” of Descartes,—as an agent capable of its own activity and having its own peculiar laws. Thus mental phenomena will be the effect of dynamical causes, and physiological functions, although the antecedents and correlates of consciousness, will neither constitute it nor determine what its subject is.

But it is precisely at this point, where the victory to the mentalist seems possible or assured, that the “new psychology” will propose the gravest difficulties. The distinction between mechanical and dynamical causes will not help us, so long as the organism is considered as the *subject* of anything at all, and so long as we adopt the phenomenological definition of psychology, which does not necessarily involve a judgment in regard to the nature of the subject of consciousness. For the suspension of all positive decision in regard to what the ground of consciousness may be, implies, as we have explained, that it is open to consideration; and the admission, which is the unanimous verdict of all parties to the controversy, that the organism is the subject of neural phenomena, creates a presumption in favor of its possibilities in the direction of materialism, which are not excluded by the definition of psychology. In other words, the physicist will ask: “But what if the organism or the brain is the subject of consciousness?” In this he presents an hypothesis to explain the facts. He will admit fully that the chasm between neural and psychical activity, so-called, remains the same and is as great under

materialistic as under spiritistic views. The incommensurability of the two in comparison with each other, or of the one in terms of the other, is like that of thought and extension in the system of Spinoza, although they were modes of the same subject. He will admit that physiological functions, as they are known, have only the relation of a mechanical and foreign cause to psychological phenomena. But he will at the same time maintain that the correlation of the two (like the correlation of weight and color in matter, which are inherent in the same subject, although they are different and mutually exclusive properties) may imply, or be more consistent with, the hypothesis that psychical activities are only a *different* function of the same organism as that of the neural. All the associations of the physical sciences, and the priority of importance assumed for physiological causes, will rush in to reënforce this tendency, and, in spite of all pretensions to ignorance about the nature of things, the organism, from being the constant centre of reference, will come to be regarded as the ground of consciousness.

It is an easy step from the mediating to the creating influence of brain-centres, and when we can explain the *origin* of consciousness by brain-activity, there will be little resistance to the supposition that its *nature* is constituted by it also, no matter whether such a conclusion be legitimate or not. In fact, with this school, the term "psychology" is fast becoming a synonym for the study of brain-functions. Neurology is its point of orientation for all psychical phenomena and their significance. All its energies and investigations are absorbed in the localization of brain activities, the atrophy of certain centres from disuse or disease, the disturbances and lesions that occasion epilepsy, paranoia, aphasia, and insanity in its various forms, from hallucinations to madness. The extirpation of cerebral masses, the artificial stimulation of the nerves, experiments with anæsthetics and narcotics, autopsies upon idiots and the insane, physiological speculations and experiments in hypnotism, experiments upon the rhythmic and periodic correspondences between consciousness and the character of external stimuli and neural processes, the introduction of chemical analogies into the process of vision and the perception of colors,—all these and other methods of experiment applied to the nervous system, along with their invariable influence upon the phenomena of consciousness, exercise a cumulative force upon ordinary minds which is irresistible. Constant familiarity with the analogies of physiology and neural ac-



tivities extinguishes sympathy for all but physical causes, and the apparently unprogressive character of introspective methods, compared with the fruitful and multiplied discoveries of physiological inquiry, presents a state of things which overpowers all interests in favor of the "old psychology." It stands paralyzed in the presence of the confidence bestowed upon empirical and extrospective inquiry. Students are drawing their enthusiasm from the spirit of the new movement, and prudently abstain from speculative controversy where it would only flaunt a red flag in the face of their opponents. Nevertheless, the tendency marches resistlessly to its goal, and insidiously undermines many cherished beliefs of those who innocently harbor its methods and preconceptions. It does not require an avowal of its nature, or a profession of it, for materialism to effect its conquests. It may achieve its victory under any other name whatever, and will leave behind only the evidences of cowardice or hypocrisy on the part of those who had not the courage or the honesty to acknowledge the real nature of the problem.

Nor will any rational mind be deceived by the attempt to evade the tendency to materialism by claiming that we do not know what matter is, as if this had to be decided before any legitimate hypothesis could be entertained in regard to the relation between consciousness and the organism. It is not necessary to decide whether an object is gold, or a sunflower, or an orange, before we can believe that its yellow color is a property of it. The relation between a phenomenon and its subject can be determined without any reference whatever to the category under which that subject shall be placed: so that the pretensions to ignorance about the ultimate nature of matter are only an evasion of the issue, and will deceive nobody but the uneducated. But the present discussion does not undertake to correct existing tendencies. We have no desire to challenge a debate, but only to awaken some consciousness of the movements in the intellectual atmosphere that must be reckoned with in philosophy. There is no use to raise the cry of alarm, or to revive old animosities; for present tendencies will have their course. But it is important for those who wish to meet them, to realize their source, and, more especially, the fact that there is no way to meet them effectively, except by an inside acquaintance with the phenomena and the methods of physiological science.

J. H. HYSLOP.

## IRISH HOME RULE AND ITS ANALOGIES.

It is the first, but the most neglected, of all rules of discussion, that it is well, in any controversy, for each disputant to be quite sure as to what he means himself, and to be as nearly sure as he can be as to what is meant by the other side. It may be that, if this simple precept had always been followed, a good deal of controversy might have been spared altogether. It is certain that a good deal of controversy might have been carried on in a more rational way than it has been. Yet experience shows that the precept is a hard one. For to obey it involves thought, and clearness of thought; and thinking, specially clear thinking, involves a certain amount of trouble; it is much easier to respect a formula which has a good sound, and the utterance of which may do instead of thinking. To say nothing of the harder task of finding out what the other side means, to be quite sure what you mean yourself calls for at least an attempt to make your words conform to your thoughts. It may even call for an attempt to make your thoughts conform to facts. And those two processes combined are by many found so hard that, instead of undertaking them, it is a relief to hurl the name of "pedant" at those who do undertake them. A man, for instance, talks big about "Imperial Federation." You ask him what he means by it. You say, perhaps humbly, that the words, when so brought together, give you no meaning. You know what "federation" means; it means a certain form of union of political bodies on equal terms. You know what "imperial" means; it is the adjective of "empire," and "empire" means the dominion of one political body over another. You ask how, then, there can be such a thing as "Imperial Federation"; you ask how what is federal can be imperial, how what is imperial can be federal. The answer you commonly get is to be reproached for "pedantry" in attaching importance to words when you ought to be attending to things. Yet, as long as words are the only way of expressing things, our attention to things must take the shape of an attention to words. The case is a hard one; it is only by the accurate use of words that facts can be expressed, and the accurate use of words is ruled to be "pedantry." It is much easier

to talk about "Imperial Federation" than to tell anybody what "Imperial Federation" is. The words sound so grand and big that it is a pleasure to use them, while it would be dry and pedantic work to try to see whether they have any meaning.

But my present subject is not "Imperial Federation," though it is a subject which has a certain connection with it. I will leave "Imperial Federation" with one remark only. Confusion of language has gone so far that I have known the United States of America described as "a great empire;" sometimes even with amusing definiteness as the "Western Empire." I have seen it so called in print; I have heard it so called in talk; and when I have heard it so called in talk, I have sometimes startled the speaker by asking whether the Federal Constitution had been abolished and Grover Augustus proclaimed Emperor. So I have seen in print, in a writing by one who ought to have known better, the word "imperial" systematically applied to that class of American affairs which are now commonly called "national," but which five-and-twenty years ago were called "federal." In all such cases the words are used simply to sound big, without any thought of their meaning. Now, to speak of the United States as an "empire," and of its affairs as "imperial," is very foolish in point of language; it may lead to further confusions and misapprehensions, but it is not likely directly to mislead anybody. It is a real thing that is spoken of, though it is called by a wrong name. It is otherwise with the talk about "Imperial Federation." People use the formula till they think it must have a meaning; but when you ask what the meaning is, they cannot tell you; only they get angry with you for asking, and thereby bringing to light the nakedness of the land.

My immediate subject, then, is certain aspects of the question of "Home Rule," whether in Ireland or anywhere else. As in the case of "Imperial Federation," as in the case of anything else, the first stage in dealing with such a question is fully to understand what we mean by "Home Rule." Now, to judge by their language, many of those who oppose Home Rule must conceive themselves to be opposing something quite different from what I understand by Home Rule, something quite different from what I conceive that most supporters of Home Rule understand by it. If this is not so, I must say that the arguments of many of the opponents of Home Rule are strangely disingenuous. Nothing is more common with them than to charge Home-Rulers with aiming at what they are pleased to call

the "disintegration of the Empire." Sometimes it becomes, one degree more intelligibly, the "*dismemberment* of the Empire"; but "disintegration," as being the longer and harder word, seems to be the favorite. Now, if a man talks about "disintegration of the Empire" in a meeting of his own side, he is quite certain to get a cheer. But the cheer is given simply because the words sound big and have a general air of meaning something dreadful; not because they carry with them any distinct idea. The word "disintegration," like the word "Mesopotamia," may have about it something of "sweetness," but it assuredly has nothing of "light." We may guess that "the Empire" is a big way of talking of the Queen's dominions; we may guess that "disintegration" is a big word, if not for breaking in pieces, at least for taking away, and that the formula of "disintegration of the Empire," when done into English, means the depriving the Queen of some part of her dominions. Now, as I understand Home Rule, as I believe most Home-Rulers to understand it, no Home-Ruler has made any proposal to deprive the Queen of any part of her dominions. Under Mr. Gladstone's scheme, at any rate, the Queen would have remained as much Queen of Ireland as she is now. Nor do I know of any Home-Ruler who has proposed, under the name of Home Rule, any scheme by which the Queen would cease to be Queen of Ireland. Some schemes of Home Rule might propose the breaking-up of the United Kingdom, though Mr. Gladstone's scheme did not propose even that. Home Rule, therefore, may imply, but need not imply, the "disintegration"—if anybody likes the big word—of the United Kingdom. But when people talk about "the Empire," we generally understand something more than the United Kingdom—namely, the whole of the Queen's dominions. Those dominions no scheme of Home Rule proposes to dismember or to cut short in any way. To speak, therefore, of Home-Rulers as seeking "the disintegration of the Empire" implies one of two things. He who uses the words is either, wittingly or unwittingly, bringing a false charge, or else he is simply using big words because he fancies they sound fine, without stopping to think whether they have any meaning or not.

Now, the question what Home Rule is, is quite distinct from two other questions with which it often gets confounded. It is quite distinct from the question what Home Rule is likely to lead to, in the long run. It is quite distinct from the question whether some people who propose to be aiming at Home Rule may not really be

aiming at something else. It is perfectly possible that some of those who seek for Home Rule may seek for it because they think that it is, in the end, likely to lead to complete separation. It is, moreover, perfectly possible that Home Rule may, in this or that case, really have a tendency to lead to complete separation. This last proposition has nothing to do with the nature of Home Rule in itself; it has a great deal to do with the question whether Home Rule should be set up in any particular time or place. By separation we understand the complete parting asunder of two political bodies, so that they become altogether independent states; as when the United States were separated from Great Britain, when Belgium was separated from the Netherlands, when the Kingdom of Greece was separated from the dominions of the Turk. Now, Home Rule is in idea quite distinctive from separation in this sense, and experience shows that it does not necessarily lead to separation. But it is perfectly possible that it may lead to it in some cases; it is perfectly possible that Ireland is a case in which it is likely to lead to it. If, therefore, a man believes that complete separation between Great Britain and Ireland would necessarily be a bad thing, and if he further believes that the grant of Home Rule to Ireland would necessarily lead to such separation, then he does perfectly right to oppose Home Rule on that ground. But he can oppose Home Rule on that ground—that is, he can tell us his reasons for thinking that separation must be bad and for thinking that Home Rule must lead to separation—without misrepresenting the nature of Home Rule, without talking nonsense about the “disintegration of the Empire.” The state to which I, at least, wish to bring the question is this. Let us first settle what we mean by Home Rule, specially by Home Rule for Ireland. This is all that I propose to attempt in the present article. When we have settled this point, we shall be better able to discuss the further question, Is Home Rule, in the particular case of Ireland, likely to be a good thing or a bad?

As to the possible motives of certain people, that is a thing which we really cannot go into at either stage. We can judge whether what men say and do is good or bad, wise or foolish; what motive leads them to say or do it is really their own affair. But one may safely say this: if a man seeks for Home Rule in the hope that it will lead to separation, and at the same time says openly that he does not wish for separation, he is clearly acting dishonestly. But there is no dishonesty in seeking an immediate object in the

hope that it may lead to some further object ; nor is it always necessary to avow that further object. All that is needed is that he who seeks the immediate object should honestly believe that that immediate object is in itself a good one, even though chiefly valuable as leading to something better. Otherwise he brings himself under the condemnation of those who do evil that good may come. But it proves nothing against those who are seeking a thing from one motive, that some other people may possibly be seeking the same thing from some other motive. Nor does it prove anything against the object itself that some people who are seeking it may have spoken or acted in a way which some others who are seeking it may disapprove or even abhor. No political party—if all who seek the same political object are necessarily to be classed as forming one political party—ever was perfectly pure ; all have had some unworthy members ; all have been disgraced by some unworthy deeds and sayings. And it is hard, indeed, to carry on a popular movement against the existing law without committing some breach of the existing law.

But we have not yet defined Home Rule. Yet it is not hard to define it. It is the relation of a dependency managing its internal affairs for itself. I have been, before now, mocked at for saying this ; but it is none the less true. Home Rule implies dependence. On the face of it, it implies a connection with some other political body, and a measure of connection distinct from complete incorporation. And it implies further that that connection shall take the shape of dependence. We see this by common forms of speech. We never speak of Home Rule in cases where the political body is absolutely independent of every other. No one would say that the United States of America, or the Republic of France, or the Kingdom of Italy, was in possession of Home Rule. No one would say that Great Britain, as opposed to Ireland, was in possession of Home Rule. For all these have something much more than Home Rule—namely, complete independence. No one conceives the possibility of any other Powers having any measure of control over any of them. We use the name Home Rule only when we both conceive the possibility and acknowledge the fact that some other Power has a certain measure of control. Home Rule, on the face of it, means that the home affairs of the political body spoken of are managed at home, and not by some other Power outside. But the very form of words implies the possibility, the likelihood, that even their home affairs might be managed by some such outside Power. It does not deny—it rather

implies—that some other kind of affairs, which are not home affairs, actually are managed for them by some outside Power. In the case of the great Powers just mentioned, there is no outside Power that can be even conceived as managing anything for them; there is no need of saying that they have Home Rule—that is, that they manage their own affairs for themselves—because we do not conceive even the possibility of their having any of their affairs managed for them by any other people. The name Home Rule is, therefore, out of place where there is complete independence. But when we say that Canada or the Isle of Man possesses Home Rule in respect of Great Britain, when we say that Finland possesses Home Rule in respect of Russia, we imply that, while those political bodies manage their home affairs for themselves, there are other affairs which are managed for them by others. If we say that Ireland asks for Home Rule as regards Great Britain, or that Transylvania asks for Home Rule as regards Hungary, we imply an existing connection between the greater country and the smaller; we imply that the smaller country wishes the terms of that connection to be altered to its advantage; but we further imply that it does not wish the connection to be severed altogether. If we mean this last, we do not speak of Home Rule, but use other words. It would be perfectly true to say that Servia won for itself a large measure of Home Rule early in this century. As long as it acknowledged any superiority in the Turk, its condition was that of Home Rule and nothing higher; the Treaty of Berlin gave Servia the higher position; it changed Servian Home Rule into Servian independence. On the other hand, the Treaty of Berlin gave a certain measure of Home Rule to southeastern Bulgaria—what the diplomatists call Eastern Rumelia—and a larger measure to Bulgaria north of Balkan. Those lands, now united, are seeking to follow the example of Servia, and to change their Home Rule into complete independence. On the other hand, two states have within the present century been united with the Russian Empire on terms which we must certainly call terms of Home Rule. These are the grand duchy of Finland and the modern kingdom of Poland. In Finland a relation of Home Rule remains to this day, while the Home Rule of Poland was suppressed after the revolt of 1831. And when we get on further in our argument, we shall find that some most instructive lessons on the subject of Home Rule may be drawn from the lands which are now under the rule of the common sovereign of Hungary and Austria.

All the states which we have been speaking of as examples of Home Rule are, or have been, dependencies of some greater Power. But all have, or had, some measure of control over their own affairs. The constitutions of the several states differ widely ; the amount of Home Rule enjoyed in each case differs widely. Servia and Rumania had, as Bulgaria still has, princes of their own under the overlordship of the Sultan ; in the dependencies of Russia the Tsar himself was and is the immediate prince, though in another character from that of Tsar. Still, with all their differences, all come under a single class—that of dependencies with institutions distinct from those of the dominant Power, and largely managing their internal affairs. But we need not seek for our examples among men of other tongues than our own. The present and former dependencies of the Crown of England have had large experience of Home Rule at many times and in many shapes. To begin with the greatest case of all, the thirteen English colonies in North America enjoyed a large measure of Home Rule while they were still dependencies of the British Crown. The events which made them the United States changed their Home Rule into complete independence. Ireland itself, before 1782, may be said to have had a slight measure of Home Rule, which the events of 1782 changed into a special relation, neither Home Rule nor complete separation, of which we shall have to speak presently. Every colony of England which, whether by older or newer grant, has the right of managing its own internal affairs, stands to the mother country in the relation of Home Rule, and in no relation higher or lower. The institutions and legislatures of the Canadian and Australian colonies do, in purely internal matters, act all but as freely as the Ministry and Legislature of the United Kingdom. That is, they enjoy Home Rule in a very full measure. But they are still dependencies. The Government of Great Britain daily acts, in what it is the fashion to call “Imperial” affairs, in a way which does or may touch their interests, but without consulting their wishes. Nay, more, what is often forgotten, the Parliament of the United Kingdom can at any moment override the acts of the colonial legislatures, and may legislate for Canada and Australia by its own authority. The power is not likely to be exercised, but it should none the less be borne in mind that it has never been given up. It is a sleeping lion, but it may conceivably be awakened. And nearer to the ruling land, between Great Britain and the continent of Europe, between Great Britain and Ireland itself, are smaller islands



in which Home Rule is not a thing of to-day or yesterday, but the unbroken heritage of ages. There is the ancient kingdom of Man, shorn, to be sure, of its kingly title, but not incorporated in the kingdom which is held to take in both the greater islands on either side of it. That island, lying at nearly the same distance from England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, still stands apart from all of these,—part, indeed, of the dominions of the Queen of the United Kingdom, but not represented in its Parliament; still keeping its own ancient legislature and its own ancient laws. That island might seem to have been set where it is with the express object of giving the disputants for and against Home Rule the opportunity of studying Home Rule in the strictest sense, in a land which not only forms part of the dominions of their sovereign, but lies in the very midst of lands in another political state. Go also a little further; hard by the mainland of Europe lie other islands, other dominions of the Island Queen, where for ages past no condition but that of Home Rule has been dreamed of. The Norman Islands, Jersey, Guernsey, and their smaller fellows, that part of the Norman duchy which clave to its own dukes, that part whose people remained Normans and did not stoop to become Frenchmen, those islands which England never conquered, but whose sons once had a hand in conquering England,—they still abide, possessions of the English Crown, unrepresented in the British Parliament, still keeping their old Assembly, their old laws, their old tongue, anxious only to stay as they find themselves, knowing well how much they would lose, and how little they would gain, if they were to change their immemorial state for that either of an English shire or of a French department. These islands, the Scandinavian kingdom, and the Norman duchy, are examples of Home Rule on a small scale and near to the British shores, just as Canada and Australia are examples on a large scale and at a vast distance from the kingdom which claims their allegiance. But in all, far and near, great and small, the political relation is that of Home Rule in the very strictest sense. Canada and Australia, the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, are all dependencies. None of them, the great as little as the small, has any standing-ground in the face of other nations; all have their relations of war and peace settled for them by men in whose appointment they have no voice, and over whose actions they have no control. But all of them, the small no less than the great, have the management of their internal affairs; they have their own laws and assemblies; and

though no English lawyer, at least, doubts that the British Parliament can at any moment legislate for any of them,\* they must at least be legislated for separately and deliberately; they cannot find themselves suddenly bound by some general act which in no way suits them. They would assuredly not gain by exchanging their separate, if subordinate, legislatures for the right of sending one or two representatives to the British Parliament.

All these, then, are essentially examples of Home Rule as above defined; they are examples of the dependent state—the state which manages its own internal affairs, but has its relations to the world in general fixed for it by another power. There are a good many of them all over the world; specially there are a good many of them within the dominions of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland is emphatically a Home-Rule sovereign. Setting aside her immediate Kingdom in Europe, whose free constitution takes another shape; setting aside her barbaric, “Empire” in Asia, which has no free constitution at all; setting aside a mere military post, here and there—everywhere else in the rest of her vast dominions in Europe, in America, in Africa, in the continents and islands of the Southern Ocean, Home Rule is the received political state. Here it is held by a small community, here by a great one; here it is held by immemorial right, here by a wise concession of our own day; but everywhere, great and small, old and new, Home Rule is the accepted constitution. The colonies and other dependencies of the British Crown are, with the exceptions above given, free in their internal management, dependent in their relations towards other Powers. So Man and Guernsey have ever been; so Canada and New Zealand have become within our own memories. Home Rule is, in fact, the common state of the Queen’s dominions, wherever there is no special reason for some other state. Such a reason is found in the dominant land of Great Britain; it is found in the subject land of India. Elsewhere free dependence is the rule. And yet we are told that, if this familiar state of things should be extended

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\* I put it in this form because one would really like to know why and on what grounds the English Parliament first claimed to legislate for the Norman Islands. Such a claim is perfectly intelligible in the case of a *province*, whether a colony or a conquered country. But the Norman Islands were neither a colony of England nor a land conquered by England; they were a land held by the King of England, but not in his character of King of England. Except the very important reason that England was great and Jersey small, there seems no reason why the Parliament of England should legislate for Jersey any more than why the state of Jersey should legislate for England.

to one land more, if a part of the so-called United Kingdom wishes to exchange its position as a formal member of the dominant community for the position of a free dependency of the dominant community, then all kinds of horrible things are to happen. The "Empire," whatever the "Empire" is,\* is not "disintegrated" or "dismembered" or anything of the kind, by the fact that some parts of it have always had Home Rule, or by the fact that some other parts have received it more lately. Man may keep Home Rule; New Zealand may receive it; but say a word about extending the same political condition to Ireland, and we are at once overwhelmed with floods of that kind of rhetoric of which the use of words like "empire" and "disintegration" is the main feature.

As yet we are only working out our definition of Home Rule; as yet we need take heed only of such objections as in some way touch that definition. We are told, for instance, that analogies drawn from the Isle of Man or from the Australian colonies do not apply. Man is too small to prove anything; Australia is too far off. This kind of argument may be reasonable, at least in form, in a later stage of the discussion; but we have not as yet reached that stage. Our present stage is to show that Home Rule is essentially the same political condition in Man, in Australia, and in Ireland; the question how far we can make any practical inference from one to the other may come some other time. We are not as yet debating whether Home Rule is likely to work well or ill in Ireland; we are only trying to show what Home Rule is, that it is nothing monstrous, nothing new, but something with which large parts of the Queen's dominions have long been familiar. At this stage we are met by a denial of our main position; we are told that the Home Rule sought for in Ireland is something quite different from any which exists in any of the British colonies or other dependencies. I was, myself, not very long ago, in a very respectable quarter, charged

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\* I avoid the use of this fashionable name for the Queen's dominions, because it has no legal meaning and is vague and misleading. There is an "Empire" of India, legally so called, and "the Empire" would naturally mean India, just as "the Principality" means Wales, or "the Duchy" means Leicester, or "the Bishopric" used to mean Durham. But the word "Empire" has no other legal meaning, and it leads to confusion when we hear of the "Empire" as if it were a defined thing, with as clear a meaning as "parish," "shire," or "kingdom." It is a rhetorical flourish which has got to be used as a *quasi* legal form, though without any legal meaning. In one sense only is it accurate. The United Kingdom is an "imperial" state—a state exercising "imperium," or dominion, over the colonies and other dependencies. But this does not seem to be what is meant in the popular use of the word.

with gross ignorance for defining Home Rule as the relation of a dependency, because every Irish "Nationalist" scorns the very thought of dependence. Now, if by "Nationalists" are meant men who openly seek, not Home Rule, but complete separation, of them this would doubtless be true. But the present controversy is not about separation, but about Home Rule; of the distinction between the two lines of discussion I have already spoken. We have just now nothing to do either with hidden purposes or with more remote purposes; we have only to deal with the fact that Irish Home-Rulers, as a body, have accepted a proposal of which the dependence of Ireland is the very essence.

I refer to the measure of Home Rule which Mr. Gladstone brought into the House of Commons, but which he did not succeed in carrying. There is no need to discuss its details; the point with which we are concerned is that Mr. Gladstone's bill, at every stage and on every subject, asserted the dependence of Ireland in the strongest way. It proposed, in truth, to bring down an integral part of the ruling body, an integral part of the United Kingdom, to the level of one of its own dependencies. That was its formal shape: its practical object was very different; under the form of making Ireland a dependency of Great Britain, it proposed to give Ireland a far larger share of practical independence than it has at present. At present Ireland is, in theory, an integral part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Every political right which belongs to the people of Great Britain belongs, in theory, in equal measure to the people of Ireland. It is the common government of both islands, the common Parliament of both islands, that is to say, in truth, the people of both islands as a single whole, on whom the other dominions of the Queen throughout the world are dependent. Such is the theory. In practice, Ireland is far more thoroughly dependent on Great Britain than any colony which has a free constitution. The British Parliament, in which Canada is not represented, can at any moment legislate for Canada. But the exercise of the right is all but unheard of; as a matter of fact, Canada legislates for itself through its own elected legislatures. Ireland, being represented in the British Parliament, has no other legislature. The British Parliament alone legislates for Ireland, and it commonly legislates in opposition to the will of Ireland. That is to say, in all internal matters Canada has real independence under the guise of dependence; Ireland is really subject under the guise of equal union. This

is what is sure to happen whenever a greater and a lesser people, widely differing in interests and feelings, are artificially treated as if they were one people. The smaller people will always be outvoted; they are, therefore, worse off, they have smaller means of carrying their wishes into effect, than if they had a legislature of their own, however dependent. The vote of an Irish Parliament, even though the British Parliament could override that vote, would practically count for far more than the votes of those members of the British Parliament who represent Irish constituencies. In fact, experience shows that, in cases of such unequal union, the grant of free institutions at all is to the smaller nation a very doubtful gain. The smaller nation has really more chance of getting justice from a despot who is not utterly perverse than it has from a Parliament in which it is sure to be outvoted. A greater and a smaller community, having widely different feelings and interests, may live together successfully either under the tie of federation or under the tie of dependence. But the attempt to merge the two elements in a common whole means the practical subjection of the smaller. It has an air of promotion for the smaller; it is, indeed, in a certain sense, promotion for each individual in the smaller body; but it is practical subjection for the smaller body as a whole.

Ireland, then, is formally part of one whole with Great Britain, the whole called nominally the United Kingdom. It is united on equal terms. That is to say, the voice of each Irish representative, of each Irish elector, goes for as much as the voice of an English, Scottish, or Welsh elector or representative. Practically, Ireland, as a whole, is dependent on Great Britain,—far more dependent than Canada or Australia is. Canada and Australia can practically carry for themselves any measures that they wish for. Ireland cannot carry anything for itself; it can do nothing unless some party in Great Britain is ready to take up the Irish cause. That Ireland is practically dependent on Great Britain, or, rather, subject to Great Britain, that it is practically contented to be so subject, is shown by the commonest forms of daily speech. I have, over and over again, in writing of this matter, pointed out the way in which people in England habitually use such phrases as “*we* must govern Ireland,” “*we* must do so and so for Ireland;” I have even seen Ireland spoken of as “a land which, if *we* have not governed, *we* have at least owned” for so many hundred years. This last is the exact notion of the Roman province,—the land not only politically subject to the ruling

people, but held by them as their property, as an estate by its landlord. On the other hand, nobody says "*we* must govern" England or Scotland or Wales, or any part of those lands; no one says "*we* must govern" London or Yorkshire. And those who say "*we* must govern Ireland" would be a little amazed, if anybody in Ireland said back again "*we* must govern England" in such and such a way. This way of speaking is utterly contrary to the theory of the union between Great Britain and Ireland, according to which all parts of the United Kingdom have equal rights, according to which no one part can be said to "govern" any other part. But the facts are unlike the theory, and common speech adapts itself to the facts, and not to the theory. It may be doubted whether those who say "*we* must govern Ireland" would say "*we* must govern Canada;" for they feel that, as a matter of fact, "*we*"—that is, the people of Great Britain—do not govern Canada, while, as a matter of fact, "*we*" do govern, or at least try to govern, Ireland. That is to say, Canada, under the guise of dependence, is (in its internal affairs) practically independent; Ireland, under the guise of equal union with Great Britain, is, in fact, a dependency of Great Britain.

This same fact of the dependent position of Ireland comes out in other ways as well as in popular forms of speech. It is an integral part of the United Kingdom, and yet, in one most important point, it is treated as a dependent province. It has the badge of the dependent, the provincial, relation—the existence of a governor.\* All governors, satraps, proconsuls, portes, and viceroys, are signs that the land which they are sent to administer is a dependent land. Each of them shows that the master which he represents has two lands to rule, that he cannot rule both in person, and that he therefore rules the least-esteemed by deputy. When the common King of Spain and Sicily ruled, himself, in Spain and sent a viceroy to rule in Sicily, it showed that Sicily was practically a dependency of Spain. So, as long as it is not found needful to send a Lord-Lieutenant into any part of Great Britain,† while it is found needful to send a Lord-

\* The American use of the word *governor* is different, but the way in which that use came about illustrates the position. The English colonies in America, "provinces" as they were often called, had governors, because they were dependencies. When they became independent, the governor changed from the representative of a distant sovereign into the elective magistrate chosen by the people. That he kept the old name shows the strongly conservative character of the American Revolution; we may doubt whether an absolutely new commonwealth would have thought of a title so strongly savoring of monarchy.

† The American reader must remember that the Lords-Lieutenant of counties in Great

Lieutenant into Ireland, this fact proclaims at once that Ireland is not really united with Great Britain on the same terms on which the different parts of Great Britain are united with one another. It proclaims that the United Kingdom is but a name, that the supposed equal union exists on paper only, that Ireland is, in truth, a separate, a dependent, land, which needs, while the different parts of Great Britain do not need, the separate administration of a dependency.

Now, what Mr. Gladstone's bill proposed to do was to acknowledge this fact of the dependent relation of Ireland, and, at the same time, to give Ireland, under the form of dependence, much the same practical independence as is enjoyed by Canada. The relation was not to be exactly the same, for Canada is no part of the United Kingdom, while Ireland, under Mr. Gladstone's bill, while unrepresented in the British Parliament and having, for special Irish purposes, a separate Parliament, was still to remain a part of the United Kingdom. The relation thus proposed was a somewhat singular and complicated one; but, at least, it proved one thing. Mr. Gladstone was so far from proposing the "disintegration of the Empire," that he did not propose even the "disintegration;" if that is to be the word, of the United Kingdom. Ireland was not only to remain part of the Queen's dominions; it was to remain part of the kingdom from which she takes her royal title. At the same time, Ireland was throughout the bill distinctly treated as a dependency; it was even made tributary,—a relation which may accompany dependence, but which is not implied in it.\* On the other hand, the dependent land got what it wanted,—the power of practically independent action in its own home affairs.

That the state of things here proposed does not seem hateful to strong supporters of the Irish cause is plain from the support which the Irish party gave to Mr. Gladstone's bill. How far any of them accepted his scheme of Home Rule as a half-way house on the way to separation, I know not; I cannot look into men's minds. And I

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Britain have nothing but the name in common with the Irish Viceroy. They are officers for certain defined purposes, not representatives of the Sovereign in general. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is such a representative; if his penal power has been cut short, that makes no difference; it is only as the penal power of the Sovereign has been cut short also.

\* The tributary relation may be either just or unjust. It is unjust to make Bulgaria pay tribute to the Turk, as money paid to the Turk will either be spent on his private pleasures or—what under the present Grand Turk is more likely—spent to strengthen his power of oppression over the nation still left under the yoke. But there is nothing unjust in the small payment which Andorra, the small commonwealth, pays to France, the great one, as an acknowledgment of French protection.

remember well a most instructive letter of Mr. T. P. O'Connor in the *Times*, two or three years back, which set forth the wishes of Ireland on the whole matter more clearly than I ever saw them set forth elsewhere. According to Mr. O'Connor, the wish of Ireland was to be as Canada. That Canada is a dependency no one can deny. And this dependency, which has no voice, direct or indirect, in any but its own internal affairs, and for which the Parliament of the United Kingdom may at any moment legislate, was chosen by Mr. O'Connor as the model which Ireland would be glad to follow. For Canada has the one thing which Ireland has not, and for which Ireland wishes: the independent management of its home affairs. For this, Ireland, according to Mr. O'Connor, would gladly exchange the seemingly higher position of being part of the dominant community, the United Kingdom. The Irish, he said, care nothing about what are called "Imperial affairs;" they are content to let the government and Parliament of Great Britain do as they may think good in the affairs of New Zealand and South Africa, in the affairs of Burmah and Afghanistan. The one thing that they want, is to do as they may think good, themselves, in the internal affairs of Ireland. They have no wish, he says, for representation in the British Parliament; what they wish for is a Parliament of their own. That Canada has and they have not. They would, therefore, be as Canada; they would be content to be dependent upon Great Britain in the general affairs of the world, provided they are independent in those affairs which touch Ireland only.

I cleave, then, to my definition of Home Rule as the relation of a dependency managing its own internal affairs, and I have not found that definition disapproved by either English or Irish Home-Rulers. Having thus seen what Home Rule is, it may be well to go on to see what it is not; the more so as a good many false analogies are afloat.

The relation of Home Rule, then, means something quite distinct from a Federal Union. It is clear that this is not always understood. It has often been explained in favor of Home Rule that it, or something like it, works well in the United States and in other Federal systems. The relation of the State to the Union seems to be mistaken for a relation of Home Rule. And, of course, it has thus much of likeness to Home Rule, that the State manages some classes of affairs for itself, while other classes of affairs in which the State is also interested are managed by another power. Canada may at any moment find itself bound by a declaration of war



or a treaty of peace of which it altogether disapproves and about which its opinion has not been asked. So may any State of the Union. But there is an all-important difference between the two cases. Canada is a dependency ; the State is not. The powers which manage those affairs in which Canada has an interest, but in which it has no voice, are powers altogether external to Canada,—powers which Canada has no voice in choosing, and over whose action it has no control. The powers which manage the affairs in which the State has an interest, but in which it has (as a State) no voice, are powers in the choice of which the State, by its Legislature or by the votes of its citizens, has a voice, and over whose actions it has some measure of, at least, indirect control. The powers which manage the external affairs of the whole British dominions are the Government and Parliament of the United Kingdom, bodies altogether external to every part of the British dominions except the United Kingdom. The powers which manage the external affairs of the United States are the President, Senate, and House of Representatives of the United States,—powers which cannot be called external to any State or any citizen of the Union. The powers which have been given to Canada, the powers which it was proposed to give to Ireland, were a grant from the Queen and Parliament of the United Kingdom, and a grant which, in theory at least, may be recalled. The like powers in the hands of a State of the Union are not a grant from any one ; they are that part of the powers of an independent commonwealth which the State kept to itself and did not give up to the Union.\* They cannot be recalled by any power, though they may be modified—increased or lessened—by a constitutional amendment, in making which the State itself has a voice. In other words, the powers held by a dependent community, however large, are held only by grant and on sufferance ; the powers held by the State in a Federal union, be they great or small, are held by inherent right. These distinctions must be obvious to every one in the United States ; they are by no means obvious to every one in England. Very many people in England have most confused ideas as to the nature of a Federal Union, and how utterly

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\* I am here speaking only of the relation of Canada (or any other dependent colony) to Great Britain ; but it would be easy to show that the so-called Federation of Canada is no such federation. Its members are not States, but only big municipalities. For they have only such powers as are formally granted to them ; all powers not so granted are kept by the central body. That is, the "reserved rights" are in the Union, not in the States. In other words, the States are not States at all, and the Federation is no true federation.

distinct it is from Home Rule. Both are so unlike anything to which they are used in their own island that they need to be shown that there is no analogy between the relation of communities which manage their own affairs, but which have no voice in choosing the power which is dominant over them in certain other affairs, and the relation of communities which not only manage their own affairs, but which also have a voice in choosing powers which are not dominant over them, but to which is intrusted the charge of certain other kinds of affairs. The former case is that of Home Rule; the latter is that of Federation; and a good deal of confusion of thought has come from not distinguishing between the two. One federal system may illustrate another, and one case of Home Rule may illustrate another; but, except in that very general way in which almost anything may happen to illustrate almost anything else, nothing can be proved for or against any political relation by illustrations which are drawn from a political relation which is quite unlike it.

Another class of false analogies is often drawn from another kind of relation which is also quite distinct from Home Rule, but which is also confounded with it. This is the case of two kingdoms or other states united under a common king, but each of them keeping its own laws and constitution and its separate administration. Such is the relation between Hungary and Austria, and between Sweden and Norway, at the present time; such, in form at least, was the relation between Great Britain and Ireland between the years 1782 and 1800. Now, there is a great temptation to confound this relation with Home Rule, because it has a tendency to become in practice a kind of Home Rule. It would hardly be untrue to say that, as the relation of Ireland to Great Britain since the year 1800 has been subjection under the form of complete union, so the relation of Ireland to Great Britain from 1782 to 1800 was Home Rule under the form of independence. Where two states are joined in this way, with a sovereign in common, but with nothing else in common, the smaller, however equal in form, can hardly fail to become practically a dependency of the greater. When the King of Spain was also King of the Two Sicilies, King of Sardinia, and Duke of Milan, his smaller states, as has been already pointed out, practically became dependencies of the greater.\* The King of Spain ruled in what he took to

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\* One might, indeed, carry this illustration further, into the relations of the other Spanish kingdoms to Castile. Still, Spain may be looked on as forming a whole in opposition to the other dominions of the Spanish King.

be the interests of Spain, not in the interests of Sicily or Milan. A Spanish viceroy was sent to Palermo; no Sicilian viceroy was ever sent to Madrid. And in such a union of constitutional kingdoms the difficulty is not less, but greater. A constitutional King of Great Britain, who is also constitutional King of Ireland as a separate kingdom, ought in theory to rule according to the wishes of the Ministry and Parliaments of both his kingdoms. And so he might rule in each in matters which touched that kingdom only. But in affairs which touch both kingdoms, the interests and wishes of the two might easily be different. In this case, it is quite certain that the common King would act according to the interests and wishes of the greater kingdom. That is, the lesser kingdom would be treated as a dependency. In fact, from 1782 to 1800 Ireland was a practical, though not an acknowledged, dependency of Great Britain; it was treated as such; it had the badge of dependence in the presence of a Lord-Lieutenant. And we might even say that from 1603 to 1707 Scotland was a practical, though not an acknowledged, dependency of England,\* and we might raise some curious questions as to its practical relations between 1707 and 1832. In this kind of union, be the king despotic or constitutional, he must think more of his greater than of his smaller kingdom. And from this it follows that the king of two formally independent kingdoms cannot be so strictly a constitutional king as the king of one only. He who has to receive advice, possibly conflicting advice, from two sets of ministers, cannot fail to have some measure of choice between them.

The supposed analogy of which we heard most in this matter of Home Rule for Ireland is the relation which, since the year 1867, has existed between the Kingdom of Hungary and the so-called "Empire" of Austria. Now, it so happens that at this moment no part of

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\* We must except, of course, the years in the middle of the century, when Scotland first appeared as a separate kingdom, trying at one time to force its King on an English commonwealth, and then as a conquered land incorporated with the English commonwealth. But from 1603 to 1638, and still more from 1660 to 1707, Scotland was something very like a practical dependency of England. It was so, though it was so wholly distinct from England that the two kingdoms might at any time have been separated, as Great Britain and Hanover afterwards were, by a King succeeding to one who was not the heir to the other. In such cases it makes a great contingent difference whether the two kingdoms are united, like Sweden and Norway, by some agreement which binds them always to have a common King, or whether, like England and Scotland in the seventeenth century, they are liable to be separated by the accidents of hereditary succession. But this is not a difference of very great moment while the union lasts. The smaller state has at least always to look out lest it be practically brought to a state of dependency. If so, its state may be practically one of Home Rule.

the world is so rich in real analogies bearing on the subject of Home Rule as the dominions of this common sovereign of Hungary and Austria. But those analogies are not to be found in the relations between Hungary and Austria. Certain of the facts of the case, and, still more, certain confusions of language, help to mislead men's minds on this matter. Ask any man who speaks of the relation of Hungary and Austria as a relation of Home Rule, which of those two lands has the Home Rule, which answers to Ireland and which to Great Britain, he will certainly say that it is Hungary that answers to Ireland. This is partly because the independence of Hungary is a recovered independence, partly because, in our lax way of speaking, we often use the word "Austria" so as to take in Hungary, while we never use the name "Hungary" so as to take in Austria. Now, whatever may be done in popular use, whatever may have been done even in official use at any time before 1804 and 1867, in present official use the words "Empire of Austria," whatever they mean, do not take in the Kingdom of Hungary and its dependencies—in formal phrase, its *partes annexæ*. The formal style to take in the two is the "Austro-Hungarian Monarchy." The "Empire of Austria" is, in fact, capable only of a negative definition; it takes in such parts of the dominions of the common sovereign of Hungary and Austria as he holds by some other title than that of King of the ancient kingdom of Hungary.\* Now, twenty-five years back, that ancient kingdom was not in the enjoyment of independence; it was not even in the enjoyment of Home Rule; it was held down as a conquered land under an unlawful tyranny. But, if it then had much less than Home Rule, it now has much more. It is now an independent kingdom, united under a common sovereign with Austria, but no more a dependency of Austria than Austria is a dependency of Hungary, and, in truth, enjoying—one part of its inhabitants at least—much more internal freedom than Austria. The relations between the two states might be called federal, only one somehow fancies that a federation, like a college, should have at least three members. Each state has, for its internal affairs, its own Ministry and Parlia-

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\* I once said that, after the analogy of the old Frankish and the old Lombard *Austria*, each with its companion *Neustria* (= *Not-Austria*), the present "Empire of Austria" would best be distinguished as *Nungary*. *Austria*, *Oesterreich*, *Eastria*—we used in English to call it *Ostrich*—is, I need hardly say, simply the *east part* of anything; in this case the east part of Germany. Still, it is very odd that Galicia and Dalmatia, seized on by Austrian princes under claims arising out of their character as kings of Hungary, were both added, not to Hungary, but to *Nungary*.

ment, while affairs common to the two states are seen to by the Delegations, a representative body containing members from each. The system must be a delicate one to work; but it does seem to work well in the two chief members, Hungary and Austria, themselves. But this union of two equal and independent states has nothing to do with Home Rule. We should see this at once, if any one should say that Austria enjoyed Home Rule as against Hungary. The confusion comes from the notion that Hungary is in some way inferior to Austria and that its rights are a grant from Austria. And it is further strengthened by the fact that this last notion is what we may call physically true. The present King of Hungary, partly by Russian help, destroyed the liberties of the kingdom of Hungary and reigned without lawful right till he became lawful King of Hungary in 1867. The liberties of Hungary, therefore, are restored liberties; they are in some sort a grant from a ruler of Austria. But that restoration, that grant, was simply the undoing of a wrong, the substitution of law for unlaw. One who was before a mere tyrant, ruling against law, became, by conforming to law, a lawful king. Hungary and Austria have come back to their lawful position as two equal states.\* There is, therefore, as against one another, no question of Home Rule in either of those states.

But the question of Home Rule in the dominion of the common sovereign of those two lands comes in by another path. It was not wholly by Russian help that the present King of Hungary obtained his unlawful possession of that kingdom in 1849. It was partly by the zealous help of certain classes of men within the kingdom of Hungary and its *partes annexæ*. Hungary had its dependencies, its subject races, and the laws of the kingdom, very favorable to the dominant people, were so unfavorable to the nation that they thought the unlaw of Austrian rule better than the law of the Hungarian kingdom. Whether their course was wise may be judged of by events. But the fact is clear that both Hungary and Austria were conquered for their present sovereign by the help, not only of Russia, but of the dependent lands and races of the Hungarian kingdom, by the help of the Slavonic and Ruman people of that king-

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\* This is yielding a good deal to Austria. One might ask whether a duchy but lately escaped from vassalage is entitled to take precedence of an ancient and independent kingdom, merely because it chooses to call itself (or something else) an "empire." That is, should not the form be "Ungarn-Oesterreich" rather than "Oesterreich-Ungarn"? Maria Theresa, till her husband was elected Emperor, was always called "Queen of Hungary" as her highest title.

dom and of its *partes annexæ*. It is in these *partes annexæ*, in the principality of Transylvania and the kingdom of Croatia, that the Home-Rule question really comes in. Transylvania has lost its ancient Home Rule altogether. Croatia keeps some measure of Home Rule, and what it keeps is threatened. The national struggle in Croatia is to keep what it has got; perhaps to add a little more. On the singular fact that the liberties of the nation which restored the present sovereign are threatened by the nation which drove him out, and which he conquered by their help, there is no need to enlarge now; it does not touch the question of Home Rule.

Bohemia, on the other hand, which counts as a part, not of the Hungarian, but the Austrian state, is asking for something more than Home Rule. It asks to be put towards Hungary and Austria in the same relation in which Hungary and Austria stand to one another. The ancient kingdom, whether we are just now to call it a dependency or a constrained member of a whole with which it has no fellow-feeling, demands its ancient rights. It asks for no separation from Hungary and Austria; it asks that the common ruler of Hungary, Bohemia, and Austria shall do by Bohemia as he has done by Hungary—that he shall make himself lawful king of Bohemia by a lawful coronation, and shall rule the land as a separate kingdom, according to its own laws. The three separate states, under a common sovereign, each independent in its separate affairs, but all united by the common Delegations for common affairs, would form a perfect federal monarchy. That Bohemians and Croatians are misrepresented and called names for seeking their rights is a matter of course; we are used to that. And, while it is to be borne in mind that in Croatia the question is essentially the same as in Ireland, while in Bohemia it is not quite the same, yet the movement in all three lands springs from the same spirit,—that national spirit which has been so marked a characteristic of the present age, and which is closely connected with the general advance of free government in the present age. The despot who rules over two or more nations, if they are not so physically separate that he has to send a governor to the lesser, may treat both equally well or equally ill. He is not of necessity driven to favor or to oppress one more than the other. Set up a constitutional government, and the nation which has the greater number gains all that is implied in constitutional government. But the lesser nation may very likely lose; its freedom may be merely nominal, when it is necessarily out-voted on all points

where its interests differ from those of the greater nation. In such a case it calls for some remedy, for some change which may make its freedom a real thing and not a sham. The remedy may take different shapes, according to circumstances. One people in such a case may seek complete separation; another may seek the relation which unites Hungary and Austria; another may seek for a tie yet more strictly federal; another may be satisfied with the relation which we are at present discussing—that of Home Rule. All these kinds of demands spring from the same source, and they all have something in common. But, as political relations, they should not be confounded or made the subject of false analogies. The success or failure of any one of them proves nothing as to the probable success or failure of any other.

And we must go on further and say that Home Rule is exactly like any other political relation, or any other form of government. Of none of them can we say that they are necessarily good or bad in all times and places; it is in the nature of things that any of them may be good in one time and place and bad in another. That Home Rule, or Federation, or any other system, has succeeded or has failed in one time or place, goes but a very little way to prove that it is likely to succeed or to fail in some other time or place. All that can be proved in this way about Home Rule, or about anything else, is that, if it has once succeeded, it may succeed again; if it has once failed, it may fail again. But when we hear so much declamation against Home Rule, as if it were something new and unheard of, something absurd and monstrous itself, it is of no small moment to show that Home Rule is a well-known political relation, which has existed in various times and still exists in various places, and that, if it has sometimes failed, it has also sometimes succeeded. When we hear declamation about Home Rule for Ireland as being a "disintegration of the Empire," and other such wonderful pilings of syllables, it is of no small moment to show that Home Rule for Ireland does not imply—that it, in truth, expressly forbids—any lessening of the Queen's dominions; that the particular form of it proposed by Mr. Gladstone did not even imply the lessening of the area of the United Kingdom. I am, myself, a convinced Home-Ruler; I was so for some years before Mr. Gladstone's proposals were announced; but my object in this article is not to prove that Home Rule for Ireland would be a good thing, but only that it is possible that it may be a good thing. I wish at present simply to

clear the ground for fair argument, to show what Home Rule is, how it differs from other political relations with which it is often confounded, what it implies and what it does not imply, and how little it implies some of the things which its enemies say that it implies. But when we have shown this, we have not proved Home Rule to be a good thing for Ireland at the present moment; we have only made the way clear for proving it to be so. When a man simply babbles or rages about "disintegration of Empires," there is only the alternative suggested by the prophet—Shall the fool be answered according to his folly, or not? But let a man say, I accept Home Rule as a possible political relation; I admit that it has succeeded in some cases and may succeed in others; but I see reasons to believe that it will not succeed in this particular case of Ireland in the year 1888,—then we have come across a reasonable opponent. His arguments may be weak or they may be strong; they may convince us or they may not; but they are, at least, reasonable in form; they are entitled to be weighed and answered. For instance, the objection to Irish Home Rule on the ground of the special position of certain parts of Ulster is an objection perfectly reasonable in form; I do not think it is unanswerable, but it is entitled to be weighed; whenever it is put in a rational shape, it is quite different from the bluster about "disintegration." The truth is that the matter is one in which there are difficulties and dangers on both sides, and in which the question is, on which side the difficulties and dangers are the greater. I hold that the difficulties and dangers of refusing Home Rule to Ireland are far greater than those of granting it. Many of my friends put the balance the other way. When the question is brought to this stage, it can be argued. Most likely, neither side will convince the other, but each side will be able to see what the other side means; and that is something.

I will touch on one point of detail only, because it is one which goes to the root of the matter. In Mr. Gladstone's proposed measure of Home Rule, the Parliament sitting at Westminster was no longer to contain Irish members. I hold this to be an essential feature of the scheme, an essential feature of any scheme of Home Rule. By Mr. Gladstone's scheme, Ireland was formally to exchange a nominal voice, both in its own affairs and in common affairs, for the real management of its own affairs and no voice at all in common affairs. This is the true relation of Home Rule. As dependent Canada has no representatives in the Parliament of the United



Kingdom, so neither would dependent Ireland have representatives in the Parliament of Great Britain. I am unable to understand why this provision, which seemed so naturally to follow from the rest of the scheme, awakened so powerful an opposition among Mr. Gladstone's own supporters. I believe the Irish have no wish to appear in the British Parliament. They wish to manage their own affairs, and are ready to leave Great Britain to manage its own affairs and those of the "Empire" to boot. It is very hard to see in what character the Irish members are to show themselves at Westminster. If they may vote on British affairs, while the British members do not vote on Irish affairs, surely too great a privilege is given to Ireland; it is Great Britain which will become the dependency. If they are to vote on "Imperial" affairs only, to say nothing of the difficulty of defining such affairs, it will be something very strange, very novel, very hard to work, to have members of Parliament who are only half-members, who must walk out of the House whenever certain classes of subjects are discussed. The notion seems to come from the common confusion between Home Rule and Federation. If the United Kingdom is to become a Federation, then, of course, there will be Irish members in the general body; but then there must be separate legislatures, at least, for England, Scotland, and Wales. Perhaps this, and not Home Rule, is what things are tending to. But such a change would be very much greater than those who seem to wish for it seem to think, and, at any rate, so great a change should not be brought in by a side wind. The many questions which are involved in such a proposal cannot be discussed here now. It is enough to say once more that Home Rule is one thing, and that Federation is another; that Federation would require the presence of Irish members in the Federal Assembly of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; but that Home Rule, while giving Ireland her own dependent Parliament for her own affairs, finds no place for representatives of the dependent land in the sovereign Parliament of Great Britain.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

## THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

THE recent reception by Mr. Powderly of a delegation of Knights of Labor, sent to urge a change of the name of that organization, is perhaps an event of sufficient significance to be used in pointing off a stage in the history of the labor movement. It is but three years \* since the rapid growth of that Order and the aggressive energy of its management began to eclipse, in popular interest, alike foreign news and domestic politics. For a time the plans and prospects of the Knights of Labor did not merely form the most frequent topic of conversation in all circles, serious or frivolous; they were the theme of the deepest thought and most earnest feeling given to any matter by the mass of the community. Indifference was, indeed, not possible. According to the predispositions or prevailing views of individuals, the almost daily advances made by the new league were greeted with enthusiastic delight, or observed with anxiety and dread. As trade-union after trade-union surrendered its autonomy, and thousands a day of laborers, previously unattached, gave in their allegiance, those who had been accustomed to look forward to a general parliament of labor, which should redress the balance of industrial power, felt that the good time, so often promised, so long postponed, had, indeed, come; while the body of employers, the economists generally, and the great mass of conservative people anticipated the gravest industrial and social evils from a resistless and remorseless tyranny. It goes without saying that the politicians grovelled, as only American politicians can grovel, before all who were supposed to exercise any influence among the "Knights." Legislators began to prepare bills with blank spaces to be filled in according to whatever should be ascertained to be the wishes of the new party; and every political "platform" at once took on an ample annex, carpeted, railed-in, and provided with reserved seats for the representatives of "labor."

It is not easy now for one to place himself back again at the point he occupied at the time, recent as that is, and to recall the reality and the intensity of the fears with which the supporters of

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\* The organization had been in existence for some years before it attracted any considerable degree of public attention.

the *status* contemplated the apparent accomplishment of the scheme for a general confederation of labor. "The writer well remembers the gloomy forebodings of many most sensible and judicious persons, who looked for little better than the transfer of all initiative in production from the employing to the laboring class, followed by a general cessation of industry, and the speedy waste and destruction of existing capital. Rarely has the balance of the American temper been so much disturbed; rarely has the sceptical, practical, compromising spirit of our people, which leads them to avoid extremes, to distrust large expectations, and to take all they can get, "down," for anything they have on hand, however promising, so far lost control of our acts and thoughts and feelings as during the brief period when the organization known as the Knights of Labor was rising to the zenith of its popularity and power. The lessons of history were neglected; and even the wisest and firmest forgot that "the modesty of nature" rarely permits so much, whether for good or for evil, to be effected at once, and by a single effort.

Such was the importance assigned to the Knights of Labor, by their enemies and by their friends, two or three years ago. At the time it seemed that soon nothing would be able to stand against them. It would be too much to say that now there is none so poor to do them reverence; but the attitude of the Order is certainly very different from what it was. Defeat on more than one field; extensive resignations of individual membership; coldness on the part of many trade-unions, open revolt by others; the actual appearance of a rival organization, have greatly reduced the prestige and the strength of the Knights of Labor. The pendulum has swung the other way; and many persons are anticipating the speedy demise of the troublesome Order, or are already writing its obituary. Such an expectation must be warranted, if at all, by general considerations and by a study of the temper of the people; not by the mere facts which have been recited. These alone would not suffice for so large a conclusion. Great causes are seldom prosecuted to a successful conclusion without reverses and periods of coldness and discouragement. In social movements, immediate defeat does not create a presumption against the worthiness of the object sought or against the possibility of its ultimate attainment. So far from this, it is even a condition of final success; it is needed to compact the organization, to sift the membership, to bring forward the true leaders; it is needed for the proper revision and reconsideration of objects, plans, and methods, which, as first conceived, may have been

unworthy or inappropriate; it is needed to give sobriety of temper, earnestness of purpose, an adequate appreciation of the ends to be sought, qualified by a due regard for the rights of others.

The mere fact, then, that the Knights of Labor have plainly failed in their first efforts to control production and legislate for the industrial system, furnishes no reason for believing that the struggle is over, unless, indeed, the experiences of the past two years have satisfied the leaders of the movement and the mass of their followers that it is either undesirable or impracticable to carry labor organization further than the trade-union. If vast numbers of artisans and laborers still believe, as they so short a time ago believed, that their own good and the good of society require the general confederation of labor, with subordination of local and special interests, the contest is not over. This, then, is the one question in the situation reached: has the experiment thus far tried satisfied the working people, generally, that their objects are not to be sought in this way? If not, we may be sure there is enough of courage and the capability of self-sacrifice, on their part, to open a new campaign with unabated ardor, though it may be by different methods and under changed leaders.

In no sense is the issue of "organized labor" involved: this has not been the question, at all, during these two years. The real contest has been between two forms of labor organization; and the main resistance encountered by those who sought to extend the power and influence of the Knights of Labor, has come, avowedly or secretly, by open opposition or indirect action, from those who controlled the forces and the resources of preëxisting labor organizations. The trade-union has fully established itself in the industrial system of the world. It can only be driven out by the steady advances of education, both general and technical, both literary and political.

It is now about sixty years since combinations of workingmen to influence the hours and conditions of labor, or the rates and terms of its remuneration, were first made lawful in England. Beginning their operations amid the distrust of the community, under the ban of the economists, and against the stern opposition of the employing class, trade-unions have made their way to general acceptance. Much they did, at one stage or another of their development, which was foolish; not a little that was reprehensible; and upon these things their critics have loved to dwell, as if the rule of human conduct was wisdom, moderation, and consideration for the rights and interests of others.

Yet, in spite of all, the trade-unions have borne an important part in the industrial, social, and political elevation of the English people. Nothing less than the series of fierce revolts which followed the repeal of the Combinations Acts in 1824-5, could have lifted the operative class out of the horrible pit and miry clay \* into which they had sunk under the effects at once of unequal competition and of vicious laws regulating poor-relief; by no shocks less violent could the degraded masses have been roused from the lethargy and apathy which hopeless poverty and long suffering had engendered; no succession of individual efforts would have sufficed to create in the factory populations that confidence in themselves and in their fellows, that social and industrial ambition, and that capability of calm, steadfast self-assertion, which are gradually transforming the English squirarchy into a true democracy. Even to the present moment, I, for one, believe that the conscious, purposed efforts of the working classes of that country, through the organizations by themselves created, sustained, and administered, to improve their industrial condition, have continued to be the greatest educational force in English life; have done more to raise the general level of character, conduct, and political capability throughout the kingdom than any other agency. And it is a sufficiently natural result that, the longer and the more successfully the trade-unions have carried on their work, the more harmonious their relations to the employing class have become; the more temperate their acts; the more steadfast their policy. The noisy, the brutal, the incoherent, the frivolous, have been remitted to subordinate places; the best men have come to the front; less and less resort has been had to violence and intimidation; the function of the labor organizations has become more and more positive, less and less prohibitory.

In the United States, the trade-union has had no such part to perform. Our laboring classes have never known—they could not, indeed, conceive—the condition in which the repeal of the Combinations Acts found the town and the agricultural populations of England. Moreover, our own people, inheriting from their pioneer ancestry an exceptional degree of mental alertness, activity, and enterprise, possessed from the first of political franchises, accustomed to the communication of ideas, and to the discussion and decision of public affairs, educated in all the requisites of practical business, and embraced by

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\* No one who is familiar with the official reports which portray the condition of the working classes of England between 1815 and 1834 will deem this expression exaggerated.

a social system which invited and encouraged movement and change, were vastly better qualified to assert themselves by individual action than were the corresponding classes in England. Hence it came about that the trade-union was much later in its appearance among us; that it found here a much less important work to be performed by associated action; and that it has, thus far, failed to take so strong a hold upon our industrial system as it has taken abroad. Perhaps it has been owing to the same causes that what it has done here has been done much less effectively and cleanly than the corresponding work in England; and that the trade-union, with us, is a far less perfect agency. Down to the War of Secession, indeed, labor organizations can scarcely be said to have made their appearance in the United States. Whether without the vast accessions of foreign labor which have taken place the desultory genius of the native people, their impatience of restraint, their indisposition to long-sustained exertion in any direction, would, in the absence of stronger reasons for associated action, have allowed trade-unionism any considerable career, is fairly a question. Certain it is that the main impulse towards the formation of labor organizations among us has been of foreign derivation, and that alien elements have contributed by far the greater part of their membership.

Whatever might have come about, in these respects, had our native population been left to themselves, we have now, in fact, trade-unionism established on a considerable scale, and apparently with vitality enough not only to make itself formidable in contests with the employing class, but also to maintain itself against internal dissensions and against the tendency to disintegration resulting from gradual loss of interest or from repugnance to periodical assessment, that severest test of every enterprise in which native Americans participate.

With, then, labor "organized" to this degree, what is it which is to be sought through the Knights of Labor? It is not possible to give any answer to this question which shall not be subject to cavil, inasmuch as the programmes of the league embrace a great variety of matters,\* some of which have as little genuine relation to

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\* Thus, certain propositions of a distinctly socialistic character are embraced in the declaration of principles which forms an integral part of the application for membership which every one who would become a Knight of Labor is required to sign. This fact no more proves that all Knights really hold such opinions, than the unanimous adoption of Mr. Boutelle's "catnip tea" resolution at Chicago proves that every supporter of Harrison and Morton is a total-abstainer.

the virtual purposes of those who put them forth as have many of the "planks" of a political "platform," in which expressions of sympathy with Cuban or Cretan insurgents, proffers of support to Irish Home-Rulers, avowals of interest in woman suffrage or temperance, are joined with the resolutions which set forth the serious intentions of the party and pronounce the issues of the campaign.

Assuming the existence of trade-unions, in numbers and power such as they are in the United States, the real objects of the league known as the Knights of Labor were, as I understand it, two :

1st. To include in the ranks of organized labor large classes of persons who could not easily or effectively be brought within trade-unions. In some cases this disability might be due to the essential character of the occupations pursued ; in others, to comparative isolation. Among these classes may be mentioned agricultural laborers, "common" or day laborers, seamstresses, domestic servants, clerks and copyists, etc. To all these the programme of the Knights of Labor proposed to extend the advantages enjoyed by those more fortunate bodies of working people, who, from the nature of their occupations, or from the fact of their being grouped in large numbers, were or could become members of trade-unions.

2d. To trade-unionists the new league proposed vast advantages, resulting from the wide geographical extent of its operations, far transcending the field which any single trade organization could assume to cover ; from the greatness of its membership, swollen by all the rolls of all the unions ; and from the concentration, under a central control, of the resources of the whole laboring population of the land. According to the bright promise of the league, it was no longer to be possible for a combination of "capitalists" (meaning thereby employers) to choose their place and time for industrial warfare, and beat the armies of labor in detail. The interests of every laborer, of every trade, of every section, were to be made the interest of all ; and wherever men, duly authorized, should strike for higher wages, or a shorter day, or better conditions of employment, then the entire power of the Order was to be invoked in their behalf. Employers might no longer "lock out" their workmen, or even resist any demand from them to which the prior sanction of the league should have been given.

Such, disguised by verbiage no more empty than that which habitually envelops the programmes of our political parties, were the purposes of the Knights of Labor. If it be asked how the first

of these objects has been carried out, it must be confessed not only that nothing has been done, but that nothing has been attempted, in behalf of those neglected and often much-distressed classes for whom the powerful aid of organized labor was to be invoked. The poor seamstress,

"With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,"

still moans her pitiful "Song of the Shirt." No Great-heart, sword in hand, and clad in the bright panoply of Christian charity, has "dropped in" at the retail dry-goods store, to give notice that hours must be shorter or wages higher for the half-fainting girls at the counter. A great deal of attention has, indeed, as many house-holders can testify, been shown by individual Knights to persons engaged in domestic service; but no effort has been put forth by the league itself on behalf of domestic servants, as a class. Day-laborers have been left to make their bargains, unaided in the general market, except where a few, more fortunate, have, by a judicious "combine" with "statesmen" \* who retail spirits and run municipal governments, been put upon public works at half a dollar a day above current rates. Even the agricultural laborers, with all their votes, still make what terms they can with their employers, whether on the cotton plantations of the South or the wheat farms of the West.

So far as I have observed, no effort has been put forth to reënforce laborers' demands through the authority and resources of the new Order, except in cases where the persons concerned were already under the protection of trade-unions, and, even here, it has been a rule, almost without exception, that when the power of the Knights has been exerted, it has been in favor of classes who were not the least, but among the most, fortunate in respect to their remuneration. Indeed, wherever issue has been joined with employers, the chief difficulty of representatives of the Order has been to keep back the tide that has set in from every quarter, even from distant States, eager to obtain the wages which the strikers have disdained. Appeals, remonstrances, threats, and even violence have had to be freely used to prevent a strike from being ended in a single week by the influx of unemployed, or more poorly paid, laborers.

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\* William M. Tweed.



These facts are not alleged as if they showed any marked perversity of character or extraordinary selfishness on the part of the Knights of Labor. Since even the gods are said to help those who help themselves, the Executive Committee of the league have highly respectable authority for leaving the poor seamstress and the foot-sore shop-girl to take such care as they can of their own estate, and applying all their force to improve the condition of artisans who already receive more than the average wages.

As to the degree of success achieved by the new Order in efforts to reënforce the power of local organizations struggling with so-called "capital," it is not so simple a matter to pronounce judgment. In the employment of the illegitimate boycott, the Knights of Labor have been signally beaten, to the honor of the American name. A half-dozen petty dealers in New York city, and perhaps elsewhere, have been ruined by this dastardly device; but, in general, the terrors of the law, reënforced by public indignation and contempt, have sufficed to turn this coward's weapon against those who have sought to use it.

In the employment of the perfectly legitimate instrumentality of the strike, the experiences of the Knights have been varied. They have won victories, and they have suffered defeats. As to what these victories and these defeats signify concerning the power of the Order in the future, opinions directly opposite might with equal plausibility be expressed. It might be said that the victories were won with but a small part of the force at command; and that the defeats were suffered through over confidence, through the rawness of those in charge, or through some diplomatic or strategic blunder. On the contrary, it might be said that the victories of the league have been so costly that a few more of them would bring ruin; and that, if an association of such numbers, starting out with so much of prestige and of material resources, could possibly be defeated at all in the first encounter, it would be easily within the power of the employing class, by due organization and preparation, to win in all subsequent contests. One of these views regarding the facts of the past two years is just as plausible as the other; and we must, therefore, look either to the reason of the case, or await the developments of the future.

For the moment let us ask how far it is desirable, in the interest of the general community, and even in the interest of the laborers themselves, that any association should have such a power, in such a

degree, as the Knights of Labor have attempted to reach and have claimed to possess.

That, in any extensive community, where the factory and workshop system is highly developed, embracing large bodies of laborers of both sexes, of all ages except the very youngest, and of widely varying orders of skill, intelligence, forethought, and self-restraint, it is desirable, if not indeed essential, in order to secure the community against grave evils, that the power of resistance, on the part of individuals, to a reduction of wages, or to an increase of the hours of work, or to other unwelcome requirements of the master class, should be strengthened, in some way or other, from the outside, is now admitted by nearly all publicists and economists. The means of thus strengthening the power of resistance in the individual laborer may be found either in legislation or in voluntary association, or in both. In the development of the industrial system of nearly all civilized states, these two agencies have been employed in conjunction. The law has fixed hours of labor, which must not be exceeded, and has provided for the sanitary care and inspection of buildings, and for the guarding and fencing of machinery. In many cases, the legislature has gone further, and has established regulations to protect working people against vague and indeterminate contracts, against arbitrary charges, machine-rents, fines, or other deductions from wages; against payment in commodities, or in anything except "the coin of the realm;" and in other ways has sought to help the feeble, the inert, the ignorant. Meanwhile, trade-unions have entered, to conduct the negotiations with the employer as to rates of wages and other conditions of employment, subject to the general limitations prescribed by legislation.

As to the expediency, on all accounts, of that which the law has thus undertaken to do, there is now substantial unanimity among all disinterested persons. As to the desirability of having this followed up by the intervention of the trade-union between the individual laborer and the employer, there is more difference of views; but, as has been said, there is a decided preponderance of opinion in favor of the action of trade-unions, when conducted with as much of good sense and good feeling as is fairly to be expected of men trained under free institutions. It is felt that it is alike for the interest of the laborer and of the general community, and even, if rightly viewed, of the employer himself, that the laborer should perform a real part in fixing the rate of wages and other conditions of employment; that his

action should not, by his necessities and his urgent fear of losing employment, be limited to merely taking what is offered him; but that he should be able virtually to dispute the ground with the employer, in the case of a threatened reduction, if not also of a desired advance; that he should be able to carry on that debate so strenuously and so long as to put the employer under a strong, a very strong, inducement to yield the point, if it can be done without injury to his business or impairment of his capital.

That such a state of things would, in the immediate instance, be for the interest of the working class, goes without saying; and the best results of recent economic thinking serve to approve this, as also for the benefit of the community as a whole, and even, in the long run, for the advantage of the master class.

From the intense severity of competition in the modern industrial and commercial system, the majority of employers are kept, without relief, under a painful pressure, which compels them to save in every way, at every point, in order to reduce the cost of production. The most natural, the nearest, the easiest mode of reducing the cost of production is to cut down wages or to lengthen the hours of work. It is not greed, so much as the instinct of self-preservation, which leads the employer to take this course; and if he can succeed in this, he will sincerely believe that there was at the time no other way. It is only when shut off from this destructive resort that he will, under the spur of necessity, which is the mother of invention, find out the way to reducing other elements of cost, through a more rigid economy of materials; through improvements in processes and greater care of machinery; through increased activity infused into every department of the business; through a closer adaptation of means to ends; through stopping every leak and turning everything to the utmost possible account. Those who cannot, in ways like these, bring about the balance of income and outgo, should, for the general good, be driven out, and their places in the industrial order be filled by men of greater skill, resource, and energy. Even of the ablest masters, however, it may fairly be said that it is only when they find they cannot cut down wages, that they will turn to other means of reducing cost of production; and this, not from lack of natural good-feeling, but because, as was remarked, the former is the most natural and easy way of effecting what may be, in a given situation, an absolutely necessary object. I spoke of the cutting down of wages as a "destructive resort;" and so it is, except in

those cases where it is involved in a wholesale readjustment to meet a general change of prices (as, for instance, through an alteration of the value of money), or to suit new relations in the industrial system; or, else, when it is a purely temporary expedient responding to transient phases of the market. For, when a real reduction of wages has become general and permanent, competition speedily brings the same stringent pressure upon the least competent employers as before; and the urgent feeling of a necessity to reduce wages again springs up. But if this be effected, the employing class will soon be not better, but worse, off, since any considerable reduction in "real wages," *i. e.*, the comforts, decencies, and necessities of life enjoyed by the working class,\* in the form of food, shelter, clothing, and even of moderate social pleasures, necessarily tells upon the laborer's muscular strength, his power of sustained exertion, his health, his hopefulness and ambition, his interest in his master's business, and probably, also, upon his habits. Under this "destructive resort," therefore, what the laborer loses no one gains. The apparent margin of profits furnished by the diminution of wages is eaten away by a reduction in the vigor or an impairment of the quality of work; and the degraded and dispirited laborer soon becomes worth his lower remuneration even less fully than formerly he was worth his higher wages. The ultimate result is that no one is richer, but the whole community is poorer, alike in the quality of its citizenship and in its productive power.

The subject is one which would require much argument and illustration for its full development; but perhaps enough has been said to justify the proposition that it is for the general welfare that the resistance to reductions of wages should be firm and persistent, only yielding to an absolute industrial necessity. Now, this the trade-union undertakes to effect. That, in performing that function, labor organizations often act unreasonably, sometimes even wantonly and violently, is due to inherent vices of human nature, to defective education, and largely, also, to the failure to cultivate friendly and courteous relations and secure due mutual understanding between

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\* "The wages of labor are the encouragement of industry, which, like every other human quality, improves in proportion to the encouragement it receives. A plentiful subsistence increases the bodily strength of the laborer, and the comfortable hope of bettering his condition, and ending his days perhaps in ease and plenty, animates him to exert that strength to the utmost. When wages are high, accordingly, we shall always find the workmen more active, diligent, and expeditious than when they are low,"—Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.

employer and employed. The function itself is, in circumstances such as have been depicted, of great economic importance.

But if the trade-union undertakes that work, what is there for the Knights of Labor to do? It is here we reach the true ground for estimating and judging the main purpose of this organization. What the Knights of Labor have accomplished in the past two years is not now in point, but what they sought to do,—which was so to reënforce the power and resources of local or trade organizations engaged in contests with the employing class as to render success certain, first, through bringing to the fighting body the moral and material support of the laboring population of the country; secondly, through cutting off the supply of labor which naturally tends to flow into any place where a strike has for the time created an industrial vacuum. The question as now raised is, not whether the Knights of Labor have, in fact, been able to accomplish this, or are likely to do so in the future, but whether it is, on any account, desirable that this should be done at all.

Giving such a qualified approval as I do to the economic effects of trade-unions, I am compelled to believe that the full realization of the professed purpose of the Knights of Labor would be to institute a hideous and intolerable tyranny, which would be worse by far than the tyranny that would result from unrestrained power on the part of the master class, and would speedily lead to a wholesale destruction of wealth and a general prostration of industry. But, it will be asked, is not the object of the Knights of Labor the same as that of the trade-unions? and is not the difference between these agencies for effecting that object one of degree? To both these questions I answer, yes. This is precisely one of those cases, recognized by the law,\* and even more fully by political and social philosophy, where a certain difference in degree may constitute a difference in kind.

The distinction to be observed is just this: the familiar labor organizations may be said, in a general way, to have strength enough to offset the great economic advantage which the employers of labor, through their higher intelligence, their larger means, and their initiative in production, enjoy in the unceasing struggle over the distribution of the product of industry. Through a long trial they have shown that they have strength enough to secure a full, attentive, and respectful consideration of the interests and claims of their

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\* Instance : Nuisances, assaults, breaches of the peace.

members. They are strong enough, in a majority of instances, to compel a compliance with their reasonable demands, and to beat any combination of employers which shall attempt to act unfairly or abusively. On the other hand, they have not, as a rule, been able to overbear the rightful authority of the employer, to interfere with his necessary control of his own business, to render it unsafe to undertake contracts, to transfer the initiative in production from him to his workmen.

In a word, something approaching an equilibrium has been reached between the powers of the two parties, securing industrial peace to as great a degree as could be expected from poor human-nature, under the rightful and growing—the fortunately growing—ambition and self-assertion of the working classes. Employers have been obliged to consider carefully the wishes and interests of their laborers; they have been rendered anxious to avoid causes of offence, and willing, in reason, to concede, whenever that is possible. This is as it should be. No good comes from the exercise of unchecked and irresponsible power in industry any more than in government. On the other side, the trade-unions have learned that there is a limit to their power; that in making excessive or offensive demands they are likely to be beaten; and that a defeat on one such issue both shakes severely the confidence of their own membership, and correspondingly encourages and strengthens the master class.

It is in this situation, when both parties respect each other's rights because they recognize each other's strength, that the Knights of Labor enter and propose to turn the scale of power wholly and hopelessly to the side of the laborer, supplying the means, through contributions raised from the whole laboring body of the nation, for indefinitely protracting the contest, wherever joined; holding back all labor from flowing in to fill the void created by the strike; and, in the last resort, making it, by the imposition of the boycott, worse than useless for the employer to produce at all, except only and always in form, at times, in amounts, for wages and upon conditions prescribed for him by others! Can any person, however little intelligent, seriously claim that such an entire subjugation of the employer, which would leave him bound, hand and foot, at the mercy of his workmen, and which would practically confiscate his entire capital, would be consistent with common honesty or ordinary decency, as between man and man? Can any intelligent person really believe that such a state of things would promote the welfare of the community, as a whole, or even prove for the ultimate benefit of the working classes?

Would not the possession of such unbounded power, of itself, tend to make the demands of "labor" unreasonable? Would it not serve to bring to the top, in control of the organization, the men who in their nature are arbitrary, harsh, and reckless, rather than those more moderate, sensible, and conciliatory? All these liabilities to evil are additional to the fundamental difficulties which would attend the attempted control of a thousand diverse industries by a central body, which could not be large if it were to possess executive efficiency, but which, if it were to be small, could not be intelligent in regard to the infinitude of technical and commercial details which enter into the daily management of a nation's business.

For myself, I believe that the rapid growth of the Knights of Labor, three and two years ago, was due to a transient glow of feeling, a sudden access of optimism among the artisan and operative class; not to any deep sense of the need of such an organization to protect the interests of workingmen. I believe that the real impulse which led to the adhesion of most of the members of the new Order was not selfish, but a desire, loyal and benevolent, though vague, to aid in a movement which they were assured would be for the general good;—assurances which they, for the time, accepted without much serious consideration of the natural workings of the proposed system. An impulse having been once given to the spread of the organization, it became, as in the case of so many popular movements in America, first a fashion and then a passion to join in; while professional agitators, politicians, and the press fanned the flame to fury. The sudden decline in the strength and numbers of the Order has been due, not so much to the resistance encountered, to defeats and losses sustained in contests with employers, not so much, even, to the national inaptitude for long-sustained exertion in any one direction, as to the fact that the practical common-sense of the people has asserted itself; and that, on looking more closely into the matter, and thinking it over, the majority of those who have been members fail to find any sufficient reason why they should continue to be at the trouble and expense of supporting it. The progress of disintegration has, of course, been hastened by the action of the managers of many trade-unions, who, having always been restless under the authority assumed over them, have taken the first occasion to call off their own members.

FRANCIS A. WALKER.

## AN OLD MASTER.

WHY is it that no one has ever written an essay on the art of academic lecturing and its many notable triumphs? In some quarters new educational canons have spoken an emphatic condemnation of the college lecture, and it would seem to be high time to consider its value, as illustrative of an art about to be lost, if not as exemplary of forces to be retained, even if modified. Here are some of the questions which thrust themselves forward in the topic: Are not our college class-rooms, in being robbed of the old-time lecture, and getting instead a science-brief of *data* and bibliography, being deprived also of that literary atmosphere which once pervaded them? We are unquestionably gaining in thoroughness; but are we gaining in thoughtfulness? We are giving to many youths an insight, it may be profound, into specialties; but are we giving any of them a broad outlook?

There was too often a paralysis of dulness in the old lecture, or, rather, in the old lecturer; and written lectures, like history and fashion in dress, have an inveterate tendency to repeat themselves; but, on the contrary, there was often a wealth of power in the studied discourse of strong men. Men bent upon instructing and inspiring—and there were many such—had to master that central secret of literature and spoken utterance,—the secret of style. Their only instrument of conquest was the sword of penetrating speech. Some of the subtlest and most lasting effects of genuine oratory have gone forth from secluded lecture-desks into the hearts of quiet groups of students; and it would seem to be good policy to endure much indifferent lecturing—watchful trustees might reduce it to a minimum—for the sake of leaving places open for the men who have in them the inestimable force of chastened eloquence. For one man who can impart an undying impulse there are several score, presupposing the requisite training, who can impart a method; and here is the well-understood ground for the cumulating disfavor of college lecturing and the rapid substitution of “laboratory drill”: but will not higher education be cut off from communion with the highest of all forces—the force of personal inspiration in



the field of great themes of thought—if you interdict the literary method in the class-room?

I am not inclined, however, to consume very many words in insisting on this point, for I believe that educators are now dealing more frankly with themselves than ever before, and that so obvious a point will by no means escape full recognition before reforming methods of college and university instruction take their final shape. But I also believe that it is very well to be thinking about the matter meanwhile, in order that this force may be getting ready to come fully militant into the final battle for territory. The best way of compassing this end would seem to be the studying of the old masters of the art of learned discourse. With Lanfranc one could get the infinite charm of the old monastic school life; with Abelard, the undying excitement of philosophical and religious controversy; with Colet, the fire of reforming zeal; with Blackstone, the satisfactions of clarified learning. But Bec and Paris and Oxford have by no means monopolized the masters of this art, and I should prefer, for the nonce at least, to choose an exemplar from Scotland, and speak of Adam Smith. It will, no doubt, be possible to speak of him without going over again the well-worn ground of the topics usually associated with his great fame.

There is much, besides the contents of his published works, to draw to Adam Smith the attention of those who are attracted by individual power. Scotchmen have long been reputed strong in philosophic doctrine, and he was a Scot of the Scots. But, though Scotland is now renowned for her philosophy, that renown is not of immemorial origin; it was not till the last century was well advanced that she began to add great speculative thinkers to her great preachers. Adam Smith, consequently, stands nearly at the opening of the greatest of the intellectual eras of Scotland; and yet by none of the great Scotch names, which men have learned since his day, has his name been eclipsed. The charm about the man consists, for those who do not regard him with the special interest of the political economist, in his literary method, which exhibits his personality and makes his works thoroughly his own, rather than in any facts about his eminency among Scotchmen. You bring away from your reading of Adam Smith a distinct and attractive impression of the man himself, such as you can get from the writings of no other author in the same field, and such as makes you wish to know still more of him. What was he like, and what was his daily life?

Unhappily, we know very little of Adam Smith as a man, and it may be deplored, without injustice to a respected name, that we owe that little to Dugald Stewart—the worst, because the most self-conscious, of biographers, whose stilted periods sometimes run a page without advancing the sense a line, and whose style, both of thought and of expression, is excellent to be avoided. Even from Dugald Stewart, however, we get a picture of Adam Smith which must please every one who loves simplicity and genuineness. He was not, perhaps, a companionable man; he was much too absent-minded to be companionable; but he was, in the highest sense, interesting. His absent-mindedness was of that sort which indicates fulness of mind—a mind content, much of the time, to live within itself, indulging in those delights of quiet contemplation which the riches of a full mind can always command. Often he would open to his companions his mind's fullest confidences, and, with a rare versatility, lavish upon topics the most varied and diverse a wealth of information and illustration, always to the wondering delight of all who heard him.

Those who met Adam Smith in intimate intercourse are said to have been struck chiefly by the gentleness and benignity of his manner—traits which would naturally strike one in a Scotchman, for men of that unbending race are not often distinguished by easiness of temper or suavity of manner, but are generally both *fortiter in re et fortiter in modo*. His gentleness was, possibly, only one phase of that timidity which is natural to absent-minded men, and which was always conspicuous in him. That timidity made it rare with him to talk much. When he did talk, as I have said, his hearers marvelled at the ingenuity of his reasoning, at the constructive power of his imagination, at the comprehensiveness of his memory, at the fertility of his resources; but his inclination was always to remain silent. He was not, however, disinclined to public discourse, and it is chiefly to his unusual gifts as a lecturer that he seems to have owed his advancement in the literary, or, rather, in the university, world.

Acting upon the advice of Lord Kames, an eminent barrister and a man of some standing in the history of philosophy, he volunteered a course of lectures in Edinburgh almost immediately upon his return from Oxford; and the success of this course was hardly assured before he was elected to the chair of Logic in the University of Glasgow. In the following year he had the honor of succeeding to the chair of Moral Philosophy, once occupied by the learned and ingenious Hutcheson. He seems to have been at once successful in

raising his new chair to a position of the very highest consideration. His immediate predecessor had been one Thomas Craigie, who has left behind him so shadowy a reputation that it is doubtless safe to conclude that his department was, at his death, much in need of a fresh infusion of life. This it received from Adam Smith. The breadth and variety of the topics upon which he chose to lecture, and the felicity, strength, and vitality of the exposition he gave them (we are told by one who had sat under him), soon drew to Glasgow "a multitude of students from a great distance" to hear him. His mastery of the art of academic lecturing was presently an established fact. It appears clear to me that his success was due to two things: the broad outlook of his treatment and the fine art of his style. His chair was Moral Philosophy; and "moral philosophy" seems to have been the most inclusive of general terms in the university usage of Scotland at that day, and, indeed, for many years afterward. Apparently it embraced all philosophy that did not directly concern the phenomena of the physical world, and, accordingly, allowed its doctors to give very free play to their tastes in their choice of subjects. Adam Smith, in Glasgow, could draw within the big family of this large-hearted philosophy not only the science of mental phenomena, but also the whole of the history and organization of society; just as, years afterward, John Wilson, in Edinburgh, could insist upon the adoption of something very like *belles-lettres* into the same generous and unconventional family circle.

Adam Smith sought to cover the field he had chosen with a four-fold course of lectures. First, he unfolded the principles of natural theology; second, he illustrated the principles of ethics in a series of lectures, which were afterward embodied in his published work on the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*; third, he discoursed on that branch of morality which relates to the administration of justice; and, last, coming out upon that field with which his name is now identified, he examined those political regulations which are founded, not upon principles of justice, but upon considerations of expediency, and which are calculated to increase the riches, the power, and the prosperity of the state. His own notes of his lectures he himself destroyed when he felt death approaching, and we are left to conjecture what the main features of his treatment were, from the recorded recollections of his pupils and from those published works which remain as fragments of the great plan. These fragments consist of the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, the *Wealth of Nations*, and

*Considerations Concerning the First Formation of Languages*; besides which there are, to quote another's enumeration, "a very curious history of astronomy, left imperfect, and another fragment on the history of ancient physics, which is a kind of sequel to that part of the history of astronomy which relates to ancient astronomy; then a similar essay on the ancient logic and metaphysics; then another on the nature and development of the fine, or, as he calls them, the imitative, arts, painting, poetry, and music, in which was meant to have been included a history of the theatre—all forming part, his executors tell us, 'of a plan he had once formed for giving a connected history of the liberal and elegant arts';"—part, that is (to continue the quotation from Mr. Bagehot), of the "immense design of showing the origin and development of cultivation and law; or . . . of saying how, from being a savage, man rose to be a Scotchman."

The wideness of view and amazing variety of illustration that characterized his treatment, in developing the several parts of this vast plan, can easily be inferred from an examination of the *Wealth of Nations*.

"The *Wealth of Nations*," declares Mr. Buckle, from whom, for obvious reasons, I prefer to quote, "displays a breadth of treatment which those who cannot sympathize with, are very likely to ridicule. The phenomena, not only of wealth, but also of society in general, classified and arranged under their various forms; the origin of the division of labor, and the consequences which that division has produced; the circumstances which gave rise to the invention of money, and to the subsequent changes in its value; the history of those changes traced in different ages, and the history of the relations which the precious metals bear to each other; an examination of the connection between wages and profits, and of the laws which govern the rise and fall of both; another examination of the way in which these are concerned, on the one hand with the rent of land, and, on the other hand, with the price of commodities; an inquiry into the reason why profits vary in different trades, and at different times; a succinct but comprehensive view of the progress of towns in Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire; the fluctuations, during several centuries, in the prices of the food of the people, and a statement of how it is, that, in different stages of society, the relative cost of meat and of land varies; the history of corporation laws and of municipal enactments, and their bearing on the four great classes of apprentices, manufacturers, merchants, and landlords; an account of the immense power and riches formerly enjoyed by the clergy, and of the manner in which, as society advances, they gradually lose their exclusive privileges; the nature of religious dissent, and the reason why the clergy of the established Church can never contend with it on terms of equality, and, therefore, call on the State to help them, and wish to persecute when they cannot persuade; why some sects profess more ascetic principles, and others more luxurious ones; how it was, that, during the feudal times, the nobles acquired their power, and how that power has, ever since, been gradually diminishing; how the rights of territorial jurisdiction originated, and how they died away; how the sovereigns of Europe obtained their

revenue, what the sources of it are, and what classes are most heavily taxed in order to supply it ; the cause of certain virtues, such as hospitality, flourishing in barbarous ages, and decaying in civilized ones ; the influence of inventions and discoveries in altering the distribution of power among the various classes of society ; a bold and masterly sketch of the peculiar sort of advantages which Europe derived from the discovery of America and of the passage round the Cape ; the origin of universities, their degeneracy from the original plan, the corruption which has gradually crept over them, and the reason why they are so unwilling to adopt improvements, and to keep pace with the wants of the age ; a comparison between public and private education, and an estimate of their relative advantages ; these, and a vast number of other subjects, respecting the structure and development of society, such as the feudal system, slavery, emancipation of serfs, origin of standing armies and of mercenary troops, effects produced by tithes, laws of primogeniture, sumptuary laws, international treaties concerning trade, rise of European banks, national debts, influence of dramatic representations over opinions, colonies, poor-laws,—all topics of a miscellaneous character, and many of them diverging from each other,—all are fused into one great system, and irradiated by the splendor of one great genius. Into that dense and disorderly mass, did Adam Smith introduce symmetry, method, and law."

In fact, it is a book of digressions—digressions characterized by more order and method, but by little more compunction, than the wondrous digressions of Tristram Shandy.

It is interesting to note that even this vast miscellany of thought, the *Wealth of Nations*, systematized though it be, was not meant to stand alone as the exposition of a complete system ; it was only a supplement to the *Theory of Moral Sentiments* ; and the two together constituted only chapters in that vast book of thought which their author would have written. Adam Smith would have grouped all things that concern either the individual or the social life of man under the several greater principles of motive and action observable in human conduct. His method throughout is, therefore, necessarily abstract and deductive. In the *Wealth of Nations*, he ignores the operation of love, of benevolence, of sympathy, and of charity in filling life with kindly influences, and concentrates his attention exclusively upon the operation of self-interest and expediency ; because he had reckoned with the first-named motives in the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and he would not confuse his view of the economic life of man by again lugging these in where selfishness was unquestionably the predominant force. "The philosopher," he held, "is the man of speculation, whose trade is not to do anything, but to observe everything" ; and certainly he satisfied his own definition. He does observe everything ; and he stores his volumes full with the sagest practical maxims, fit to have fallen from the lips

of the shrewdest of those Glasgow merchants in whose society he learned so much of the uses of his theories. But it is noticeable that none of the carefully noted facts of experience, which play so prominent a part on the stage of his argument, speaks of any other principle than the simple and single one that is the pivot of the part of his philosophy with which he is at the moment dealing. In the *Wealth of Nations*, for example, every apparent induction leads to self-interest, and to self-interest alone. In Mr. Buckle's phrase, his facts are subsequent to his argument; they are not used for demonstration, but for illustration. His historical cases, his fine generalizations, everywhere broadening and strengthening his matter, are only instances of the operation of the single abstract principle meant to be set forth.

When he was considering that topic in his course which has not come down to us in any of the remaining fragments of his lectures,—the principles of justice, namely,—although still always mindful of its relative position in the general scheme of his abstract philosophy of society, his subject led him, we are told, to speak very much in the modern historical spirit. He followed upon this subject, says the pupil already quoted, “the plan which seems to have been suggested by Montesquieu; endeavoring to trace the gradual progress of jurisprudence, both public and private, from the rudest to the most refined ages, and to point out the effects of those arts which contribute to subsistence, and to the accumulation of property, in producing corresponding improvements or alterations in law and government.” In following Montesquieu, he was, of course, following one of the forerunners of that great school of philosophical students of history, which has done so much in our own time to clear away the fogs that surround the earliest ages of mankind, and to establish something like the rudiments of a true philosophy of history. And this same spirit was hardly less discernible in those later lectures on the “political institutions relating to commerce, to finances, and to the ecclesiastical and military establishments,” which formed the basis of the *Wealth of Nations*. Everywhere throughout his writings there is a pervasive sense of the realities of fact and circumstance; a luminous, bracing, work-a-day atmosphere. But the conclusions are, first of all, philosophical; only secondarily practical.

It has been necessary to go over this somewhat familiar ground with reference to the philosophical method of Adam Smith, in order to come at the proper point of view from which to consider his place

among the old masters of academic lecturing. It has revealed the extent of his outlook. There yet remains something to be said of his literary method, so that we may discern the qualities of that style which, after proving so effectual in imparting power to his spoken discourses, has since, transferred to the printed page, preserved his fame so far beyond the lifetime of those who heard him.

Adam Smith took strong hold upon his hearers, as he still takes strong hold upon his readers, by force, partly, of his native sagacity, but by virtue, principally, of his consummate style. The success of his lectures was not altogether a triumph of natural gifts; it was, in great part, a triumph of sedulously cultivated art. With the true instinct of the orator and teacher, Adam Smith saw—what every one must see who speaks not for the patient ear of the closeted student only, but also to the often shallow ear of the pupil in his class-room, and to the always callous ear of the great world outside, which must be tickled in order to be made attentive—that clearness, force, and beauty of style are absolutely necessary to one who would draw men to his way of thinking; nay, to any one who would induce the great mass of mankind to give so much as passing heed to what he has to say. He knew that wit was of no avail, without wit's proper words; sagacity mean, without sagacity's mellow measures of phrase. He bestowed the most painstaking care, therefore, not only upon what he was to say, but also upon the way in which he was to say it. Dugald Stewart speaks of "that flowing and apparently artless style, which he had studiously cultivated, but which, after all his experience in composition, head justed, with extreme difficulty, to his own taste." The results were such as to offset entirely his rugged utterance and his awkward, angular action, and to enable the timid talker to exercise the spells of an orator. The charm of his discourses consisted in the power of statement which gave them life, in the clear and facile processes of proof which gave them speed, and in the vigorous, but chastened, imagination which lent them illumination. He constantly refreshed and rewarded his hearers, as he still constantly refreshes and rewards his readers, by bringing them to those clear streams of practical wisdom and happy illustration which everywhere irrigate his expositions. His counsel, even on the highest themes, was always undarkened. There were no clouds about his thoughts; the least of these could be seen without glasses through the lucid atmosphere of expression which surrounded them. He was a great thinker,—and that was much; but he also made men

recognize him as a great thinker, because he was a great master of style,—which was more. He did not put his candle under a bushel, but on a candlestick.

In Doctor Barnard's verses, addressed to Sir Joshua Reynolds and his literary friends, Adam Smith is introduced as a peer amidst that brilliant company :

" If I have thoughts and can't express 'em,  
Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em  
In words select and terse ;  
Jones teach me modesty and Greek,  
*Smith how to think*, Burke how to speak,  
And Beauclerc to converse."

It is this power of teaching other men how to think that has given to the works of Adam Smith an immortality of influence. In his first university chair, the chair of Logic, he had given scant time to the investigation of the formal laws of reasoning, and had insisted, by preference, upon the practical uses of discourse, as the living application of logic, treating of style, of the arts of persuasion and exposition ; and here in his other chair, of Moral Philosophy, he was practically illustrating the vivifying power of the art he had formerly sought to expound to his pupils. "When the subject of his work," says Dugald Stewart, speaking of the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, "—when the subject of his work leads him to address the imagination and the heart, the variety and felicity of his illustrations, the richness and fluency of his eloquence, and the skill with which he wins the attention and commands the passions of his hearers, leave him, among our English moralists, without a rival."

Such, then, were the matters which this great lecturer handled, and such was the form he gave them. Two personal characteristics of the man stand out in apparent contrast with what he accomplished : he is said to have been extremely unpractical in the management of his own affairs, and yet he fathered that science which tells how other people's affairs—how the world's affairs—are managed ; he is known to have been shy and silent, and yet he was the most acceptable lecturer of his university. But it is not uncommon for the man who is both profound and accurate in his observation of the universal and permanent forces operative in the life about him, to be almost altogether wanting in that sagacity concerning the local and temporary practical details upon which the hourly facilitation and comfort of his own life depend ; nor need it surprise any one to



find the man who sits shy and taciturn in private, stand out dominant and eloquent in public. "Commonly, indeed," as Mr. Bagehot has said, "the silent man, whose brain is loaded with unexpressed ideas, is more likely to be a successful public speaker than the brilliant talker who daily exhausts himself in sharp sayings." There are two distinct kinds of observation: that which makes a man alert and shrewd, cognizant of every trifle and quick with every trick of speech; and that which makes a man a philosopher, conscious of the steady set of affairs and ready in the use of all the substantial resources of wise thought. Commend me to the former for a chat; commend me to the latter for a book. The first will sparkle; the other burns a steady flame.

Here is the picture of this Old Master: a quiet, awkward, forceful Scotchman, whose philosophy has entered everywhere into the life of politics and become a world-force in thought; an impracticable Commissioner of Customs, who has left for the instruction of statesmen the best theory of taxation; an unbusiness-like professor, who established the science of business; a man of books, who is universally honored by men of action; plain, eccentric, learned, inspired. The things that strike us most about him are, his boldness of conception and wideness of outlook, his breadth and comprehensiveness of treatment, and his carefully clarified and beautified style. He was no specialist except *in the relations of things*. Of course, spreading his topics far and wide in the domain of history and philosophy, he was at many points superficial. He took most of his materials at second hand; and it has been said that he borrowed many of his ideas from the French. But no matter who mined the gold, he coined it; the image and superscription are his. Certain separate, isolated truths which served under him may have been doing individual, guerrilla warfare elsewhere for the advancement of science; he marshalled them into drilled hosts for the conquering of the nations. Adam Smith was, possibly, somewhat indebted to the Physiocrats, but all the world is indebted to Adam Smith. Education and the world of thought need men who, like Adam Smith, will dare to know a multitude of things. Without them and their bold synthetic methods, all knowledge and all thought would fall apart into a weak analysis. Their minds do not lack in thoroughness; their thoroughness simply lacks in minuteness. It is only in the utterances of such men that the mind finds such exhilaration and exaltation as come with the free air that blows over broad uplands.

They excite you with views of the large aspects of thought ; conduct you through the noblest scenery of the mind's domain ; delight you with majesty of outline and sweep of prospect. In this day of narrow specialties, our thinking needs such men to fuse its parts, correlate its forces, and centre its results ; and our thinking needs them in its college stage, in order that we may command horizons from our study-windows in after days.

The breadth and comprehensiveness of treatment characteristic of the utterances of such a teacher are inseparable attributes of his manner of thought. He has the artist's eye. For him things stand in picturesque relations ; their great outlines fit into each other ; the touch of his treatment is necessarily broad and strong. The same informing influence of artistic conception and combination gives to his style its luminous and yet transparent qualities. His sentences cannot retain the stiff joints of logic ; it would be death to them to wear the chains of formal statement ; they must take leave to deck themselves with eloquence. In a word, such men must write *literature*, or nothing. Their minds quiver with those broad sympathies which constitute the life of written speech. Their native catholicity makes all minds receive them as kinsmen. By reason of the very strength of their humanity, they are enabled to say things long waiting to be said, in such a way that all men may receive them. They hold commissions from the King of Speech. Such men will not, I am persuaded, always seek in vain invitations to those academic platforms which are their best coignes of vantage. But this is not just the time when they are most appreciated, or most freely encouraged to discover themselves ; and it cannot be amiss to turn back to another order of things, and remind ourselves how a master of academic inspiration, possessing, in a great power to impart intellectual impulse, something higher than a trained capacity to communicate method, may sometimes be found even in a philosophical Scotchman.

WOODROW WILSON.

## PESSIMISM AND RECENT VICTORIAN POETRY.

THE present generation may be regarded as roughly marking the introduction into English poetry of an entirely new element—pessimism. But any investigation into that subject is met at the outset by an embarrassing circumstance. Considerable confusion exists as to what condition of affairs justifies pessimism. There are so much personal dejection and sentimental melancholy which seek to attain dignity by the imitation of a sincere pessimism that the mere mention of the name of the latter is apt to provoke a disdainful smile in some quarters. Equally mistaken, though more dignified, is another opinion on this subject. The conviction that evil preponderates in the world is by no means pessimistic. No one, except children and very superficial persons, expects to find the Forest of Arden in real life. The "human comedy," wherein the tragic is the principal element, cannot be claimed as an original invention by modern writers. No more gloomy view of life can be found than that contained in the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, the imagery of which, borrowed from the rainy season and dismantled palace, was pathetically suggestive of desolation to the Hebrew mind. There are lines in the Greek dramatists which terrify by their appalling presentation of the sadness of life. The later tragedies of Shakspeare are immeasurably sombre. Yet it may be confidently asserted that none of these teaches pessimism in the scientific sense of that phrase. They may all be distinguished from one another as subtly as possible. The conception of life in the first is undoubtedly Hebraistic, in the second Hellenic, in the third Puritanic. But they all possess one element in common which saves them from pessimism. They all emphasize personality.

The prominent position which the principle of personality has occupied in literature ought not to be overlooked. In an oft-quoted passage from the *Critique of Practical Reason*, Kant draws a forcible comparison between the different feelings excited by the contemplation of the starry heavens above and the moral law within.

"In the former," he says, "the first view of a multitude of countless worlds annihilates, as it were, my importance as an animal creation, which, after a brief and incomprehensible endowment with the powers of life, is compelled to refund

its constituent matter to the planet—itself an atom in the universe—on which it grew. The other, on the contrary, immeasurably elevates my worth as an intelligence; and this through my personality, in which the moral law reveals to me a life independent of the animal kingdom, nay, of the whole material world; at least, if it be permitted to infer as much from the regulation of my being exacted by a conformity with that law, which is not restricted by the conditions and limits of this life, but stretches out to eternity." \*

It is this conception of a personality wholly distinct from the animal creation, endowed with capacities for the observance of a moral law and a sentient immortality, which has assumed imposing proportions in the literature of the past. Herein lies the clew to a definition. The disturbance of the equation of life by the elimination of the factor of personality is the foundation upon which the pessimism of modern English poetry rests.

The year 1850 has a significance as fixing the date at which the term evolution was first used in a philosophic sense, and therefore very nearly coincides with that of the introduction of pessimism into English poetry. The importance of the theory of evolution can be best appreciated by reflecting upon the rapidity of its growth. Fifty years ago it was a timid and tentative speculation. To-day there is nothing which rises to the dignity of a science, the development of which evolution does not offer to explain. Whether or not evolution rests upon an atheistic conception of the universe, is wholly irrelevant. A single conclusion involved in that theory is, however, eminently pertinent to the present inquiry. The reduction of personality to insignificant proportions is a logical sequence of evolution. In the first place, the attribute of immortality is destroyed, for immortality devoid of a conscious recollection of the past is no immortality at all, according to all the traditional definitions of the word. This conclusion is by no means inconsistent with the theory that none of the elements which compose man is annihilated by death. But the opinion hinted at by Aristotle has received definite confirmation from evolution. Pure reason is forced to admit that all the arguments for a personal immortality apply with equal force to the theory of an ante-natal existence. Then the chilling conclusion must follow that, as there is no recollection of any past state in the present, so there will be none of the present in any future one. The suggestion of Mr. Symonds, that there may be forms of existence of which we know nothing, and in which consciousness of

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\* The translation is that of Sir William Hamilton.

prior conditions is preserved, is too inexact to be scientific. It finds no commendation in logic, however much it may appeal to inclination.

But evolution has still further dwarfed personality by annulling all capacity for the appreciation of any moral law, thereby destroying all sense of dignity which had heretofore been attached to human conduct. For morality must be conceived of as something very different from convention or natural instinct. That such a deduction is logical, has the support of one who of all men was the most competent to speak on that subject. In his recently published *Life and Letters*, Mr. Darwin has accurately defined the position which he was forced to assume toward the idea of God in the soul of man, and the instinct of immortality, the validity of which is a condition precedent for the existence of a moral law. "With me," he says, in words which, however much they may irritate, must command respect for their fearlessness, "the horrid doubt always arises whether the convictions of man's mind, which has been developed from the mind of the lower animals, are of any value or at all trustworthy. Would any one trust in the convictions of a monkey's mind, if there are any convictions in such a mind?"\* No more definite statement could be made of the attitude of evolution toward the principle of personality.

The materialist of stolid temperament, fascinated by the material progress made by the age, finds in this dispiriting consequence of evolution no sufficient ground for pessimism. He points with pride to the efficient protection afforded life and property by society, the nice adjustments of constitutions to individual liberty and happiness, the improved condition of the poor and unfortunate through the agency of a generous philanthropy. But the more sensitive soul of the poet refuses to find comfort in such suggestions. The argument is simply an additional reason for complaint. "Of what use," such a one will exclaim, "is this approximation toward the ideal, when the ideal itself has been lowered from the pedestal of the divine, which it has occupied as far back as tradition runs, and placed on the level of the human? Can increased facilities for personal happiness during an insignificant fraction of time compensate for the loss of dignity which was conferred by an eternal sentient existence? You have overthrown the idols which my race has worshipped in all ages. The mythologies which beautified nature and the philosophies which dig-

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\* *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, American Edition, Vol. I., page 285.

nified life have been exploded. But 'the riddle of the painful earth' vexes me more and more. You have led me to discard the solution of that riddle offered by the past, and greet with the silence of the sphinx my most persistent interrogations to solve it anew."

Pessimism is clearly susceptible of the division into intellectual and personal. The distinction is founded not upon any difference in origin, but in application. In the one case, it is extended to an intellectual examination of the entire field of phenomena; in the other, it is confined to the more limited area of personal surroundings. The sincerity of intellectual pessimism is viewed with considerable scepticism by a large number of people. Body and raiment are valued so highly that the possession of these, and a fair measure of worldly success, are considered as ample safeguards against the disturbing influences of an intellectual concept. Moreover, Horace Walpole was wrong when he penned that sensational phrase, "The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." Feelings are in many instances impulsive, and impulses lack permanence. They are conditioned upon environment, and, like a mirror, reflect the hideous and the beautiful, the fair or the foul, with equal exactness. But the tragic is perpetually present to the thinker, who penetrates beneath that superficial area to which feelings are limited. Not in the form of those melodramatic incidents which derive their pathos from the cruelty of external events. The tragic which the thinker is forced to contemplate, is as superior to these as they themselves are superior to their mimic presentation on the stage. It is the tragic in the sense of that inherent instability which is attached to all phenomena. From the despair developed by such a thought the optimist seeks relief in theism, and in attributing a changeless consciousness to personality; whereas the pessimist turns from the contemplation of external nature with a complaint of unmeasured sadness:

"For the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

Of intellectual pessimists, Mr. Matthew Arnold is a notable example. A fervent and enthusiastic pupil of Wordsworth, the simi-

larity between disciple and master extends only to those canons of taste which should govern verse, and to what may appropriately constitute its subject. Both advocate the cultivation of naturalism and simplicity of style, and both insist that external nature furnishes an eminently proper theme for the poet. But they diverge widely on philosophical lines. Nature suggests peace to the one, disquiet to the other.

In 1853 Mr. Arnold published *Empedocles on Etna*, in which the author's aim is undoubtedly to exhibit that pessimistic unrest which he regards as the "strange disease of modern life." The view which Mr. Arnold has presented of the character of Empedocles possesses, to a considerable extent, an historical foundation. It was more by his contributions to science than by his productions in verse that Empedocles attracted the attention of his contemporaries. "There is nothing in common between Homer and Empedocles," Aristotle insisted, "except the metre. For it is proper to distinguish the former as a poet, the latter as more of a natural philosopher than a poet." Again, the verse of Empedocles is distempered with that intellectual pessimism which has since attained the dignity of a formal philosophy. In one of the extant fragments there is a complaint of the limitations of empirical knowledge, which time has in no way served to make less despairing. "During the all too brief period of his vexed life, man, predestined to die and vanish like smoke, contending with crudities and bewildered on all sides, places confidence in those phenomena alone which he can verify by sensation. He prays in vain to find the whole [*i. e., noumenon*]. That can be neither seen nor heard by man, nor is it intelligible by mind." This is the phase of the character of Empedocles upon which Mr. Arnold has dwelt. It is the empiricist complaining of the limitations of empirical knowledge, which constitutes the action of the poem.

Personal ills are admitted to have been in no sense the cause of the unquiet mood of Empedocles. Callicles, the young harp-player, insists that external circumstances have nothing to do with the moodiness of the master, and Empedocles speaks of himself as

"The weary man, the banished citizen—  
Whose banishment is not his greatest ill,  
Whose weariness no energy can reach,  
And for whose hurt courage is not the cure."

This view, that the restlessness of Empedocles is entirely independent of environment, is still further emphasized by the contrast pre-

sented between his character and that of Pausanias. The latter is a physician, and the ardent friend and disciple of the former. For him also "the time is out of joint." But his vexation lacks dignity. It is simply the personal irritation of a conservative old man annoyed at the innovations of the age. But the pessimistic unrest of Empedocles is so impersonal as to command respect. Intellectual pessimism has nowhere attained more majestic proportions than in those dignified lines wherein Empedocles outlines his philosophy to Pausanias. Human wisdom is likened to the fleeting and imperfect glimpses of the universe which might be reflected in a mirror suspended in mid-air and impelled with restless violence through space. In this fragmentary character of knowledge lies the root of all suffering. Man never has known, and never will know, "the single eternal substance which is self-existent and self-complete"—to borrow the strong phrase of Plato. The experience of others can teach him nothing, and equally vain is his own, for he cannot make due allowance for heredity and environment. Prejudices are mistaken for principles. Human life is a contradiction. The implanted instinct for happiness is constantly thwarted by the ignorance which governs volition. Theologies are equally contradictory. In moments of rage men curse God; in fits of more solemn feeling they pray. Theism is, at the best, but a childish effort to soothe the irritating sense of ignorance by the invention of a God to whom omniscience is attributed. Man's soul is diseased with the desire of the impossible, and no one attains that placid content which can alone furnish any approach to happiness.

One of the most exquisite features of the poem is the character of the youth Callicles. He is the ideal Greek in his love of the beautiful and his sensitiveness to the influence of nature. Whatever ills may cloud his life vanish before the lovely vision of morning in the forest region of Etna. The failure of the influences which gladden his heart to restore quiet to Empedocles is an inferential argument for intellectual pessimism. Whosoever would find peace in nature must be content to view her from the standpoint of an artist. To the philosopher, she simply suggests the perpetual flux of all things; the interminable circle of generation and death.

One more feature of this very remarkable poem should be noted: the suicide of Empedocles. It is a paradox, in that the immediate cause is an impulse. There is no stronger or stranger picture in modern poetry than that of this wearied philosopher escaping for a



moment from the inflexible mould of his thoughts, and yielding to the persuasive suggestions of a possible immortality. It is such an emotion, questioned at the time as transitory, which finally conquers his irresolution. He commits suicide, not in the hope of thereby finding relief from his intolerable unrest either in ampler knowledge or absolute annihilation, but from fear lest the passing of this emotion should leave him without any spur to action.

Nor is intellectual pessimism confined to *Empedocles on Etna*. It may be said to be the most striking characteristic of all of Mr. Arnold's poetry. It is, moreover, especially perceptible in those lyrical and elegiac poems which represent pessimism in a subjective light, as a pure mental state. In "Philomela," the saddest story in Greek mythology is made typical of that tangled web of endless passion and pain which the pessimist urges as a definition of life, and which he is convinced will never be unravelled. "Dover Beach" and "Stanzas from the Grand Chartreuse" are threnodies for dead faith. "The Scholar-Gipsy" is a lament for that influence toward serenity which nature once exerted over the soul, but from which the *sæculum realisticum* has disenchanted it. *Switzerland* is the most pessimistic love poem ever written. In its simplicity and directness of language it is a forcible reminder of that exquisite triad by Wordsworth of which Lucy is the theme. But the ordinary occurrence of death is the cause of grief in the one. In the other, the conviction that love is not exempt from the operation of the law of unceasing change, furnishes not the material for cheap cynicism, but attains a place in a sad philosophy.

Less subtle, although more melodramatic, is the application of pessimism to external events, in the narrative poems. The tyranny of circumstances is the unvarying theme. A series of insignificant accidents brings untimely death to Sohrab and fathomless grief to Rustum. In *Balder Dead*, the oversight of Frigga to exact an oath from the mistletoe, leaves love and loyalty at the mercy of hate and cunning. *Tristram and Iseult* is a drama wherein the unconscious philtre, intended to be the minister of happiness, becomes the agent of misery. But of all the poems of this class, *The Sick King in Bokhara* is perhaps the most pessimistic. Here again the influence of Wordsworth is clearly visible in the simplicity of style. Moreover, both disciple and master would have agreed in resenting the suggestion of the vizier, that the tragic death of the Moollah was scarcely worth a thought in view of the misery existent in the world. But

Wordsworth would have considered the dignity conferred on personality, by heroic adherence to what is conceived to be the rule of right, ample compensation for the hardship of external conditions. Mr. Arnold seeks to soften the malice of circumstances by the poor reverence done to senseless dust through a royal burial.

There is a great contrast between Mr. Arnold and Mr. James Thomson. As has been already stated, Mr. Arnold's pessimism is intellectual in its application. That of Mr. Thomson is largely personal. One marked difference in the verse of the two is the logical result of this distinction and is worthy of note. Mr. Arnold's poetry, versatile as it is in form and exquisite in construction, is invariably sombre. To such a thinker there can be no escape from the constant contemplation of the tragic. The "melancholy long withdrawing roar" of the sea of faith deafens the ear to all blither sounds. But Mr. Thomson's poetry is far more versatile in spirit and theme. Pessimism forms by no means the exclusive subject of his verse. There are love poems, *genre* poems, and poems of light and delicate fancy. These, moreover, are not the result of successive moods separated from each other by the lapse of years, but are very nearly contemporaneous in their composition. This apparent contradiction is in no wise urged as any reflection upon the sincerity of Mr. Thomson's pessimism, for it is quite capable of a consistent explanation. Pessimism which is personal in its application, though having the same origin as that which is intellectual, is brought into more intimate contact with the emotional. Such a pessimist is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of external conditions, and may find a temporary forgetfulness under the inspiration of blither emotions, as narcotics deaden the pain which they are powerless to cure.

It was as the author of *The City of Dreadful Night* that Mr. Thomson first attracted attention. This cannot be attributed to the fact that it was an isolated piece of work, for it belongs to a class of poem which disclose the imaginative qualities of the author's mind,—poems of an allegorical or mystical nature, always romantic in their temper, and not infrequently romantic in their style. Although allegorical in intent, *The City*\* cannot be viewed as a single poem, but rather as a series of twenty-one short poems comprised within

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\*I would acknowledge the help which I have found toward an appreciative understanding of this poem, in an able review of *The City of Dreadful Night*, by Mr. G. A. Simcox, in the *Fortnightly Review* for July, 1880.

as many cantos, each substantially complete in itself and bearing only a superficial relation to the whole. The last two cantos are separate allegories, and the remainder are divided into descriptions of an imaginary city and short poems of a narrative nature. A regularity is observed in the use of the descriptive and narrative cantos, the one alternating with the other, while an effective mixture of metres avoids anything like a tendency to monotony.

The poem is preceded by a brief proem, which discloses the motive for its composition and the class among whom the author expects to find an audience. The motive is interesting, as furnishing a clew to the character of Mr. Thomson's pessimism. It is frankly admitted to be a fit of bitter rage against the immovable wall of environment. Such a mood is entirely too personal ever to overtake the intellectual pessimist. The broader horizon which he contemplates so dwarfs the immediate circumstances of his own life as to make them incapable of exciting any such irrational emotion. The audience to whom the author appeals are those who are as despairing as himself. The poem is in no wise intended for the hopeful young, the worldly prosperous, or those who cherish a lingering belief in theism; but exclusively for such as are

"desolate, fate-smitten,  
Whose faith and hope are dead, and who would die."

The descriptive cantos are only superficially allegorical. All the illusion of an imaginary city, which it is the author's purpose to describe, is destroyed by the unequivocal disclosure that its existence is largely subjective. This is, of course, fatal to that air of reality which should invest a genuine allegory. One feature is, however, worthy of especial notice from an artistic point of view. All theatrical effects to convey a sense of desolation have been carefully avoided. The cheap expedient of making the city in ruins, a *mise en scène* so common in painting and poetry, is wisely absent. It is a city with orderly streets, spacious mansions, and well-trimmed lamps. The inference is unmistakable that, in itself, the city is by no means suggestive of desolation. The gloom and silence which mark it at night would fail to make even a fleeting impression upon the young and hopeful. It is only such as are without hope who attribute to the city qualities which by no means intrinsically belong to it. The allegory is further sacrificed to subjectivity by representing the city as regularly disappearing at the approach of dawn. Yet even this

characteristic is finely used to intensify the sense of horror which haunts its streets. Its successive disappearance and recurrence lend it a weird and unnatural reality in the eyes of its citizens. In lines of poignant sadness, Mr. Thomson has graphically sketched that perturbed state of mind, the result of servitude to one master passion, which invests the imaginary with as much reality as the actual, and which M. Théophile Gautier had so powerfully depicted in *La Morte Amoureuse*.

Absolute despair has never been pictured in more forcible verse. Such a mood, Mr. Thomson insists, cannot obtain even the poor refuge of isolation. By a bold stroke of imagination, the sadness, insanity, and despair of these exiles from hope and happiness are represented as infecting the atmosphere of the city, as the breath of patients suffering from contagious diseases might poison the air of a hospital. Volition becomes purely mechanical, and no struggles can avail to obtain permanent release from the tyranny of such a mood. Time, though it brings no abatement of despair, soon causes the first sense of wonder to cease. The soul, "crushed impotent beneath this reign of terror," views the weirdest and strangest sensations with unshaken apathy. Everything contributes toward augmenting the despair of the victim. The memory of all the miseries of the past flaunts before his eyes in the shape of foul phantoms. Time becomes an intolerable burden, the minutes of which are lengthened into years, the hours into centuries, the days into æons. "The River of the Suicides" is the theme of the last of the descriptive cantos. The courage of those who have sought oblivion in its waters is envied. The irresolution of those who have not is pitied. Here, as elsewhere, the certitude of death is praised as the one boon for which man can be grateful.

Not less hopeless is the spirit of the narrative cantos. In the first of this class, the poet is represented as following one of the inhabitants of the city, who is making a "drear pilgrimage to ruined shrines" which suggest unmeasured desolation and despair—the graveyard, where faith perished, unable to outlive the sickening evidences of corruption; the villa, where love was stabbed by sensuality; the hovel, where hope was starved by protracted adversity. The second narrative canto is a monologue, of which the speaker is one who has murdered his mistress in a fit of jealous rage. The action of the poem lies in the representation of that terrible sense of desolation which follows the rude annihilation of a loving faith. Despair

is further augmented by the subsequent revelation that the suspicions which put an end to happiness and content were wholly unfounded. This is by no means an original theme, but Mr. Thomson has fully justified its use by his marvellous treatment. That despair which is so hopeless that accumulated horrors cannot rouse it from its apathy, is pictured in a series of material images alike weird and thrilling. Not less artistic is the allegorical representation of fatal credulity, and the revulsion from despairing hate to despairing remorse. The conviction that pessimism is not conditioned upon environment furnishes the theme for another of the narratives. A warden stationed at the entrance of a cathedral demands from each who enters,

" Whence come you in the world of life and light  
To this our City of Tremendous Night ? "

The answers sufficiently indicate that all vocations and ranks have furnished recruits for the city.

The purpose of the first of the two allegories with which the poem ends is to indicate what Mr. Thomson views as the vain struggle of man with nature. The colossal figure of an angel is represented as on the point of attacking, with upraised sword, a couchant sphinx. By successive changes the angel is transformed into an armed warrior, whose attitude is shifted from one of attack to defence, then an unarmed suppliant, and finally a shattered and shapeless mass of stone at the paws of the monster. It is difficult to conceive of a stronger representation of this phase of Mr. Thomson's pessimism. Faith and reason, it is insisted, have alike been vanquished by nature, and man is destined to become the victim of that force which he once dreamed of subduing.

The final canto is, in many respects, the strongest of all. That fascinating print by Dürer, which he himself labelled "*Melancholia*," is, by a strong conceit, made the patroness of the city. Her image, fashioned in bronze and of colossal size, is represented as overlooking the city from a level upland. The poetic transcription is spirited and accurate ; so exact as to be well-nigh photographic, but preserving all the marvellous action of the print. Various as the original has been interpreted, there can be no question concerning the interpretation which Mr. Thomson would place upon it. It is made the type of that concept of culture, offered by pessimism as a substitute for personal religion, which Eduard von Hartmann admits has been

"dearly purchased by an overwhelmingly greater amount of sorrow necessarily called into being by the process," and which has for its object "a rational insight into the nullity of existence."

*The City* amply indicates that the pessimism of Mr. Thomson derives its force from the discredit cast upon what has been heretofore termed the principle of personality in literature. In the narrative of the pilgrimage to ruined shrines, the poet represents himself as sceptically asking the pilgrim if life can survive the death of faith and love and hope. No more tremendous image of the nullification of personality by the destruction of these three active principles could have been invented than that which is contained in the reply :

"As whom his one intense thought overpowers,  
He answered coldly, 'Take a watch, erase  
The signs and figures of the circling hours,  
Detach the hands, remove the dial-face.  
The works proceed until run down ; although  
Bereft of purpose, void of use, still go.'"

The influence of the age is indicated in the connection disclosed between evolution and pessimism. In the narrative which has for its theme the sermon in the cathedral, the preacher urges his congregation to find solace in a biological conception of the universe, which makes theism and personal immortality delusions. One of the auditors, however, fails to find any comfort in such a suggestion. The irony of his position makes him insensible to any other feeling than that of blind and despairing rage. The single instance of conscious life which evolution offers out of the eternal blankness of the past and the eternal blankness of the future, is so limited in duration as to seem a mockery. Death is viewed as an abrupt termination of all capacities for sentient enjoyment. There is a maddening sense of disproportion between the magnificence of endowment and the insignificant opportunity afforded for its enjoyment. The persistent interrogation, *Cui bono?* presents itself to the soul at every turn, and paralyzes action. Nor does Mr. Thomson make any concealment of the fact that his pessimism has an atheistic foundation. In a dialogue which occurs in another of the narrative poems, one of the speakers is represented as attributing the misery existent in the world to the malignity of some personal God. The reply comes in tones of scornful sadness :

"As if a Being, God or Fiend, could reign,  
At once so wicked, foolish, and insane  
As to produce men when he might refrain !

"The world rolls round forever like a mill ;  
It grinds out death and life, and good and ill ;  
It has no purpose, heart, or mind, or will.

"While air of Space and Time's full river flow,  
The mill must blindly whirl unresting so ;  
It may be wearing out, but who can know ?

"Man might know one thing were his sight less dim :  
That it whirls not to suit his petty whim,  
That it is quite indifferent to him.

"Nay, does it treat him harshly as he saith ?  
It grinds him some slow years of bitter breath,  
Then grinds him back into eternal death."

Moreover, by death Mr. Thomson does not mean any agnostic termination of physical life or mystical absorption into some divine substance, but the absolute, unqualified annihilation of consciousness. This thought is suggested over and over again in *The City* ; notably in the two narrative poems which have for their respective themes the sermon on evolution and the "River of the Suicides."

In "Vane's Story" pessimism takes a coarse turn. The weary interval between birth and death, it is urged, cannot be more sensibly occupied than with material pleasures, the degree of sensuality of which circumstances should alone regulate. The poem is interesting from an autobiographical point of view, but is decidedly inferior, in conception and treatment, to the major part of Mr. Thomson's work. It is, in addition, spoiled beyond all remedy by flippant jests at Christianity and Christian doctrine, which are neither dignified nor humorous. Although the only poem which advocates sensuality, it is unequivocal in its approbation of such a course. Even posthumous fame, to which few are indifferent, and which Socrates had eulogized in *The Banquet* as almost an equivalent for personal immortality, is made the subject of a sneer in a coarse paraphrase of the epilogue to Heine's *Book of Lazarus*. Material pleasures, coarse and common, which lie within the reach of the poorest drudge, are viewed as far more enviable than that unconscious immortality of which George Eliot sang with such fervor in the lines, "O may I join the choir invisible." Much more dignified is *A Voice from the Nile*. Here Mr. Thomson has followed the example set by Mr. Arnold, and made his pessimism intellectual in its application. The unceasing law of change, the inherent instability of all things, are finely pictured in a brief monologue, of which the River Nile is the speaker.

It is as the author of love poems that the distinction between the pessimism of Mr. Thomson and that of Mr. Arnold can be best detected. The chief charm of a pure passion—and Mr. Thomson has confined himself to the praise of such—lies in a belief in its permanence. Such a belief the intellectual pessimist will never entertain, and all the illusion which it inspires is destroyed by the grim logic that love is, no more than any other phenomenon, exempt from the operation of the law of change. But emotions have far more influence over the personal pessimist, and not unfrequently seal his eyes to the paradox of attributing to love a quality which his creed should teach him it cannot possess. Such, at any rate, seems to be the position of Mr. Thomson. That he was capable of loving strongly and deeply is amply indicated not only by the sad story of his life, but by the unmistakably personal character of many of his earlier love poems. Thorough-going pessimist as he afterward became, he would, under the influence of strong feeling, lapse into an equally ardent glorification of love. *He Heard Her Sing* and *Richard Forest's Midsummer Night*, written in the last year of his life, have for their theme the transforming power of an overmastering passion. The latter is, especially, a genuine addition to the literature of love poetry. It is full of a healthy and pure passion, while the poetical transcriptions of natural scenery are alike spirited and free from all touches of formalism.

The *genre* poems further illustrate this distinction. The conspicuous absence of all sombre qualities indicates the strong influence which emotions exert over the personal pessimist. *Sunday up the River* is a delightful idyl on a homely theme, besides possessing a very important qualification for a successful *genre* poem. There is no loss of dignity incurred in the choice of a subject or its treatment. *Sunday at Hampstead* has a similar theme,—a Londoner's summer Sunday outing. Although marked by considerable originality, it is decidedly inferior to the preceding both in conception and execution. It is also marred by an undignified iteration of the manners and language of Cockaigne, which adds in no wise to its effectiveness, and creates the disagreeable impression that the author is posing as a champion of "the people."

Although not coming strictly within the scope of the present discussion, a word or two may not be out of place concerning some of Mr. Thomson's other work. As has been said above, *The City of Dreadful Night* belongs to a class of poems marked by a highly and,



frequently, weirdly imaginative character. Conspicuous in this class, is that entitled "Insomnia." The horrors of that malady, which has become well-nigh an epidemic, and of which Mr. Thomson was himself a victim, are described in language the intense romanticism of which proves a most effective vehicle for the expression of the author's thought. "Life's Hebe," apart from its intrinsic merits, has a curious interest, in that the moral seems to be that personal choice, and not environment, must be held responsible for individual misery. The "Three That Shall be One" is a fable beautifully told, and suggesting the thought of the eternal circle of generation and death, which subsequently found more complete expression in *A Voice from the Nile*. Of all the poems of this class, "The Naked Goddess" is the least worthy of praise. The purpose of the allegory is obscure, though it is certainly susceptible of the interpretation of being a plea for realism. The verse is brilliant and imaginative, but the poem is marred by a fault which, happily, obtrudes itself only seldom in Mr. Thomson's verse. There is an undignified flippancy in attacking the conventionalities, which, though unquestionably worthless as a foundation for ethics, have a value of their own in encouraging external order and substantially easing the friction of social life. "In the Room" deserves attention quite as much for its originality as for its strong, terse lines. Various articles of furniture are represented as holding a conversation in a deserted chamber, wherein lies the body of a suicide. The tone is pessimistic, but pessimism has never found a more novel form of expression. Nor should mention be omitted of *The Lord of the Castle of Indolence* and *Weddah and Om-El-Bonain*. The former is a delicate and fanciful plea for idleness; the latter, a strong piece of narrative verse, of which the theme is an oriental love tale.

HENRY F-RANDOLPH.

## THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ART.

STATEMENTS are frequently made that there is no American school of art. This is equivalent to saying that we Americans, who are admitted to be remarkably inventive, and to show the fruits of this capacity in science and industry ; who think, and observe, and show forth the fruits of thought and observation in literature and science ; who study political progress and demonstrate statesmanship ; and who possess eminent expositors of religious doctrine,—are yet wanting in the talent or capacity by which to show that we possess æsthetic aspirations of our own, like other nations. The American intellect, according to the framers of, and believers in, such statements, is, as yet, undeveloped in what constitutes a native school of art. A hundred years ago, the country had some artists of talent, but they did little original work ; after 1865 a school began to establish itself in the right way, owing to the institutions which have quickened the sentiment of beauty in the nation, coupled with forces which (provided we accept foreign standards of art-culture and foreign methods of manifesting it) will lead us on to a glorious artistic future. There is some warrant for such a view of things, judging by the financial value of foreign art in our country ; but to one who does not believe that an original, active, powerful intellect, like the American, can be controlled by foreign experiences, it is, to say the least, one-sided. The observer's perceptions are limited in range. He omits analogies, or is unconscious of them. The American intellect is just as energetic in the direction of art as in any other ; the forces which develop the American artistic instinct—for art proceeds from an instinct and is not an acquirement—are coeval with other forces which have produced a peculiar national character, called American ; they belong to the same family of forces which led our progenitors to fight battles and to produce able generals, which led them to think and to recognize authors and statesmen, to trade and to encourage commercial enterprise, to sympathize with suffering and to produce philanthropists,—in short, which led to the establishment of factories, schools, tribunals, asylums, universities, churches, and art-institutions, according to the necessities of the hour. The best way to prove this assertion is to furnish the evidence.

The originators and circulators of such statements seem ignorant of a work demonstrating this fact, by an artist and author named William Dunlap. All honor to Dunlap, among American historians! It was once said of him, "There are two things Dunlap can't do—he can't write and he can't paint." But this is calumny, for he did both, to his own credit and for the glory of the country. At all events, he composed a remarkable work, entitled *History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States*, which furnishes irrefragable proof that the American school of art had begun, and had taken the right way, long before 1865. In this work Dunlap gives biographical notices of four hundred and thirty artists, who represent the art of the country from the colonial period down to 1834, the date of the publication of his book. Not all are American artists in a proper sense. To make the most of his subject, Dunlap raked and scraped the highways and byways of local annals, obtaining his information from artists themselves or from persons who contributed facts about them, "to the best of their knowledge and belief." He mentions as artists many who would now be called daubers, or, at best, mere amateurs. He devotes, too, a good many pages to "American" artists who cannot really be styled such—West, Newton, and Leslie, for example, who, though born on the soil, emigrated to England and became, locally and intellectually, artists of that country. Besides these, he includes foreign artists, like Houdon, Ceracchi, and St. Memin, formerly in the country, but only for a short time. But, leaving all these out, the remainder of his biographical notices furnishes a goodly number of genuine American artists, stimulated in their thought and aims by local ideas, consistent with the culture of the epoch, and whose works constitute the foundations of the American school of art.

According to Dunlap, there were seventy-eight artists in the country anterior to and during the Revolution; forty were portrait-painters, the rest being engravers, architects, drawing-teachers, modellers, and one manufacturer of "old masters,"—this last to suit the requirements of that time for fashionable art, for then, as now, the standard of artistic taste was regulated by the judgment of foreign amateurs. Young artists of talent, born on the soil, had to go to Europe to perfect themselves in technical processes, as well as to profit by the superior culture of the Old World, as in the case of Benjamin West. After the Revolution, things improve. The people, now a nation, feel, think, and act for themselves, and begin to express

feeling, thought, and action nationally. Like the Greeks, they employ artists to symbolize and preserve what is precious and peculiar in relation to their private and public experiences. But, unlike the Greeks, art is not left to the State. Individuals procure portraits of themselves, and of members of their families, to gratify domestic sentiment, while the Government, in spite of rigorous utilitarian notions, pays homage to the national artistic interest by ordering portraits of the country's brave defenders, and monuments of its victories. What the Government fails to do for native art, from lack of money or intelligence, is done by private individuals and corporations. Religious sects do not care for æsthetic ideals of faith, but congregations do care for their pastors, and commission portraits of them, which, engraved for general circulation, almost maintain the art of engraving. *Genre* art makes its appearance in a humble, practical way. Original designs, representative of local characters and customs, as well as humorous and allegorical compositions, appear on signs, on banners, on the backs of old-fashioned fire-engines; books are illustrated, and vignettes are engraved on paper-money, which renders counterfeiting more difficult. All this denotes artistic energy, in conformity with the artistic needs of a new society. Whatever the aim of this art may be, it is healthy, logical, and "our own, sirs!"

With the reader's permission, I will place before his "mind's eye" a series of works executed during this period; so that he may judge for himself of the work of our early artists, the conditions under which it was produced, and the nature of the development of the American school.

"The best portraits we have of the eminent magistrates of New England and New York, who lived between 1725 and 1751, are from the pencil of Smybert," says Mr. Verplanck. His name comes first, because, in the colonial period, Smybert's works stimulated the rising generation of artists. He was an English painter, brought to this country by Dean Berkeley.

Copley comes next. Copley cannot, strictly, be called an artist of our school, except early in his career, which he began here, as he was born on the soil. Nevertheless, he painted so many portraits of Americans as to be considered an indispensable figure among national painters. Two of his portraits, in the possession of Mr. Martin Brimmer, of Boston, entitle him to the first rank among painters, to say nothing of subsequent works executed in England.

Next, and greatest of all before or since, comes Gilbert Stuart. At twenty-one years of age Stuart went to England, rather, it would seem, to verify his talent than to perfect it, for he was one of those who are artists by birth, not by training. Remaining in England seventeen years, he returned to the United States in 1793, and there lived for the rest of his life. Stuart appears to have confined himself wholly to portraiture. His leading excellence is "expression, and not feature"; or, in other terms, the soul of an individual, instead of the literal limning of a countenance. No particular method of painting governed his brush. His technical skill may be called intuitive, for his early work was superior to that of most experienced executants. As with the literary style of great original thinkers, Stuart's style in painting constituted him a master at the start. Only a few of his principal portraits need be mentioned here, such as "Washington" and "Mrs. Washington," now in the Boston Museum of Art; "Egbert Benson," in the New York Historical Society; "Judge Stephen Jones," "William Smith, D.D.," "Marquis Casa-Yruco," "Robert Morris"; of ladies' portraits, "Mrs. Blodgett," "Mrs. Bordley," "Mrs. Miercken," all in Philadelphia; and last, the finest of his works, "W. Grant, of Congalton," a full-length figure skating, now in England, and, when recently exhibited in London, attributed to Gainsborough.

Charles Willson Peale is next in order. His works, talent, career, and character are all peculiarly American. Dunlap, on account of an antipathy to the Peale family, speaks disparagingly of its head. Nevertheless, Charles Willson Peale did good work, although his style is hard and his perceptions are mechanical. Peale was a man of versatile powers, being, as Dunlap says, "saddler, harness-maker, clock-and-watch-maker, silver-smith, painter in oil, crayons, and miniature, modeller in clay, wax, and plaster; he sawed his own ivory for his miniatures, moulded the glasses, and made the shagreen cases; he was a soldier, a legislator, a lecturer, and a preserver of animals—whose deficiencies he supplied by means of glass eyes and artificial limbs; he was a dentist, and a mild, benevolent, and good man." In such a type, we get a glimpse of American pioneer life, the artistic and mechanical, and especially of the inventive capacity peculiar to the young people. Peale painted the portraits of many eminent men of his day, among them Washington, being probably the first artist to whom the Father of his Country gave sittings. A remarkably fine work from his pencil is a full-length portrait of himself.

Patience Wright modelled portraits in wax with great success, while her son, Joseph Wright, distinguished himself in portraiture, having likewise painted Washington and his wife. Robert Fulton, of steamboat renown, was, as Dunlap says, "guilty of painting poor portraits in Philadelphia." Nevertheless, they are important additions to our national school, and not to be omitted in our gallery. Robert Edge Pine, although an Englishman, cannot be passed over on that account, for he was a local painter of talent, and left behind him excellent portraits of eminent Americans, including Washington. "Many of his productions," says the Hon. Joseph Hopkinson, in a letter to Dunlap, "are scattered about in Virginia." Matthew Pratt, a prominent portrait-painter of this period, as we are told in an admirable catalogue of historical portraits compiled by Mr. C. H. Hart, "did not refuse to take orders for pictorial signs, among which the 'Cock in a Barnyard,' on a beer-house in Spruce Street, and the 'Convention of 1787,' on the corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, drew admiring crowds." His best-known work, adds this authority, is a full-length portrait of Cadwallader Colden, in the Chamber of Commerce, New York.

Colonel John Trumbull is an early American artist of decided talent; his work is original, and there is quite enough of it to entitle him to high professional rank, even in our day. Like other young artists of his time, influenced by a superior education and extensive reading, he went to Europe to profit by technical and intellectual resources not to be had at home. In London he became a pupil of West, and afterward visited the Continent. On returning to the United States, he executed several portraits, among which are full-lengths of Hamilton and Washington, the former now in New York, and the latter in New Haven. In addition to these, he executed a remarkable series of cabinet-heads of distinguished men and women of Revolutionary times, now on exhibition in New Haven. Fashion affected, but did not control, his pencil in other directions. Prompted by the "high art" notions of the day, due to a mingling together of art-principles established by devotees to classic and "old master" theories, Trumbull painted a number of classic and Scriptural subjects, but unsuccessfully; his forte lay in historic art, in which he produced masterpieces. "The Battle of Bunker Hill," "The Death of Montgomery," "The Surrender of Cornwallis," and "The Declaration of Independence," now on exhibition in New Haven, painted while many of the actors in the scenes were still living.

form the best possible illustrations of the originality and importance of our national school of art.

John Vanderlyn follows,—another bright light among the founders of the American school. Vanderlyn, finding a liberal patron in Aaron Burr, developed his powers abroad. As far as subjects go, he conformed to the classic taste which still prevailed at that time in France, where he pursued his studies; but his style, true to his own perceptions of nature, remained original. As with other artists of his country, he painted portraits of its distinguished men, including Albert Gallatin, Madison, Monroe, Calhoun, and De Witt Clinton. His two principal works, "Marius Sitting among the Ruins of Carthage" and "Ariadne," the former now in Hartford and the latter in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, suggest no other master than his own imagination and his consciousness of artistic resources. The figure of Ariadne is a recognized triumph of American artistic genius. Besides these works, Vanderlyn painted landscapes and panoramas. His largest canvas, "The Landing of Columbus," executed for the Government, and now on the walls of the Capitol at Washington, done in his declining years, poorly represents his artistic capacity. It was his misfortune to produce works above the comprehension of his contemporaries, and, like all artists on our soil, devoted to the ideal, he labored more for fame than for profit.

Washington Allston, fellow-student and frequent companion of Vanderlyn and Trumbull in Europe, increases the reputation of the American school at this epoch. Both poet and painter, and a man of superior culture and refinement, the profession of an artist obtains through him greater consideration. Allston began his career in his native country, but finished it abroad, as far as his best works go, for the very good reason that he found at home neither patronage nor facilities for study and practice in his favorite line—that of Scriptural subjects. His natural bent was for history; his preference for Scriptural subjects being due to the fashionable worship of "old masters" in the English world of art. Nevertheless, "Uriel in the Sun," "Jacob's Dream," "St. Peter Liberated by the Angel," with others of like aim, executed in England when other fine art was often termed *low*, are works of very high rank. "Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand," sundry portraits and ideal female heads in Boston, together with the designs in outline engraved by Cheney, powerfully represent Allston's genius in other directions.

The foregoing works, executed within fifty years after the Declaration of Independence, prove that the country possessed, during this epoch, artists of ability kindred to that of its soldiers, statesmen, and other representatives of native intellectual energy. Trumbull, Vanderlyn, and Allston may be at least thought of, in their field, though not as we think of Washington and Greene as warriors, Franklin as a scientist and diplomatist, Madison and Livingston as jurists, Morris as a financier, and Cooper as the novelist. In any appreciation of the intellectual development of the country, its early artists cannot be overlooked. But my gallery, which speaks for itself, must tell the story of the progress of American art. Local resources increase after the Revolution, and especially local patronage. No school of art, it must be kept in mind, flourishes without the spontaneous support of the community in which it is born. American art, without Government support and without institutions to foster it, depends on the tastes of individuals, and this taste gives birth to much original work. The only branch of art which obtained real and extensive encouragement was portraiture. If we add to the works already cited those of Malbone, Sully, Neagle, R. Peale, Waldo, Jewett, Metcalf, Rogers, Harding, Inman, Dunlap, Morse, Jocelyn, and many others, we have a complete idea of the progress of our school. Portraits by all these artists, when now encountered, excite admiration and are beginning to be regarded as national treasures. Most of these artists, as Sully, Malbone, Neagle, Inman, and Morse, painted subjects denoting powers of a wider range. Very few of their contemporaries could appreciate them. Mr. Daniel Huntington characterizes the nature of public art patronage at this time, outside of portraiture, in the case of Waldo:

"On beginning to practise portraiture, he eked out a scanty purse by painting signs for hatters, butchers, and tapsters. Some of these pictures of beaver hats with their beautiful gloss, or ribs of beef and fat chickens, or foaming mugs of ale in the hands of jolly toppers, swinging in the wind in our boyish days, were the handicraft of Waldo."

It is curious to note that Wilson, the great English landscapist, began his career in like manner, and almost at the same time, in France, Prudhon, the great glory of the French school, first displayed his genius on a hatter's sign, while for a long time he had to earn his bread by designing vignettes for the headings of letters and public documents.

In 1826 a new force arose, in the shape of an institution which



proved very effective in giving "energy and direction to the dormant feeling for beauty in the nation." This was the National Academy of Design, established in New York by artists themselves, for professional advancement, as well as to enlighten the public. Other art-institutions in the country preceded this one, but failed of their purpose through defects in plan and management. The most notable case was the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, established in Philadelphia in 1811, which had, for its directors, "seven lawyers, one carver, two physicians, one auctioneer, one wine-merchant, and one painter." The American Academy of Arts, established a little later in New York, was governed by men of wealth and standing, with only one artist among them, Colonel Trumbull. These men meant well, but, as nowadays with the same class of art-patrons, they did not understand what is most requisite for the development of national art, and their efforts proved fruitless. Were a medical college, or university, or stock exchange, to be organized and managed by rich sea-captains, the principle would be the same. The National Academy of Design proved successful because it started on the right basis. It provided for young aspirants a school, easy of access, in which artists taught. It provided annual exhibitions, in which the public could see a reflex of the nature, human and external, with which it was familiar. Portraits, of course, predominated, but, being more or less well-known faces in the community, they were none the less enjoyable. It furnished fresh matter for the daily press, and, especially, subjects for conversation in evening parties. It paved the way, again, for works growing out of less egoistic sentiments. It brought into notice views of local scenery and other ideals. In any event, the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design proved novel, fashionable, and highly remunerative. All this was natural, healthy, original, and in the right direction. But this "force" did not expend itself in the establishment of the National Academy of Design. Another outcome of it was a private social institution, called the Sketch Club (or XXI., as it was first styled), composed of artists, authors, clergymen, merchants, lawyers, professors, men of leisure and culture, whose quiet influence in behalf of art leavened the whole community. Afterward came the Century Club, where the same spirit produced the same effect, on a still larger scale. The persistent, beneficent influence of these institutions, in arousing the "feeling for beauty in the nation," cannot be over-estimated, nor can it be overlooked.

Eight years later, in 1834, a really important factor in art-progress makes its appearance,—one not hitherto conspicuous,—namely, the spontaneous encouragement of native art by amateurs who are interested in something besides portraits. Portraiture still remains the leading branch of art, but other works have gradually become numerous, such as landscape and incidents of humorous local life. These, exposed to view under favorable conditions, catch the eye of an enthusiastic, broad-minded, liberal amateur, Luman Reed. This gentleman first showed his taste for art by yielding to the fashion for “old masters,” which prevailed then, as the fashion for modern foreign art prevails now; only, unlike picture-buyers at the present day, Mr. Reed, on discovering that he was paying “too dear for his whistle,” discarded foreign art for art which he understood better. The landscapes and figure-subjects in the National-Academy exhibitions, which attracted his attention, appealed to local intelligence and local sympathies, and he, naturally and generously, encouraged the local artists who produced them. Some idea of the expansion of our school of art may be gathered from the following facts:

Mount appears and, like all beginners, paints Scriptural subjects, not out of religious sentiment, but in accordance with conventional standards of artistic ambition, adopted because one is born in them. But he soon drops such subjects for those which are derived from personal impressions. He lives on Long Island, and leads a jolly life among the odd characters of that primitive region. He sees two men “Bargaining for a Horse,” and admirably paints the shrewd spirit of the scene. He sees again a “Barn Scene,”—a group of boys, full of glee, raffling, and the “old man” stealthily approaching, switch in hand, ready to apply it vigorously,—and he transfers it to his canvas. Mr. Reed appreciates these inimitable transcripts of American humor, and purchases them.

Doughty and Cole, groping their way, exhibit views of local scenery which the public enjoy. The public is sufficiently intelligent also to comprehend ideas growing out of political contrasts, and to appreciate Old-World experiences alongside of those of their own society and institutions. Cole expresses to Mr. Reed a desire to paint “The Course of Empire,” the phases of which, on an imaginary territory from the beginning of society down to ruin and decay, could be symbolized according to historical occurrences. Five pictures, each displaying the same scene in nature, were to depict successively the savage, or primitive, state of man, his agricultural and

industrial progress, empire in the shape of a vast and splendid city, the destruction of this by war, and, finally, utter ruin and decay ; the first scene visible at daylight, the second in the forenoon, the third under the glare of a meridian sun, illuminating magnificent architecture and a civic procession, the fourth with an afternoon tempest sweeping over the city, which is being sacked by barbarian invaders, and the fifth the evening aspect of desolation, represented by ruins of architecture under moonlight. Mr. Reed at once commissioned Cole to paint the series at his own price. It proved popular, and now stands a monument both of the artist's genius and of an intelligent appreciation of it. It make no difference whether such art is allegorical or literary : the ideas it presents are poetic and powerfully rendered, and, therefore, original productions, creditable to the school to which they belong.

Durand, likewise, began his career as a painter with Scriptural subjects, in which the public took no interest. The public, however, was interested in the works of Diedrich Knickerbocker, and Mr. Reed commissioned him to paint the "The Wrath of Peter Stuyvesant," with a composition of kindred domestic interest, called "The Pedler."

George W. Flagg, a young man, showed remarkable talent for historic art ; Mr. Reed sent him abroad, paid his expenses, and bought his works. At this time Mr. Reed built, in New York, what was considered one of the finest houses of the day. The upper story was set apart for a gallery, the doors of which he employed Cole, Durand, Mount, and Flagg to decorate. In this gallery Mr. Reed hung his acquisitions, and gave to those interested the privilege of seeing them one day in the week. Scarcely, however, was he installed in his new dwelling when he died, at the early age of fifty-two, leaving unfulfilled many intentions in behalf of American art and artists. On the settlement of his estate, his collection was bought, through a subscription of his friends, to serve as the foundation of a New York Gallery of the Fine Arts. The institution was organized, but, failing to pay expenses, its collection was handed over for preservation to the New York Historical Society. There it now is, awaiting money and friends to give it suitable exhibition, and to continue the work of the noble and generous man, of whom it is a lasting monument.

Let us trace further the effect of Mr. Reed's action as giving "direction to the dormant feeling for beauty in the nation." Because of the success of "The Course of Empire," Cole was commissioned

by Mr. Samuel Ward to paint another series, depicting, under landscape treatment, allegoric conceptions of the infancy, youth, maturity, and old age of man,—a work appealing to religious sentiment, and one which proved equally successful with the former series. Again, Mr. Stuyvesant commissioned two landscapes, called "Departure" and "Return," mediæval subjects inspired by, and responding to, the interest in the Middle Ages excited by Walter Scott in the minds of his American readers; and two ideal compositions, "The Past" and "The Present," now in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. Through the impetus of Mr. Reed's sympathy and encouragement, Durand was enabled to develop his taste for historical art in "The Capture of Major André," "The Dance on the Battery," and "Hendrick Hudson and Rip Van Winkle," inspired by Irving; followed by allegorical or local landscapes, like "Thanatopsis," inspired by Bryant; and "Forest Scenes," inspired by his own experiences and studies, including pictorial idyls of American life, such as "An Old Man's Reminiscences" and "Sunday Morning." Mount, in the rest of his short life, continued, under the same impetus, to produce, in his humorous vein, "Nooning," in which a group of American field-hands are seen taking a mid-day rest, "The Power of Music," representing the charm of a violin to the ear of a negro, and other compositions of like import.

These works, denoting a new departure of the American school, must be added to the mental gallery which I have placed before the reader. Mr. Reed, in short, made American art fashionable. A crowd of amateurs, following in his footsteps, sprang up on all sides. Messrs. Jonathan Sturges, C. M. Leupp, A. M. Cozzens, R. M. Olyphant, M. O. Roberts, and others, in New York, formed large private galleries, almost wholly filled with American art, while other amateurs in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Cincinnati largely followed the example thus set, and still others, of lesser wealth, purchased single works to an extraordinary extent. It was this impulse which produced the American Art-Union, an institution distributing throughout the country thousands of works of American art, which, if the titles were given, would swell our mental gallery to immense proportions. Let the reader bear in mind that all this took place before 1865.

Yet once more, under the same impulse, R. W. Weir produced many admirable landscapes, portraits, and figure subjects, including his great work "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims." Inman alter-

nated portraits and figure-subjects, including "The Newsboy," and "Mumble-the-Peg;" Chapman painted "Washington's Home at Mount Vernon," and sundry historical subjects; Ingham, female ideal heads, and Page, remarkable portraits,—all denoting variety, of sentiment, or, in other words, the poetry of local life, history, and scenery, which, in art, constitutes the true foundation of a national school.

All this art, from the Revolution down, started, in my opinion, in the right way, and pursued a logical path. But I have not advanced all the facts which prove the existence of an American school long before 1865. The most important evidence of this still remains to be given. The artists of Revolutionary times, with no resources, those of 1826, when the National Academy of Design arose, and those of 1834, who enjoyed the advantage of Mr. Reed's encouragement, prepared the way for the next generation, which has nobly maintained, as well as advanced, the character and fair fame of the American school. I have only to mention names hap-hazard to suggest excellent original works, the titles of which, if given, would fill every page of this REVIEW—Huntington, Gray, Cheney, Casilear, Kensett, Darley, Rossiter, Baker, Church, Elliott, Bierstadt, Gifford, Whittredge, McEntee, William Hart, James Hart, Lambdin, David Johnson, Hubbard, Colman, Mignot, Hotchkiss, Woodville, Leutze, F. B. Mayer, Eastman Johnson. If, when Dunlap wrote in 1834, four hundred and thirty artists could be named as constituting the native artistic corps, there were thousands in 1865, and many thousands more of their works. I have said nothing of other departments of our school,—of sculpture, represented by the works of Greenough, Crawford, Powers, Rogers, Bartholomew, Ives, Ball, Brown, Palmer, and the rest; nor of engraving, represented by the works of Edwin, Danforth, Cheney, Smillie, Jones, and Schaff, equally conspicuous with the painters. Enough has been advanced to prove that, in assigning 1865 as the year in which the American school of art started in the right way, there is at least an error of judgment.

J. DURAND.

## CAMELIA RICARDO.

CAMELIA RICARDO was a belle in her set.

If you had seen a picture of her fair face, separated from its surroundings, you would have said she might have been a belle in any set; that is, if soft black eyes, cheeks like damask roses, hair long, black, and braided, and lips made up of rosy curves, go to constitute that feminine attraction commonly so called. Taken with the limitations of a most circumscribed environment, however, her possibilities of "belledom" narrow down to a single set; and that this "set" was rather far down in the social scale, we perceive at a glance by the very tokens that augment both her attractiveness and her opportunities within this limited circle.

Could anything be more picturesque than her unconsciously æsthetic dress of red merino, shrunk through constant washing to undue shortness of waist, and lengthened, regardless of aught save modesty, by a flowered flounce of antique design, while about her neck gleamed the gaudy colors of a brilliant green-and-red figured cotton kerchief? Could anything be more piquant than her ever-changing attitudes, each expressive of some vivacious emotion and each a marvel of uncultured grace? At a distance of several feet to left, to right, and above her, hung, in artistic alternation, orange-branches fruit-laden, pineapples, bananas, plantains, cocoanuts, and every fruit that lends itself to suspension by stem or hair; while beneath these lay, stacked on shelves in pyramids or ranged after the fashion of mosaics in conventional designs, a tropical profusion of the smaller fruits.

The fruit-stand was hers, and she was belle—of the French Market.

The elaborate decoration of her stall—the prettiest in all the market—was her own handiwork, and if you said one day that the arrangement was perfect, on the morrow you would think it plain, in contrast with the new design of the morning.

And she was smart! Ask the butchers in the market or try to take advantage of her in a trade! She would sell to half a dozen customers at once, giving each his correct change, while she smiled

on a seventh; and no one of them all passed on without receiving a two-fold favor, *lagniappe* and a smile, either of which would insure his return. If you but stopped to look at her oranges, she threw two or three into a dainty paper sack and put it confidently into your hands, while the pretty lips said—in a voice as musical as an ideal “tra-la!”—“Fi’ cen’!” (five cents).

Did you hesitate, another orange was recklessly dropped in and the same voice said “*lagniappe*” in two more music notes and with an air that seemed to say, “Since it’s you!” You bought the oranges, of course; or, if you didn’t, the man behind you did, and so,—what was the difference?

Diagonally across from Camelia’s stand was that of a young Sicilian, Immanuel Prebasco by name, known throughout the market as “Dago ‘Manuel,” to distinguish him from a fellow-countryman of the same name, who “would fight any man who called him a Dago.” This one was an “Italian bawn,” he would have you know, and would “tich-a you weeth-a wan *blague eye* who you call-a wan-a Dago!”—as he was wont to say upon provocation; and his sturdy fist, raised menacingly, gave emphasis to his threat.

The other ‘Manuel was not so proud. He often said, with amiable philosophy: “When *somebody* call-a me wan-a Dago, s’pos-a I break-a he’s head,—wad’s the differend? I am wan-a Dago, all-a same!” And his lounging attitude, as he yawned and stretched himself, exemplified with equal truth the genuineness of his sentiment.

Dago ‘Manuel’s one strong point was his love for Camelia. She was his vision of the night, his day-dream; and, unfortunately, half his days were spent in dreaming, for his business partook of the gentle spirit of his philosophy. It was comfortable, but it was slow; and, needless to say, ‘Manuel was lazy. Basking in the sunlight of accidental propinquity, he lived happy days in gazing fondly upon the materialization of the image of his dreams, and took no thought for the morrow. Camelia was near him, and it was enough. He could even talk over the heads of her customers to her, *when she had time to listen*, for, it must be understood, she was a woman of business.

“Loan-a me wan-a bunch-a banana, ‘Manuel!” she called out to him one morning. “I am all-a sell oud!”

“Take-a my whole shorp!” he answered, and, lowering his tone as he hung his best bunch up in her stall for her, he continued, tapping the bosom of his checked-flannel shirt: “Take-a the boss too, eh, Camelia?”

"Whad I wan' weeth-a you, 'Manuel? "

He leaned against the end of her stall on his folded arms, getting his handsome face very near hers, as he answered: "I lorr-a you! Tha's not-a good rizen fo' mague you wan' me, eh, Camelia?"

She stepped aside to serve a customer, but was soon back again. It was late and the morning rush was over.

"'Manuel, I wan'-a ass-a you sometheen," said she. "You theen thaz a good-a rizen fo' me to marry weeth-a you?"

"'S the *bez* rizen, Camelia!"

Another customer came and went, buying more of the borrowed bananas, but Camelia had soon resumed her place. The subject seemed not very distasteful to her.

"You say thaz the *bez rissen*, eh, 'Manuel? If thaz the *bez rizen*, then I muz-a ged marry weeth-a boud twenny-fi' young mans. Every wan mague me thad *sem rissen*!"

She shrugged her shoulders and laughed; but 'Manuel frowned visibly and straightened himself, as he replied: "Thing you god-a mo' senz, blif everytheen all-a them fool-a mans tell-a you, Camelia. God-a no business tell-a you sometheen ligue thad!"

"Ees thad so, 'Manuel? You theen thad business ees just-a fo' you, eh?" And she ran off, laughing, to meet a crowd of buyers; and the coquette was for the moment merged into the keen little woman of trade.

'Manuel was out of spirit. He strolled moodily across to his own stall, hesitated in front of it, then, languidly selecting a specked apple from a picayune pile, threw it, with indolent force that told of reserve strength, across the levee. It rolled and bumped and bounced along the wharf until suddenly, disappearing in a hole in a broken plank, it fell into the river below. Another followed, and another, all sharing the same fate.

"Throw-a yo' prorfitt in the riv' poody straight, eh, 'Manuel?" said a neighbor Dago, by way of pleasantry.

"'Manuel ees-a good-a short, yas! Keel every time-a! Blif 'e ged mo' ridger shoot-a dork 'n sell-a banana," another added, laughing.

Manuel was in no mood for retort. Folding his arms, he strolled leisurely around to the opposite side of his stall, abstractedly rearranged a row of pyramids of black-edged bananas, and finally, drawing out from under the lowest shelf a box of lemons, he seated himself astride its extreme end so that its contents were beneath his hands; and now, taking their stained wrappers from the decaying



lemons, he proceeded deliberately to re-wrap them in fresh papers. It was the work of an hour, during which time he rose occasionally, exchanged a pile of bananas for a nickel, and returned moodily to his task.

Finally, having finished, he rose, pushed the box back with his foot, and calling to a neighbor, "Mine-a my shorp for-a me!" he strolled through the market and seated himself on the last of a row of stools at a coffee-counter.

It was near noon on Sunday morning. The half-past eleven-o'clock bell had rung nearly half an hour ago. Butchers on all sides were scraping stalls, opening ice-boxes, and packing up, preparatory to leaving when the noon gong should sound its command. A few who did not care to wait for the chance custom of tardy marketers, had already closed their shops and were hurrying away.

Camelia had cleared and boxed in the lower shelves of her stall, and piled the remaining fruit on the top, intending to go home as soon as her little brother should come to take charge. She sat now with a wooden cigar-box, her "cash drawer," open upon her lap, while she hastily counted the receipts of the morning.

"Severty-fi', eighdy, eighdy-fi'," she counted aloud, as she added nickels to the sixth dollar of fractional coins that lay in her red-merino lap. She was so intent on counting that she seemed not to notice that a man had seated himself at her side. When at last she did look up, however, it was evident from her unchanged expression that the man was no stranger.

"I thing, me, yo' lill han' is too pritty fo' coun' money, Camelia," he said; "'twas nod made fo' thad."

"Tague-a yo' han' a-way, M'sieu François! I show you terregly for-a wad my han' ees mague!" and she raised her hand threateningly. "You mague me fo'gid all-a my cound," she fretfully added.

"I know yo' coun', lill gal, five dolla' an' eighty-five cen'. I mague, me, deze mornin', nine'y cen' more as you, on nutting bud mutton chorp. Altogedder, deze week, mague 'ondred an' twenny-five dollah cleah prorvit." And he rattled the silver contents of a little white canvas bag and laid it at her side.

"I theen-a you muz-a be gedd'n verra reech-a, M'sieu François."

"I got 'nough, theng God!" he answered, and then added, tenderly, "Got 'nough fo' two, Camelia! Wad you say?"

"Well, of coze I say geev-a me wan-a 'alf," and she playfully laid her hand on the canvas bag.

His head bent lower.

"You can 'ave 'alf, lill Camelia! H'only the 'alf wad you tague muz draw wan prize, an' you muz 'ave to tague the prize ad the sem tam!"

Camelia seemed very obtuse. "Tha's-a mo' bedder yed. *W'as-a* the prize, M'sieu François?"

The Creole rose and looked about him. There was no one near. He made a profound bow, and, with his hand pressed against his breast, said impressively: "François Leboeuf, ghrade-ghran'son of Alphonse Leboeuf, wad 'ave that sem stan' in the Frenge Moggit wen General Jackson fighd wid doze cotton-bale, *h'offer 'imselve to you!*"

"Wad I god-a do weeth-a Genera' Jackso'?" she answered, pettishly.

"N-u-t-t-i-n-g! I h'only wan let you know *oo eet ees* wad' wan' marry wid you."

"Of coze, M'sieu François, I know you ees wan-a gread man! I know you ees the fines'-a man een the Frenge-a Mogged, bud,—M'sieu François, you know some-a-theen?"

"Wad ees thad, lill Camelia?"

"You don'd-a *sude me*, M'sieu François!"

The Creole was furious. "Thaz all you god-a say to Jean François Leboeuf, wad 'ave so far *fogid* ees phride to h'ass you marry wid eem?"

"Thaz all, M'sieu François. Thaz-a the only rizen I won' marry weeth-a you. 'F I thoughtd you would-a sude me, I would just-a soon marry weeth-a you 's weeth-a some orther mans."

Her tone was gentle, apologetic, humiliating.

"Thing wad you say! 'Tis yo laz chanze, Camelia! The ghrade-ghran'son of Alphonse Leboeuf *don' wan' be fool wid, no!*"

"I don'-a fool weeth-a you, M'sieu François. 'F I thoughtd you would-a sude-a me, I wou'n care northeen 'boud-a Genera' Jackso' an' doze cotto'-bale wad fighd weeth-a heem. Would marry weeth-a you all-a same."

"Sacra—— Wad the dev'! Wad you talk about, Camelia? General Jackson an' doze cotton-bale *'ave nutting to do wid me!*"

"Then for-a wad ees you spik about them every time you ass a me marry weeth-a you?"

"'Tis my phride! H'all doze Chreole of the family of Leboeuf 'ave ghread phride."

Camelia rose, tied her hat-strings, and, in the most unemotional way possible, said: "My money ees all-a cound, M'sieu François, an' my brotther ees-a come. Goo'-bye!" and, quietly turning away, she left him,—left Jean François Leboeuf, the richest butcher in the market, standing, in the midst of his harangue, as she would hardly have left the humblest suitor,—left him rejected, dejected, indignant.

He stood gazing after her a moment, muttered something about "the dev'," but finally, recovering himself, he shrugged his shoulders and laughed—actually laughed, as he drew from his breast-pocket a package of cigarettes, lit a match with one stroke down the side of his trousers, puffed once, twice, and walked off.

Besides being the richest, François was also the handsomest butcher in all the market. Tall, dashing, heavily mustached, and be-diamonded, he was as thoroughly lionized in his set as—an English cotton-buyer or a popular leader of the german in another. "Monsieur François" seemed to his admiring neighbors to have all the elegancies of a man of the world. He threw into the open basket of the Sister of Charity who paused at his stall on her daily rounds, cutlets that would have sold for much, with a reckless nonchalance that must have delighted the ghost of his "ghrade-gran'-fodder," and made his soul repose in peaceful pride. Men who have grandfathers of whom they are proud, should always give to the poor with a loftiness of mien that makes the gift seem to reach back through generations of bounty. Monsieur François realized this, and, in a different way, the Sister of Charity realized it too from her opposite standpoint, in the less blessed office of receiving. She, at least, realized something which made her smile very appreciatively and bow very low, as she did not smile and bow to the rest of the butchers. Whether it was the presence of greatness which she perceived in the oft-resurrected *grandpère*, at which she smiled, as does the babe who sees an angel in its sleep, or whether she was sordid and earthly enough in her heavenly vestments to defer thus to the greater quantity and better quality of the alms, we cannot say. The thing visible was more meat, more smiles—but let us not judge. Monsieur François's rôle in it all was that of My Lord Bountiful, and it was becoming to him.

There were other aristocratic points, too, about Monsieur François. For one thing, he lived in his own house, an inherited home, and—his sisters played the piano. No firemen's ball or Sunday picnic of the French quarter, that thought much of itself, was *en règle*

without his name on one or two of its important committees. Those of his *confrères* of the market who enjoyed the honor of knowing him socially, considered him somewhat incomplete as to appearance without a badge of some such distinction on his breast.

Camelia Ricardo was not in his set. She lived humbly, very humbly, in a lowly-squatting, heavily-shedded oyster-shop, near the market. Its two windows, one of which was nailed up for the accommodation of inside shelves, looked out from under the shed roof like a scowling face, with a pair of bad eyes, beneath a low, receding forehead. It seemed to bear a family resemblance to the Ricardo *père*, who was one-eyed, dark, and grim.

Besides selling oysters and fruit at home, Nicholas Ricardo peddled vegetables and small fruits from his wagon through the streets, but there was a pathetic languor about all he did. It was pathetic in its opposition to anything like enterprise, in its contempt of success. You caught it in the minor key in which he drawled out: "Swee' po-ta-ders—ten—cen'—a—buck-e-e-t;" in the slow rickety movement of his unwashed wagon-wheels; in the sunburnt, unkempt coat and mane of his uncurried pony.

Camelia had the energy as well as the beauty of the family, and since she had gone into the market as bread-winner, they were seeing better days. Still they were poor. Their front room, festooned with strings of garlic and pepper-pods, and furnished with counter and shelves, was shop, restaurant, and parlor combined. The corners of its floor were filled with piles of onions and potatoes, and as you approached its one door, you were greeted with the smell of garlic. It was like the father's breath. Outside the door was the fruit-stand, and here, tending shop, while her father took his *siesta*, Camelia spent her afternoons. If sales were slow, and they generally were, she filled the intervals industriously, knitting the broad cotton lace that adorned the Sunday frocks of the entire family feminine—her mother, self, and five little sisters.

Every one in the market knew that François was not the least ardent of Camelia's suitors, and he was pronounced her "bez chanze" by all. There was that in the manner of this eligible *parti*, however, which offended Camelia: it was a lack of deference. She could have defined it in no better way than she expressed it to himself, when she said, "You don'd-a sude me."

He *did not* suit her. Dago 'Manuel, on the contrary, was all respectful devotion. He worshipped her. The day after her rejec-

tion of François, 'Manuel came and talked to her again. He hated the Creole as only those who lové can hate.

"Seem to me, Camelia, thad-a fool Creole 's god plenny cheek, yas,—talk every day weeth-a you," said he, when for the first time that morning he found her at leisure.

He had strolled across to her, as was his wont, and stood now lazily pressing the blade of his penknife in and out of its handle against the end of her stall. He spoke with marked indirectness, gazing into space,—an uncultured way of approaching an embarrassing subject by an assumption of carelessness.

Camelia took the cue. She could be indifferent, too. Seizing an improvised dust-brush,—a bunch of turkey-tail feathers, tied together,—she began in nonchalant manner to dust the top rows of fruit, while she replied :

"'S-a very nize young man, 'Manuel. 'S-a very ridge-a."

'Manuel lifted his glance from space and focused it directly into her face as he said : "Ridges don' mague somebody 'appy, Camelia!"

She stopped dusting, folded her arms, and, tapping her left shoulder nervously with the brush, said slowly : "Know some-then, 'Manuel? Thad-a man wa's goin'-a ged marry weeth-a me, 's god-a mague plenny money, yas!"

She even ventured to look into his face, as she added : "I am *ti*, me, of bein' po'!"

'Manuel was almost savage now as he asked : "You goin' marry weeth-a François, Camelia? Don' fool weeth-a me!"

She dusted her own skirt-front abstractedly with the turkey-tails as she answered with naïve coyness : "'S god-a nize houze, 'Manuel! Sez to me, sez, 'Camelia, I goin'-a geeve-a you wan-a fine piano."

"Piano! Holy Sain'! Wad you goin'-a do weeth-a wan piano, Camelia?"

She laughed. It *was* ridiculous. Dropping the duster on the shelf, she raised both hands and looked at them, turning them over, showing now their dimpled brown knuckles and now the red palms.

"Sez to me, sez, 'Camelia, yo lill-a han' ees too pritty fo' coun' money. 'S just-a nize fo' diamon' ring an' a play piano."

'Manuel scowled. "'F 'e say some-a-then ligue thad to you 'gain, 'm goin'-a *kill 'im*! 'S god-a no business loog ad yo' han."

She had gone far enough. With a pretty movement, she lay her right hand close beside 'Manuel's, that rested its dark length now on the edge of her stall. His looked ugly, sinewy, masculine, *strong*,

against the plump little one beside it. She held it there a moment in silence; then, regarding 'Manuel with a strange, half-serious air, she said:

"Thing yo han' loog-a mo' stronger than-a mine, 'Manuel; bud thing mine mague-a mo' money than-a yoze."

'Manuel made no reply, and she continued: "Seem to me 'Manuel, *thad* han' muz-a nod egspeg *these-a wan* to work for a-heem!"

"Fo' God's sague! Wad-a you talk, Camelia? Theez-a han's willin'-a work fo' *thad-a wan*! Tol' eem so, tousan' o' time!"

There was silence for a moment. Finally Camelia spoke again. "Wen *thad-a han*' beat *these-a wan* mague-a money, *can 'ave it*!"

Then, laughing and blushing as if she had said too much, she ran off to the other end of her stall. But 'Manuel had caught her serious tone. He followed her with eager eyes, as one dazed, for a moment; then crossed over to his own stand.

Later that day François came again and talked with Camelia. He was in love with the beautiful girl, and, besides, her indifference piqued, while it surprised, him. Camelia, nervous and excited over the thing she had just said to 'Manuel, now flirted recklessly with the Creole.

'Manuel looked at them, and saw, but did not perceive, them. His heart was too full of new sensations to admit a jealous pang. There comes a time to most of us,—and woe to him to whom it never comes—when we first seem to meet our *Selves*, face to face; when we are humiliated and confused by the contrast between this real self and the ideal self that had made us self-respecting. In our consciousness of endogenous growth, from the heart outward, we had felt sure of our development, for had not our hearts gone out of us with each uplifting aspiration? As the banana-stalk, conscious only of the perfect leaf sent Heavenward from its heart, is shocked when it beholds its garment of rags mirrored in the stream, so we, in this first startling interview with self, are chagrined at the ultimatum of our heart's best impulses. We blush to see that they had scarcely risen above our heads before they were riddled by the first passing breeze, and the ideal character in which we fancied ourselves clothed, is but a wind-riddled, rusty fringe of broken resolutions.

'Manuel had no formulated standards. He had not so much as a vague conception of an ideal, and in this first moment of self-consciousness,—of real living,—he could not have given his experience a

name. He only knew suddenly that he was a lazy, miserable, good-for-nothing dreamer, and he did not know this quite clearly; yet this knowledge, imperfect as it was, this picture, darkly seen, of his real self, was quickly offset by another,—a *possible self*—the self whose manliness Camelia had challenged; and thus, from his first introspection, began to evolve his first ideal,—an ideal with strength corresponding to the weakness which he saw in the real picture.

He sat with his back to the market, facing the river, and there was a strange new look in his classic face. He held his strong right hand out before him, opening and closing it with such force as to bring all its powerful muscles into play. Then he stretched out his long sinewy leg, doubled his fist and struck his hard, muscular thigh, as he said between his clenched teeth:

“My God! My God! The dev’ ain’ got no shame! ‘F I was a *man*, I wou’n-a had-a face to luv’ ‘er! Gred, big, lazy loafer! Wad for *somebody* ain’-a *kill* me? My God! I swea’,—yas, I swea’ *am a man!*”

Then he suddenly rose to his feet, and, looking neither to right nor to left, walked out on the wharf toward the river, leaving his fruit-stand without guard. He was living his first joyous birth-moment of spiritual life—the life that was stirred within him by one glimpse of a woman’s love! What were material values in a moment like this,—the loss of a customer more or less? Camelia loved him—loved him as he was—for what he might be.

He continued his walk until he reached the river’s edge and there stood, looking down upon the deep eddying water and seeing nothing. He recalled Camelia’s words; saw again the love-look that had risen unbidden to her eyes in one unguarded moment; saw the little hand that lay beside his; heard again her challenge, her promise! Tears rose to his eyes. “I swea’—I swea’! ‘Fore God, I swea’!” These were his only spoken words.

He lingered a long time at the water’s edge; when he returned to the market, Camelia had gone, and he, too, gathered up his fruit and went home.

Next day ‘Manuel did not appear in the market, and on the next his stall was empty. He had come in the evening with Raphael, his young cousin, a lad of thirteen years, and taken away all his remaining stock in trade. He had made no explanations. He lived “away up in Boulogny,” several miles above the market, and his coming or

going was not deemed of sufficient importance to warrant a journey of inquiry thither, though there were surmises in regard to his absence, and jests—enough of them. Days passed, and yet he did not come, and everybody laughed and looked at Camelia. François waxed especially facetious over it, and one morning he perpetrated a joke at the expense of the absent, which caused no little merriment and threw Camelia somewhat off her guard. Improvising a placard from the top of an old pasteboard box, he hung it over the deserted stall. It bore these words: "*Close for repair.*"

Camelia could not read the words, but she caught their spirit of ridicule, and the sign had hardly been swung when she climbed up, tore it down, and threw it—in the Creole's face! Then, without a word, she turned and went to her own stall. This exhibition of loyalty to 'Manuel was taken as a betrayal of tender sentiment, and the little crowd that had gathered about François, looked at each other with surprised glances, amid such exclamations as:

"O—ho!"

"Spunky lill gal, yas!"

"That's what' the matter, eh?"

And one facetious young butcher touched François under the ribs and said: "Might 's well give up, young man! B'lieve you got no chance."

But no one asked Camelia any more questions about 'Manuel. Camelia wondered, as did every one else, as to the cause of his absence, but she concealed her anxiety so well that every one thought she knew.

'Manuel lived in a small corner hovel up in the sixth district and kept, like most of his countrymen, a little fruit and oyster-shop. Raphael tended shop during the mornings, while 'Manuel sold in the market; and in the afternoons, while 'Manuel took charge, the boy hawked the perishable wares through the streets.

The first few days that 'Manuel spent at home were passed in deep thought. He had sworn an oath, sworn it with all the strength of his resurrected manhood, and he swore it again twenty times a day, as the memory of Camelia's little hand beside his own, and of the one brief glimpse into her heart that her womanly words had given him, recurred to him. He would prove himself worthy in the one material way in which he had been lacking. He would make money *like a man*, and Camelia should use it—like a woman, yes, *like a lady!* And he would begin *now*. He walked up and down,



up and down his little shop,—out through the narrow, dirty back-yard, between piles of empty barrels and boxes—thinking, thinking.

It is easy to swear. Ah, and when one is filled heart and soul with an indomitable *will*, it is easy *to do*. The question in 'Manuel's mind now was only "How?" He looked about him, upon the picture of waste and dirt, as at a blank wall. There seemed no answer to his demand for success in the dilapidated piles of lumber, in the paltry stock of over-ripe, decaying fruit, in the inquiring face of the dependent boy at his side.

But to him who intelligently says "I will!" and persistently tries, success is *sure to come*, for the very concentration of force required to take and hold this position guarantees the ability to do. Thus, soon, under the force of 'Manuel's resolve, the elements of failure round about him began to rearrange themselves, and the combination assumed, vaguely at first, the form of a new word—Success.

And the first letter of the new word was wrought in cleanliness. Load after load of trash was carted away from 'Manuel's back-yard, to make way for a new guest, whose name was Thrift. 'Manuel had formulated his plan, and found relief in the labor it involved. All day long he worked in his little yard with the plane and saw; and soon disreputable-looking contributions of the old lumber-pile began to shine beneath his hand as fresh planks; presently they were adorned with points and scallops. Before a week had passed, there stood in his back-yard a handsome set of shelves in pyramidal form. It was twice as large as his present stand in the market, and from its top arose a canopy, spreading, umbrella-fashion, over the whole, and the canopy was bordered with points and scallops, the embroidered planks of the lumber-pile.

Then came the painting—green, and white and red, Italy's own colors. The red, too, was the tint of Camelia's cheek, the white was the ivory of her teeth, and the green was the hue of the kerchief that lay about her neck—and 'Manuel was satisfied.

Raphael had assisted 'Manuel as he could; and while they worked, the two were frequently in close conversation. 'Manuel was often emphatic, always serious, but Raphael would frequently shake his head and scream with laughter. He was a beautiful boy and his life of trade had made him shrewd and quick. If 'Manuel had possessed his young cousin's energy, things might have progressed more smoothly between him and Camelia from the first.

Finally the work of art—and love—was finished. At midnight

'Manuel and Raphael put it on a wagon and took it down to the market, and when the sun rose across the river, its beams fell on a structure, the like of which had never been seen in the place; and 'Manuel was not there to explain. He and Raphael had packed the *débris* of the old stall into the wagon and carried it away, before day.

The sudden appearance of a marble front on Fifth Avenue would hardly cause more consternation in the world of fashion than did Dago 'Manuel's new fruit-stand, in the body social of the French Market on that memorable morning. The sausage-women tapped each other on the shoulders and whispered. The butchers walked around it, examined, criticised, and laughed, but all acknowledged that it was "Dog-gone poody!" If they were astonished at the sudden erection of the structure, they were utterly confounded the next morning, when its shelves were tastily decorated with evergreens and furnished with fruits, and a pretty girl took her place before it, and began singing in her soft Italian voice, "Cheap-a banana! 'Sa very nize apples!" over and over again.

Buyers were attracted, as well as neighboring competitors; and the little saleswoman, and 'Manuel, who had appeared during the morning, were both kept busy until the bell rang for closing.

Day after day 'Manuel and his pretty clerk came, and the business grew. 'Manuel was polite to Camelia always, but he was too busy now for much neighborly courtesy. He had introduced the "young lady" as "Miss Marie Cantero," his "saleslady," but had vouchsafed to no one, not even to Camelia, any explanation further than this,—and she was too proud to ask him. As time went on, the rival beauty continued to attract, and Camelia had to share her patronage with her. If business waned, Marie introduced some new attraction. Now, it was a loud-talking parrot that cried "Here's yo' cheap bananas!" while everybody stopped and laughed and bought. Now, Marie herself appeared in a dazzling new costume, while her laughter was loud and contagious and her use of slang rather remarkable. At the end of three months, the canopied stall did the principal business in the market, and 'Manuel rented neighboring stands and kept them all busy.

When a year had passed 'Manuel was still prospering. During this time Camelia had had many suitors, who loved her for her beauty, but each one went away with his head down. François had repeated his offer of himself and his money several times, but at length the

strange truth was forced upon him that she would not accept him. He called her a "crezzy lill fool" for thus standing in her own light, but all his arts failed to effect a change in her mind; and he realized at last that he was finally rejected.

Of course, he went and talked with her sometimes still, to keep up appearances; and, when teased about her, he deported himself as became a man of the world.

"Oh-h! Camelia ees one nize lill Dago gal, an' good-lookin', yas,—*bud*," with a shrug of his manly shoulders, he would say, "me, I don' wan' *marry* one Dago. I 'ave a little pleasure talk wid er,—daz all!"

And then, to emphasize his position, he would add: "'Spose me, I was marry wid 'er, and dad one-eye Dago pass by my 'ouse, sing oud, 'Swee' po-ta-ders, ten-cen'-a-buck-e-e-e-t!' Yi, yi! You could knock me down wid a fedder! Oh yas, Camelia's one nize lill gal, an' poody! poody ligue de dev'! But no, no! Me, I don' wan marry dat *fodder-in-law*."

In this wise François set himself right with the market gossips, saved the imperilled dignity of the Leboeufs, and—handled Camelia's name like a gentleman.

In higher life, when little Miss Clique lifts her "tip-tilted" feature a fraction higher in the air and says of her neighbor, whom she happens not to know, "She is not in our set!" she feels that she has pronounced the sentence that is final, fatal! If not in "our set," surely one can be in nothing half so delightfully good. This is a comfortable remark to make. It acts at both ends,—puts down unknown neighbor at one end, raises self at the other. If the neighbor be worthy and wise, and worldly wise, she, too, knows the fun to be gotten out of this little game, and on occasion gives it back, so to speak, indirectly. This would seem to place each one on an end of a see-saw. The motion, a little kick, puts down neighbor just as surely as it more conspicuously raises self, and if the players be well matched, each has her turn at the upper end.

François was not so anxious to put down Camelia as to extricate himself from the odium that attaches to the rejected. He prided himself not a little on the well-bred way in which he had done this. Had he not with each denial emphasized the fact that Camelia was a "fust-rate nize lill gal?" Had he been less a gentleman, he might have insinuated that she had ambitiously laid snares for him—tried to catch him. But not he! He was a man of honor, a Leboeuf!

'Manuel in the mean time was making money. He had never

visited Camelia in her home. Before the day of his inspiration, he had loved her hopelessly, as one might become enamored of a particular star, knowing that he might never reach it, and it would not descend to him. Since his awakening he had been absorbed with his one object,—making money enough to become eligible to her under the imposed condition.

It had never occurred to him to doubt her, nor yet to nourish her preference with endearing attentions. The charmed words she had spoken had not been all sweet. There was a bitterness not to be ignored in their underlying implication of his unworthiness.

He would not go to her again until every vestige of sloth should have fallen from him, and he could approach her clad in the trig, smart garments of success,—until he could offer her as much money as “thad sassy Creole” had dared offer her.

Whatever pleasure Camelia might have felt in his prosperity was utterly spoiled by jealousy of his pretty clerk. It was plain that ‘Manuel was in love with her. Did they not sit together every day—on the same lemon-box—and count over the receipts of the morning? He was even seen once to pin her overskirt for her! Of course, he was in love with her; else *why should he pin her overskirt?* And the bold little thing had giggled all the time! What was ‘Manuel thinking about, to fancy such a creature?

Such as these were Camelia’s unspoken thoughts, but she never by one word criticised Marie. Not she. She would not “give herself away” after that fashion. She would wear a bright face, flirt with every new-comer, and keep on good terms with Marie—if it killed her!

Time passed until it was Christmas night, and Camelia sat alone on her father’s door-step. The day had been a long and trying one to her. Marie had carried everything before her all the morning in the market. The children at home, sticky with Christmas sweets and boisterous with holiday license, had finally succumbed to fretful sleepiness and gone off to bed. And Camelia herself felt so weary. The city about her, in its unusual quiet,—its stillness exaggerated by contrast, from following upon a hilarious Christmas eve,—seemed to be sinking into the heavy stupor of satiety. It was falling into a drunken sleep. Nobody came to buy. There was no sound save of the drowsy diminishing motion of the rocker in which her mother nodded, and her father’s half-drunken snore. She thought Christmas was the worst day, the longest day, in the whole year. Her hands

lay idly in her lap, and she fell into the universal habit of holiday retrospection.

How certain crises in our lives come back to us at Christmas! And we smile, and shudder oftentimes, too, as we realize how unconsciously we met them. How the retrospection dignifies the commonplace things of life! How it makes us quail in contemplation of the awful possibilities of each passing hour, every trivial event. We laugh in our hearts, too, as we remember how we agonized over this or that trifle,—the trifle only perpetuated in memory by the agony that impressed it there,—the trifle marked now only by a tear-stain. And how strangely interspersed are these tear-stains! In the wrong places! Ah me! We say “Ah me!”—every one of us—with the *Amens* to our Christmas communions with self, and we mean—? That depends. There is a terrible vagueness in this voicing of a sigh. If the sigh go upward, the heart is better for the aspiration. Between the “ah” and the “me” there is, mayhap, a prayer,—a renewed consecration of self,—a reaching after the best, the real things of life.

“Ah me!” said little Camelia, sitting in the dimly-lighted doorway to-night. There was a pathos in the very mildness of the ejaculation, for Camelia did not hesitate at profanity, on occasion. Not that she swore. “Cuss’n an’ swearin’” she regarded as a strictly masculine prerogative; but she ran the gamut of mild irreverence twenty times a day, introducing the devil into the society of the saints and the Deity on the faintest provocation,—the disputed price of an orange, or a torn armhole—the result of a tiptoed reach for a preferred pineapple.

There was no passion in the laconic “Ah me!”—her only words to-night. It was only a pathetic confession of weariness, of helpless regret. She knew only that she was miserable and lonely, and that the light had gone out of her life. She longed for bed-time and sleep and forgetfulness,—for escape from intrusive memories of recent humiliations. The review of the year had been a sad picture of her defeat—and Marie was the victor.

The little clock in the back room struck eight,—only eight, and the evening had been so long! At eight o’clock last Christmas, where had she been? This and that had happened,—and so the year began again to pass before her. A firm step on the *banquette* startled her. It was ‘Manuel. He had stopped, spoken, and seated himself at her side ere she could recover herself enough to speak.

How slender and handsome he looked in his closely-fitting store-clothes! Camelia had never seen him before in other than his market dress. He was actually resplendent to-night. And when he bent his head close to her, and told her in a serious way that, having fulfilled the conditions, he had come to claim the promised hand, she could not find voice to answer him. All things were changed. The wretchedness of the last hour receded suddenly into the dim past. It might have been a year ago.

While she only looked into his face and said nothing, 'Manuel went on talking. He spoke in Italian; told her the story of his struggle, his waiting, his success, and how, through it all, he had thought only of her. And now, he had come to claim her. He looked now into her eyes and awaited her answer. She had had time to compose herself a little, and Marie's face had risen up before her. Her heart seemed turned to ice. Instead of replying to his question, she asked:

"For-a wad ees Marie sen' you off?"

"Oh-h-h! Wad you talk ligue thad, Camelia? Marie—tut, tut, tut!" And he burst out laughing. He seemed more amused than disturbed by this unforeseen difficulty.

"Marie ees-a *hi* to me. Get fif-a-teen dollar de mont," he continued. "Never seen Marie 'n my life-a, on'y in-a market," and now he drifted seriously into Italian again.

He talked for an hour, and when he rose to go, he held her hand and something glistened on her finger.

It was a gold ring and its pattern was of two hands clasped. He had said a sweet, pretty thing about the appropriateness of the design, when he placed the ring on her finger, and Camelia thought it the most beautiful speech she had ever heard. If she had known the word, she would have called 'Manuel a *poet*.

She sat and watched his slender receding figure until it disappeared in the shadows. And then she looked down at her hand; 'Manuel had kissed it when he put the ring upon it. Raising it now to her face, she laid the spot, still conscious of the touch of his lips, against her cheek, and blushed by herself on the doorstep.

And this was Christmas! Surely Christmas was the happiest day in all the year!

In a month they were married. The engagement was made no secret from the first, and everybody seemed pleased. Marie, indeed,

appeared quite delighted, but Camelia, remembering her own sorrow, felt sure she laughed to hide a heavy heart. François was most gushing and profuse in congratulations, and sent, with his card attached by a broad white satin ribbon, the handsomest of all the bridal presents—a decorated liqueur set, mounted in silver plate, with a bottle of anisette to drink the bride's health.

François, by the way, was married, three days before Camelia's wedding, to a second cousin of his living "down in the Third." Camelia's wedding, on the contrary, was conducted according to her own ideas, on economical principles. But 'Manuel spent money in presents without stint. In addition to the wedding outfit, which was his gift, he presented his bride with a "full set of jewelry," even including watch and chain,—a gorgeous opera-chain with golden tassels,—and every piece was set with an amethyst.

Old Nick, Camelia's father, shed real tears from his good eye when she left home, but he congratulated himself on gaining so progressive a son-in-law. 'Manuel took Camelia to a little home of her own, not a shop, but a neat little cottage, one side of which was rented, and brought in money every month.

Was she happy? Look into her face on this first day, when, having strolled several times through the four rooms of her new home, she at last seats herself in a little rocking-chair and tries to realize things. She has drawn her rocker into the small chamber next her own,—this is to be Raphael's room,—and her seat here between the doors commands a view both ways, back and front. She sees the kitchen shelves behind the shining new stove, and thinks how ornamental they will be, with coverings of embroidered paper and new tin furnishings. She is so glad that they will show all the way from the parlor. The gorgeousness of her own bedchamber quite intoxicates her with delight. She has turned her chair so that, whenever in repose, her eyes fall upon the Victoria bed. It is this imposing structure, with upholstered scarlet canopy, red-tasselled mosquito-bar and lace-covered pillows, that dignifies the whole house. And the fringed, red-bordered towels on the towel-rack look so assertively aristocratic. How superior to the roller-towel and tin basin of her father's house! And it is all hers, and 'Manuel is hers and she is 'Manuel's!

Presently, her attention, satisfied with contemplation of the other apartments, fell upon the little room in which she sat. The arrangement of the furniture here did not suit her. As she contemplated it,

she hummed a tune and rocked herself briskly back and forth, keeping time to the merry air with the rocking of her chair. Here was a bureau in a dark recess, with no light on its mirror, and a bed in a close corner opposite a window, so that its occupant would get plenty of light full in his face. How little men knew about arranging a house! The plan for a better distribution of the furniture came to her. It came first as a suggestion to her mind, and then seemed to pass quickly down through her arms into her hands. Her fingers fairly tingled to effect the improved arrangement. She quickened her tune and the motion of her chair. Finally, the woman's instinct conquered. Rising hastily from her chair, she peeped out to see where 'Manuel and Raphael were. They sat with her father, who had escorted them home, on the front steps, talking (for this January had borrowed a day from June for Camelia's wedding), and she saw that their cigars were fresh. She would have plenty of time to make the desired change before the smoking should be over. It would not do for 'Manuel to catch her moving furniture on this first day. She would be ashamed. She had felt strangely shy even when she had walked through the house with him. But after it should be done she would not care—the improvement would be so apparent.

Taking the little bureau by its high shoulders, she moved it easily on its porcelain rollers. She laughed to herself as she pushed it up beside the window, and the little mirror, reflecting her own face, laughed back at her—even threw up its head and laughed as it tilted backward. She gave the bed a gentle pull now. It protested against moving with a noisy creak, and Camelia went and closed the door. Returning now, she pulled and tugged at the cumbersome four-poster until, having gotten it out of its corner, she could step behind it. She would push it out; it would be easier. Just as she was throwing her weight against it, she happened to look up and saw that the mosquito-netting had caught against the wall. On disentangling it, she bared, not a nail, as she had expected, but a porcelain knob. Here was a door. It must lead to a closet—a shelved closet no doubt—the joy of every housewife's heart—and 'Manuel had not shown it to her! It was to be a surprise! She would look in! She did look in. Horrors! What was this? Hanging all around, on pegs against the wall, were Marie Cantero's clothes! She knew them all. Here were dresses, aprons, slippers,—even that hateful overskirt! She grew dizzy. What did it all mean? 'Manuel had told her that he had never seen Marie excepting in the



market. Had 'Manuel lied to her? Poor Camelia! She had found a skeleton in her closet on her wedding-day! Pressing her hands to her head, she leaned heavily against the side of the door. A sound startled her. She thought it was a footstep. What if 'Manuel should come now? It would never do. Hurrying on tiptoe to the door, she turned the key, and returning, closed the closet door, and with nervous strength pushed the bed back where she had found it. The face in the little mirror looked at her sorrowfully as she moved the bureau into its old place, and, rocking forward, it fell, like a bowed head, crestfallen. Cautiously unlocking the door, and glancing backward to assure herself that everything was just as she had found it, she left the room with a shudder, as if it had held a corpse, and went back into the kitchen.

'Manuel's parrot, perched on top of the safe, flapped her wings as Camelia entered, and cried, keeping her whole vocabulary thus in practice, "Here's yo' cheap bananas!" It seemed an insult to Camelia, so closely was the bird associated with Marie.

"Shut yo' mouth-a, you fool!" she said, spitefully, and hurriedly left the kitchen and sought her own room. Drawing her chair to the side window, she sat down to collect her scattered senses. How her temples throbbed! If she could only have escaped to weep, it would have been a relief; but this was impossible. She must keep a cheerful face, for her own dignity's sake, but how long the day seemed!

In the weeks that followed, a vague, restless doubting seemed ever present with her. She almost doubted the sincerity of 'Manuel's devotion and its permanence. The secret of the closet, like a Jack-in-the-box, seemed ever threatening to spring out at her, and she found herself growing nervous when she passed the door, or the place where she knew it was, for the bed concealed it. This had, no doubt, been the object of the arrangement. She saw little of Raphael. 'Manuel had put him into the market and kept him busy all day, and so he went early and came late. She had tried once to ask him something about Marie, but he evaded an answer, she thought, with some embarrassment, and then she went into her own room and wept. Why were Raphael and 'Manuel conspiring to deceive her about this girl—this brazen girl who was allowed to conceal her finery in *her* house?

One day, when Raphael and 'Manuel were both away, she locked both doors of Raphael's room, and peeped again into the little closet. The clothing hung as on the first day.

In a few days she went again. *One suit was gone!* She grew faint, and grasped the side of the door for support. Marie had been there! She must have come during the night and taken it. Here was a mystery—a living mystery; and any mystery was an insult to her. She had been troubled before; now she was injured, indignant, outraged! She had come to feel almost comfortable about it, and had persuaded herself that there was some simple explanation of the presence of the dresses. She would even have asked about it, had not pride sealed her lips.

Such as these were her thoughts now. In truth, she had never for one moment been satisfied. The closet and the mystery had always been a horror to her. But the uncertainty of the past was as joy to the wretchedness of the present moment, for now she was desperate. Slamming the door so that the house shook, she went into her own room. She was too angry to weep, too nervous to work.

After moving about the house abstractedly for an hour, now mechanically arranging the articles on her toilet, now standing at the open window, gazing vacantly into space, she suddenly started, as by a fresh impulse, back into the closeted chamber. The slammed door swung open, revealing the hanging garments. She had resolved to take the matter into her own hands, which she did literally now, gathering the dresses into a bundle and carrying them into the kitchen. She glanced at the clock. It was not yet noon by an hour, and Raphael and 'Manuel would not be home for dinner before nearly one o'clock. She would end this wretched business now—forever! When Miss Marie Cantero sneaked into her house again, she could whistle for her finery! Opening the stove-door, she started the fire with a handful of shavings, and first into the flame put a muslin overskirt. She laughed aloud as the flame burst into fresh life over the combustible fabric; and she laughed again as she thought of Marie's consternation when she should come for her things and find them all gone.

What would she do? Would she have the face to inquire about them? If Marie should, what would she herself do? She would shrug her shoulders and say she knew nothing about it. Why should she know? Nobody had told her. But Marie wouldn't ask her—she wouldn't dare! This would end the whole hateful affair—forever! It would be neatly and quietly settled!

She laughed a laugh of self-gratulation as, opening the stove-door again, she thrust upon the waning flame a gaudy, lace-covered skirt. The eagerness with which the blaze seized upon the flimsy finery

seemed in sympathy with her own passion. Its fiery espousal of her cause soothed her. The stove was her friend. The voice which roared through its narrow pipe was the voice of triumph, of exultation. It was the counterpart of her own laughter, and when it should have subsided, the gray ashes in the grate should not be more tenacious of their secret than she. She had found companionship in the little stove before, during the long days when 'Manuel was away. Her ally in all her recent culinary experiments, it had been responsive to her every demand. She and the little stove knew how to make and to bake, to truss and to broil, to time and to boil, to suit 'Manuel. The secrets involved in the preparation of sundry new dishes—dishes which 'Manuel had praised—were they not all between her and her little friend of the plastic temper?

Camelia was not capable of analysis, but she was conscious of the charm of companionship which came from the personality with which she had unconsciously invested the little stove. And now, as she fed it with the only available and tangible element in her distress, it seemed, in its greedy consumption of the novel fuel, in its hilarious demonstration of delight, to have followed her into the realm of passion. The consciousness of sympathy soothed her spirit, as the genial warmth did her body.

Presently the fire subsided. Camelia glanced at the chair on which she had thrown the clothing. A single dress remained. She held this garment up before her. She would prolong the joy of its destruction by a last lingering inspection. How it recalled special days of Marie's triumph! How vulgarly she had flaunted the gaudy flouncings of the skirt! And Manuel had tolerated her,—liked her,—even now held a secret about her! There were bright-red spots on Camelia's cheeks as she opened the stove-door, and as she looked in, she saw that there were bright-red coals within its grate. She would lay this last garment, which seemed an embodied indignity, upon the ardent bosom of her friend, and that would avenge it, and then they would laugh together, she and the little stove.

Catching the edge of a flounce with a toasting-fork, she had leaned forward to thrust it into the fire, when a step startled her. The door had opened before she turned, and 'Manuel and Raphael walked in. 'Manuel regarded her in questioning astonishment, but she met his glance defiantly. He was frightened. He had never seen such a look in his wife's face before, and he did not in the least understand it. He was first to speak. He approached her gently. "W'a's the mather weeth-a my lill-a wife?" said he.

His tenderness was more than she could stand. She resented it as an insult in the face of her wrongs. The fountains of her wrath, long pent up, now burst forth in a deluge of violent abuse. She had endured much, and was proceeding decently and quietly to dispose of the whole affair, but—she was caught, and she didn't care. She charged both 'Manuel and Raphael with deception, conspiracy, insult; told them that she had known it from the first, and had put up with everything until the girl had had the impudence to sneak into her own house, and now she had sworn she wouldn't stand it a day longer,—no, she wouldn't! Finally, however, her anger spent itself, and she fell to weeping.

The truth of the situation slowly revealed itself to 'Manuel. He had been strangely obtuse, but he saw it all now, and he was greatly troubled. Beckoning to the boy to follow, he left the room. There were but a few words of conversation between the two, and 'Manuel's attitude was that of entreaty. In a moment both returned to the kitchen, and Raphael, taking up the dress from the floor where Camelia had dropped it, and gathering slippers, stockings, and ribbons that lay strewn around, disappeared with them through his room into the little closet. Camelia, with her head buried in her arms over the table, saw nothing of this.

'Manuel approached his wife now, and, taking her arm, gently, but firmly, raised her up.

"Come, Camelia," said he. "Been-a mague wan beeg *mistague*! 'S all righd now." Camelia resisted moodily, and he added, "Can'd you truz-a yo' 'Manuel'?"

His voice was so troubled, so tender, that it moved her, and she suffered him to lead her, sobbing afresh, into Raphael's room. He led her to a chair, and, stepping to the closet door, rapped impatiently.

"Say! Hoary up in-a tha!" said he. In a moment the door opened. Camelia looked up. A quick scream escaped her, as Miss Marie Cantero, in all her glory, emerged from the closet.

"'Ave-a cha'," said 'Manuel, indicating a seat opposite Camelia.

Turning to her now, he said: "Tague wan-a good loog, Camelia. Never 's goin'-a see Miss Marie no mo'."

That young lady now rose, took from her head hat, ribbon, net, and one by one, the feminine garments fell to the floor, and Raphael, in long breeches and flannel shirt, stood before her. The boy laughed nervously, but Camelia was too much wrought up for laughter—yet. She was humiliated beyond expression. She looked reproachfully at her husband.

"For-a wad ees-a you neva was-a tell me *biffo*,' 'Manuel?' said she.

"'Ad 'o *prormise Raphael neva was a goin'-a tell-a nobody!* Neva thoughtd-a my lill-a wife was afrai' trus'-a me!" Manuel replied.

He spoke sorrowfully. There was a pathos in his gentleness. Camelia felt it. She might even apologize for her mistrust sometime, but she had not the grace to do it now. She saw an opportunity for a lateral retreat through a change of subject. With childish diplomacy, she asked:

"For-a wad ees you an' Raphael come-a so soon to-day, 'Manuel?' 'S nod leb'n o'clog yed!"

'Manuel held his open watch to her. It was nearly one, though the little clock on the shelf said "five minutes before eleven." It had stopped here when Camelia shook the house, slamming the closet door.

Marie had never appeared in the market after 'Manuel's wedding-day, for Raphael's contract ended then. When 'Manuel had resolved to bestir himself and "beat Camelia makin' money," the main difficulty in the competition seemed to lie in her superior attractiveness over himself. He would not have had this otherwise, but just now—in a business sense—it was in his way. While at home, working on his stall, he had expressed his difficulty to Raphael in this wise: "Nobody's a goin'-a stop-a buy some-a-theen from wan-a orgly man, when wan-a pritty lill-a gal ligue Camelia's a sell-a close by eem."

This led to the wish for a pretty clerk,—some shrewd, bright girl who might beat Camelia at her own game. It was then that 'Manuel conceived the idea of Raphael's assuming the disguise. It would be just the thing. Raphael had beauty, wit, and experience, and the plan would steer clear of the embarrassment of dealing with "a strange girl." 'Manuel offered good pay and swore secrecy, but he had to beg and bribe a long time before the boy would consent.

The market people never knew what became of Marie. Some said that she had committed suicide in a fit of jealousy on 'Manuel's wedding-day, and Raphael was so pleased with this solution that he carried a suit of his discarded clothing and left it one night under the wharf at the river's edge. This was the dress Camelia had missed from the closet. Some one must have stolen it, for Raphael never heard of it, and when he went to look for it, it was gone.

RUTH MCENERY STUART.

## CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

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### THE WAR SITUATION IN EUROPE.

THE spectacle of the European Powers divided into hostile camps ; supporting vast standing armies at an expense almost appalling ; watching one another with the keenest eyes, to discern the slightest indication of unusual preparations for war, or of an intention to seize upon some advantage, however insignificant ; thrown into a panic by even the vaguest rumors of alliances that seem to threaten the peace or the safety of the continent, or of any portion of it ;—this spectacle is not calculated to reassure those peace-loving folk who, in spite of all indications in the contrary direction, still hope for the day to come when wars and rumors of wars shall be heard no more. The hope for peace in Europe seemingly lies in the fact that each Power is fully prepared for fighting. The scenes, however, are constantly shifting. The kaleidoscope never shows two pictures altogether similar. It would require more than the skill of a prophet, or of the son of a prophet, to foretell what a day, a week, a month, may bring forth. Reviewing the situation now, at a point somewhat past midsummer, it seems fairly safe to assume that the danger of war for this year has passed. A late-fall campaign is not very probable. It would doubtless require some sharp and sudden provocation to precipitate a crisis this autumn. Let us glance over the field, and see what reasonable conclusions can be drawn from the confused array of facts and rumors with which the newspaper press supplies us from day to day.

The eye naturally turns first to the southeast, where Bulgaria has long been a bone of contention. The prospect there seems brighter than ever before. With the course of events in this principality the readers of this REVIEW have been made familiar by the admirable papers of Mr. Schuyler. Russia, at present, seems disposed to keep its hands off and let the Bulgarians work out their manifest destiny. Relieved from outside pressure, they are doing this in a way that cannot fail, if it be maintained a little longer, to excite the wondering admiration of the civilized world. How the matter is really regarded in St. Petersburg is, of course, a subject of conjecture only ; but, so far as can be judged, interference from that quarter is extremely improbable. In a limited sense, therefore, this firebrand may be regarded as no longer a factor in the situation. Happy will it be for Europe should this prove to be the case permanently. Still, it must be remembered that the declaration of the Russian Prime Minister, given out in July, that

Russia would "wash her hands of the whole concern," may have been intended to draw attention from Bulgaria while plans for regaining the lost control are being laid in St. Petersburg.

Events in Germany have trodden so fast upon each other's heels that there has been scarcely time to judge their course, direction, and tendency. Certain it is that the accession of Frederick argued well for the peace of Europe, and that the reign of his successor, fired with the ardor of youth and ambitious for military renown, is contemplated with doubt and suspicion both in and out of his own empire. Responsibility, however, often works wonders; and there is good ground for the hope that such will be the result in this case. The new Emperor's first official utterances had a distinctly warlike tone, but this was modified to a marked degree in his subsequent addresses. Prince Bismarck still is Germany's ruler, and while he lives there is small likelihood that Germany will take the initiative in a hostile movement. Bismarck's death might change the entire situation. The death of no monarch would send such a thrill through Europe. In the nature of things, this event cannot be very long delayed. Yet Bismarck's son, Count Herbert, whose recent training has had but one object in view,—that he shall be his father's successor as Chancellor,—will be certain to maintain the traditions which have done so much for the glory of the empire, and can be trusted to pursue a policy quite in keeping with that of his illustrious predecessor. The present Emperor will, accordingly, be restrained in two directions, and is not likely to act hastily or unadvisedly. His recent visit to the Tsar of Russia can hardly be productive of other than good results. Certainly, if a marriage is arranged between the heir to the Russian throne and one of the sisters of the German Emperor, there will be the best of reasons for believing that these two Powers will maintain amicable relations. Emperor William's hostility to England and everything English, not excluding his own mother, has been undisguised; but nothing of a warlike character is likely to come of it. Nor is the present Empress, who is described as "a plain home-body," likely to interfere in affairs of state or disturb any of Prince Bismarck's plans. With the present effective military force, Germany would be able to put one million men in the field against Russia, should occasion arise, and to send a second million against France, besides keeping nearly another million in reserve at home, to make use of where needed. From a military point of view, no Power in Europe is better equipped than Germany. The German Empire, in truth, may be described as a huge camp.

The danger of hostile manifestations on the part of France is apparently over for the present. Of course, Frenchmen do not harbor very friendly feelings for their conquerors beyond the Rhine, and the generation now existing will not be satisfied until the separated provinces are restored; but they will not go to war with the Germans. The craze known as Boulangism will soon pass. It will be but a "brief madness." The French are proverbially fickle, but in a country where political duelling is still in fashion, it

is hard to believe that General Boulanger will not be irretrievably discredited by the outcome of his affair with Premier Floquet. That a warrior should be worsted by "an elderly barrister," when using weapons of his own selection, would, no doubt, be enough, elsewhere than in France, to put an end to the civil career on which he had just entered with no small flourish of trumpets, and with large promises that showed no signs of fulfilment. His reckless resignation of his seat in the Chamber of Deputies, just before the duel, was a significant indication of the failure of his schemes. With the passing of Boulangism passes the danger of war on the part of France. Should Russia, however, engage in military operations in Europe, undoubtedly she could count upon an alliance with France; particularly if Germany, Austria, and Italy adhere to the terms of the Triple Alliance,—the most powerful coalition known to Europe since the wars of Napoleon. These three Powers are especially concerned in any movement that Russia may make in the direction of Constantinople. At the Friedrichsruhe conference, last October, the Italian Prime Minister, Signor Crispi, said: "Italy could not permit the Mediterranean to become a Russian lake." This sentiment was endorsed by Germany and Austria; and the relations of these Powers were still more clearly shown by the publication, in February, of the Austro-German treaty of October 7, 1879, and of the treaty made between Italy and Germany about the same time. The first treaty stipulated that, should either Germany or Austria be attacked by Russia, each is pledged to assist the other with its entire military force; should either be attacked by any other Power, the other is to remain neutral, unless Russia assists the aggressor. By the other treaty it was arranged that, if France attacks either Italy or Germany, the Power attacked shall send 300,000 men to the French frontier.

The position of England in the event of a Continental war remains to be considered. In a general way, it is a position of neutrality; but a neutrality that might easily be transformed into something quite different. England's relations with Italy appear to be closer than with any other Power. It is generally believed that at least something in the nature of an "understanding" exists between them. A significant indication of this was afforded in the appointment of Lord Dufferin as ambassador to Rome. Lord Dufferin had been Governor-General of India,—the most important post, perhaps, in the British colonial or diplomatic service,—while Italy had previously been regarded as a second-class appointment. However, when the Government were questioned, in the House of Commons, on the relations between England and Italy, nothing was disclosed. Apart from these incidents, there has been little to indicate the course of England in an emergency that does not now seem probable in the near future. Perhaps the Power that Great Britain is most likely to be brought into conflict with is Russia. Either of these is prepared to resist to the utmost any interference by the other with its possessions in Asia. Beaconsfield's phrase, "scientific frontier," which he used in regard to the Afghan boundary, though not regarded at the time as having a serious significance, is now per-



ceived to represent a real and important fact. That "scientific frontier" England is determined to maintain. And, in truth, Russia shows no disposition to interfere with it. The great Power of the northeast is busy with its own schemes in Asia, as witness the recent completion of the Transcaspian Railway to Samarcand (bringing the boundary of the Chinese Empire within twelve days' travel from London), and likewise the large project of building a railway across Siberia to Vladivostock on the Pacific. The shrewdest observers think that the Transcaspian Railway is not a menace to England, but will be the means of leading to a definite and pacific arrangement between the two nations for the formation of a complete international railway system.

Mention may properly be made here of the bitter opposition manifested by Great Britain to all projects for bridging or tunnelling the English Channel. This opposition is extremely hard for Americans to understand. When the last proposition to build a tunnel was before the House of Commons, it was voted down by a majority of nearly two to one. Evidently isolation is preferred by England to annexation to the continent, in spite of the many and marked advantages which such a work would bring about. A Channel tunnel would, inevitably, be a prominent factor, in the event of a war between England and any nation on the continent, provided that it could be seized and held at both ends. But it could be so easily destroyed or rendered useless,—a single charge of dynamite would be more than sufficient,—while its commercial value would be so great, that the determined opposition encountered so persistently by the capitalists who are willing to engage in this vast undertaking is not readily explained.

The huge military establishments maintained throughout Europe are in scarcely any degree less expensive than war itself. The only redeeming feature is that human lives are not being sacrificed by the hundred or thousand day after day. Austro-Hungary is making preparations on as large a scale as if war were already declared, and Italy's increase of armaments, whether in furtherance of her designs in northern Africa or not, is attracting general notice. Germany, as has been said, is a great barrack, and Russia keeps herself armed to the teeth. The Peace Society's appeal for a general disarmament and the adoption of arbitration in international affairs falls upon deaf ears. There is peace in Europe; but it is not peace—it is only an armed truce. Symbolically depicted, this Peace must be represented with a spiked helmet and an unsheathed sword.

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#### A LIBRARY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.\*

It is within a comparatively recent period that our American Literature has been deemed sufficient, either in bulk or excellence, to merit collection

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\* *A Library of American Literature* from the earliest settlement to the present time. Compiled and edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson. In ten volumes. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

in cyclopædias or treatment in histories. Mr. Duyckinck's work, *Cyclopædia of American Literature, Embracing Personal and Critical Notes of Authors, and selections from the writings from the Earliest Period to the Present Day* (New York, 1856) seems to have been the first adequate recognition of the subject. Professor Moses Coit Tyler's *History of American Literature* (1878) followed its predecessor with more critical estimates and more rhetorical ability. That in turn has been succeeded by Professor Charles Richardson's work on *American Literature*, the first volume of which appeared in 1887. The combined influence of these works, each having distinctive excellencies, has evidently increased the desire to know what has been the actual product of American thought since the beginning of our career as a people. Nationality is a powerful factor in the production of any literature. The national life must not only assert itself, but must expand into diversity before its literature can show variety or richness. So it is in the recognition of literature. With the growing consciousness of nationality the demand comes, to know if there be indeed a living national literature, and what it is in kind and in worth. In many of our colleges the course of literary study embraces a distinct and separate discussion of American authors.

The work before us is another step in the same direction, but it differs in essential points from its predecessors. It is far more comprehensive in its design. When complete, it is to consist of ten volumes—four of which are already published. These are classified as follows: Vol. I.—*Early Colonial Literature, 1607–1675*. Vol. II.—*Later Colonial Literature, 1676–1764*. Vol. III.—*Literature of the Revolution, 1765–1787*. Vol. IV.—*Literature of the Republic, 1788–1820*. The second half of the work will be "wholly occupied with the best and most creative literature of the Republic, that of the last fifty years." Of these volumes, "two will be devoted to the prose and verse of the most recent period, our own, inaugurated by the War for the Union and its great result—the abolition of slavery in the United States." Volume tenth, we are glad to note, will contain "a careful Index to the whole work." It will be seen at once from this outline of the plan that no work on American literature, following so comprehensive a plan, has yet appeared. Each of the ten volumes, royal 8vo, contains about 500 pages of reading matter.

Another and more characteristic difference between this work and its forerunners in the same field is, that it consists simply and purely of extracts from the various writers. No critical estimate whatever is attempted. No biographical details beyond the dates of birth and death, fixing the period of authorship, are given. Each author, in chronological sequence, speaks for himself, makes his own impression, and the reader must, for himself, form his own critical estimate. The aim of the work is thus succinctly set before us in the Preface:

"As this work is neither a history nor an encyclopædia, we are not forced to place all American writers, colonial and national, upon the list of those represented. Some of more or less note—divines, orators, journalists, romancers, poets—will be omitted, so that our selections from those quoted may often be of greater length than is usual in books of this

kind. Our aim is to give distinctive, readable examples of the writings of every class, and of each successive period; to form a collection that shall be to our literature what a 'national gallery' is to national art; to bring together practical illustrations of the work of centuries—of the changes of topic and style, the rise of learning, imagination, and creative power—which finally resulted in a true home-school of authorship, upon which our people now rely with increasing confidence and pride."

Anonymous writers are not overlooked when they have contributed anything noteworthy in form or matter. Short poems, tales, and sketches are printed without abridgement. As the later period of our literary history comes on, the selections are more exclusively literary in the higher sense of the word, and the concluding volumes must be devoted chiefly to the rich and increasing field of history, poetry, fiction, and other productions of a strictly literary order. The volumes are embellished with portraits,—some of which are on steel,—and in its typographical execution the work has unusual attractiveness.

It is obvious at a glance that to make a successful work on this plan, some high literary gifts are essential. Though made for "popular use and enjoyment," it could not reach these ends save by dint of excellent literary judgment and faithful, laborious effort. Trained tastes, true insight, and the sense of literary proportion must all be in exercise. The names of the editors and compilers are guarantees of careful and conscientious workmanship. And we believe that fair criticism will own that the plan of the work has been—at least in the four volumes under notice—happily and thoroughly carried out. The selections show discrimination in the matter, and, as to length, they are the worthy representatives of what their authors were and wrote. It must always be remembered, in judging of such work, that the "personal equation" will perforce appear. As to which are the absolutely best and most characteristic passages of any author, what two critics will always agree? It is to be carefully noted that a number of the selections from the early colonial literature are obtained from works so rare as to be practically inaccessible to many—indeed to most—readers. So true is this, that in some instances the compilers confess to inability "to procure certain rare books," and have profited by the research of former explorers. It is much to have an extract from one of these rare old books at hand, when there is little or no chance of ever seeing an original or even a reprint.

The question, however, yet remains, how far is such a work needed—what good ends will it subserve—when the performance in itself is successful? It will, we think, stimulate interest in the study of American literature, as such. The outcome of American thought is seen to be such for amount, for variety, in its later periods such for higher literary excellence, that the American scholar has his pride appealed to. He will, at least, feel concerned to have justice done to the writers of his native country. He will not be so unwise as to claim for Joel Barlow's mock-heroic poem on *Hasty Pudding* such poetic excellence as belongs to Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, but he will be true enough to his native authorship to claim for Barlow a due recognition in this vein.

This being so, there will come a fuller study of authors in their complete works. A good extract piques curiosity. We want to know more of an author whose words have had such power in song or fiction or oratory or story. The danger, of course, is superficiality. But, far oftener, we think, the well-selected extracts promote further research than they simply leave the mind satiated, content in its fractional knowledge of a gifted author.

Nor can any reader become familiar with the contents, specially of the earlier volumes, without knowledge of American life not readily gained elsewhere. The extracts in the first two volumes give a vivid picture of colonial life in its adventures and hardships, on its social, civic, and religious side. So again in the volume on the Revolutionary period, the tone of thought, of feeling, is vividly conveyed in the writings. It is as if you heard the actor in the scene speak. And the pages of the historian will seem all the more real to us when once we have read what the men of the time said, how they felt and reasoned, and how they acted and suffered.

Perhaps, however, no better service is rendered by such a work than its tendency to deepen and strengthen the sense of nationality in right directions. We are powerfully educated on the material side. All here is on so large a scale, that our danger is of counting our American nationality as great mainly through its immensity of material advantages. But no true nation was ever made simply out of bigness, big forests and rivers and lakes, big harvests and big prairies—untilled as yet—big mines and big mountains. It will do us good to realize that the intellectual element among us has not been neglected—that we have had men who in thinking and writing have wrought not unworthily. It will be well for us to prize more and more highly this literary side of our national being.

The growth of all literature shows that in its beginnings and earlier stages much that does not attain to the higher literary standards must be included. This is true of the ancient as of the modern literatures. Their histories all show it. To this rule American literature is no exception. It began in humble form; so did all the continental literatures. So did our congener, the great English literature, proudest and noblest of them all. In this broader view, which traces advance from humbler to highest forms, the title and plan of this work are amply justified; and we can only rejoice that its execution has fallen into hands so competent for the task.

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#### AN AMERICAN EXPONENT OF LOTZE.\*

THE influence of Lotze is considerable in this country, as well as in Germany. His thought has been felt, not only in general philosophy, but

\* *Metaphysics*. A Study in First Principles. By Borden P. Bowne, 1 vol., pp. xiii. and 534. New York, 1882: Harper & Brothers.

*Philosophy of Theism*. By Borden P. Bowne. 1 vol., pp. x. and 269. New York, 1887: Harper & Brothers.

*Introduction to Psychological Theory*. By Borden P. Bowne, pp. xiii. and 329. New York, 1887: Harper & Brothers.

also in some of the special sciences, notably psychology. As a thinker Lotze held an intermediate position. His spiritual ontology enabled him to transcend the plane of materialism, and, while conceding practically unlimited scope to mechanism and natural causation in the sphere of phenomena, to vindicate the necessity for a deeper sphere of spiritual forces and causes. He also stood intermediate between empiricism and the rational idealism of the post-Kantians in Germany. With an open side to experience, and a large appropriation of empirical methods and results, he united a speculative ability and appreciation, which stamped him a philosopher as well as an investigator. The psychological aspect of Lotze's philosophy, as well as the catholic spirit of the master, is admirably reproduced in Professor Ladd's work on *Physiological Psychology*. We are specially concerned here, however, with another American Lotzean, Professor Bowne of Boston University, whose writings reflect with various degrees of fidelity the leading traits of the great German thinker. The earliest work, and the one in which the influence of Lotze is most apparent, is a treatise on metaphysics. It requires some courage in the present age, when metaphysical speculation has sunk into such disrepute, to project a work under the traditional rubrics of ontology, cosmology, and psychology. But Professor Bowne is not lacking in the courage of his convictions. In a very suggestive introduction he discusses the problem of metaphysics. It treats of those fundamental notions which Kant called categories, and its proper aim is not so much to discover what reality is, as how we must think about reality. The method to be followed is the Herbartian—the working over of conceptions in order to attain rational truth, which is defined as the universally valid in our thought of things. The tests of rational truth are : (1) self-evidence and necessity ; (2) the inner harmony of our conceptions with one another. In ontology the question of being is fundamental. But we must ask after the *how* and not the *why* of being. Ultimate reasons are hidden from our view. Professor Bowne espouses the dynamical concept of being, which he further defines as causal agency. "Every true thing in distinction from compounds and phenomena must be regarded as a definite causal unit." His contempt for what he styles the "stuff" conception of substance is unbounded. It is the fruitful source of materialism and other erroneous theories. Everything is made to depend on this conception of being. It leads the author to a species of Berkeleyan denial of the reality of material things. These are simply phenomena—manifestations of real being having no proper individuality of their own. The real is reducible finally to the category of spirit. Ultimate being is spiritual being. Reality falls into two categories, the finite and the infinite. "The infinite substance means the infinite agent, one and indivisible. To explain the universe we need, not a substance, but an agent ; not substantiality, but causality." "The infinite is the basal cause of the universe. As such, it is one and indivisible and is forever equal to itself." But this infinite cause is not a necessary agent realizing its own nature by an inevitable law, nor is it mere reason, which realizes

the world by a thought-process. It is a free conscious personality, and the world is the product of free will, which is defined as "Power guided by inner intelligence." Professor Bowne's philosophy is theistic to the core. He finds the roots of his theism in the ultimate nature of being itself. From his standpoint theism is a necessary presupposition of all being and thinking.

Of the finite two conceptions may be formed.

"We may view it merely as a form of energizing on the part of the infinite, or we may view it as a substantial creation by the infinite. If any finite thing can be formed which is capable of acting from itself, it has in that fact the only possible test of reality as distinguished from phenomenality. But this possibility can be found only in conscious agents. We must say, then, that only selfhood suffices to mark off the finite from the infinite, and that only the finite spirit attains to substantial otherness to the infinite. The impersonal finite attains only to such otherness as an act or thought has to its subject."

The theme of the section on cosmology is the world conceived as the impersonal finite. The world is related to spirit as a thought to a thinker. It is the phenomenon of spirit. This furnishes the key to Professor Bowne's theory of space and time, as well as to his idealistic theory of knowledge. The things of perception belong to the category of the impersonal finite. They arise when the soul reacts upon external stimuli and not only objectifies its sensations in the framework of space and time, but also conceives them in its thought-forms. Nature is a phenomenon of spirit. Each soul unfolds its own vision of the world in response to stimuli. The truth of cognition is its universal element, that which is common and valid to all.

The subject of the chapters on psychology is the personal finite or the human soul. The soul is a real spiritual unit, having independent existence and self-determination. It is the necessary presupposition of the phenomena of the mental life. Professor Bowne is a determined foe of materialism, returning to the attack repeatedly and somewhat needlessly in various parts of his works. From the essential nature of the soul as an independent unit springs its freedom—i. e., its power of ultimate self-determination, of which the relation of motives to choice cannot deprive it. We have already spoken of Professor Bowne's theory of cognition, which he unfolds in his metaphysics and elaborates more fully in his work on *Psychology*. His view is Kantian in its main features. It differs from Kantianism, however, in its recognition of the objective authority of the categories and its consequent refusal to regard agnosticism as the last word of theoretical philosophy. Professor Bowne's theory may be characterized as objective idealism. He is disposed to treat realism with some contempt. But he does not seem to have any but its cruder forms in view. Between realism as held by its abler exponents and Professor Bowne's idealism there are many points of essential agreement. The dispute is, to a great extent, one of nomenclature. The *Metaphysics* closes with a chapter on Apriorism and Empiricism, in which the function of experience is somewhat too narrowly construed and some results are anticipated which will come up later for criticism.

More recently Professor Bowne has developed the theistic basis of his system in some detail in his *Philosophy of Theism*. He rests the case for theism not so much on logic as on certain necessary postulates of the mental and moral constitution of man. Planting ourselves on the religious consciousness, "we do not aim," says the author, "at a philosophical deduction or speculative construction of religion, nor yet at a genetic unfolding of religion; we aim only to analyze and understand the data of the religious consciousness." The purpose of the discussion is to show that theism is a demand of our nature as a whole, and the principle is laid down that "whatever our total nature calls for may be assumed as real in default of positive disproof." This, Professor Bowne contends, is the law which the mind implicitly follows in all its thinking.

The theistic evidence rests on two grounds, metaphysical and moral. The metaphysical argument starts from the "conception of things interacting according to law and forming an intelligible system." Professor Bowne contends that this interacting system is not ultimate, but presupposes a ground, and that this ground must be a unitary being. The unity of the world-ground is thus an implication of the finite system. In like manner the intelligence and personality of the world-ground are shown to be latent implications of the same system. The author then summarizes the metaphysical attributes of this world-ground as unity, unchangeability, omnipresence, eternity, omniscience, and omnipotence, on each of which profound and suggestive remarks are made.

Professor Bowne then considers God's relation to the world. He sets himself here in determined opposition to all pantheistic and rationalistic theories. The world does not exist merely as a phenomenon of the divine reason or as a necessary manifestation of God's nature. It is rather a phenomenon of his will, *i. e.* of "power guided by inner intelligence." The world is not, then, a mode of the divine substance, but a manifestation of free creative activity. It is not something that can be added to or subtracted from God, thus contravening his infinity. Creation is a process of positing, a free act of the infinite, and admits of no quantitative construction. From this point of view the difficulties raised by the British agnostics are irrelevant.

God is not a demand of man's reason alone, but also of his moral nature. The moral aspect of theism is treated in the chapter entitled, "The World-Ground as Ethical." "The empirical argument for the moral character of the world-ground is derived from our moral nature, the structure of society, and the course of history." The moral nature may be considered in two lights: (1) as an effect to be explained; (2) in its immediate implications. As an effect, man's moral nature points to a moral nature in God as its source. In its implications, it leads man "to posit a supreme justice and righteousness in the heavens." The ethical structure of society and the course of history point in the same direction. But, after all, the empirical evidence is not conclusive. We come to a point

where we are obliged to take sides. The victory of optimism over pessimism, of theism over atheism, depends ultimately on our voluntary acceptance of the principle that the legitimate demands of man's moral nature must be satisfied. The conclusion here is not reached as a logical inference, but is "an immediate refusal of the soul to abdicate its own nature and surrender to pessimism and despair." The concluding chapter, on "Theism and Life," is devoted to the practical aspects of the case—the powerlessness of atheism to satisfy the legitimate demands of life and action. "The contention of the chapter," says the author in conclusion, "is not that God exists, but that theistic faith is such an implication of our moral nature and practical life that atheism must tend to wreck both life and conscience."

The *Introduction to Psychological Theory* is an attempt to reach by analysis the underlying principles of psychological science. The work falls into two parts, treating first of the factors of the mental life, and secondly of these in combination. Starting out with an elaborate defence of the Lotzean view of the subject of the mental life, Professor Bowne then considers in order: sensation, the mechanism of reproduction, the thought-factor, the feelings, will and action, and consciousness and self-consciousness. In the second part the topics are: perception, the forms of reproduction, the thought-process, interaction of soul and body, closing with a meagre chapter on sleep and abnormal mental phenomena. Like all Professor Bowne's writings, this treatise is well worth reading. Its analysis is masterly and, on the whole, sound. The logical blade is, as usual, keen, and cuts to the quick. Still, his contribution to psychology is without doubt the least valuable part of Professor Bowne's work. This is mainly due, we think, to his determined disregard of those aspects of the science which Professor Ladd has so well summarized in his able work.

The general merits of Professor Bowne's writings are so conspicuous that he who runs may read. It is a keen pleasure to follow an author who has such a masterful grip on his subject. His logic is full of nerve and power, and his pages are constantly flashing with insights which lighten up many dark and deep recesses of thought. Professor Bowne's style is unique. His discussions are interspersed with pungent and pithy remarks which act as tonics and give zest to the most abstruse passages. He has the faculty of expressing himself clearly and pointedly on the most profound topics. Philosophy in his hands forgets her prerogatives of dullness and obscurity. There are few tedious pages in any of the volumes, and, whether we agree or dissent from the conclusions, we are always entertained and never left in doubt as to what the author thinks. Regarding the merits of Professor Bowne's general view there will, of course, be different opinions. He is an able exponent of one of the two or three great systems of modern speculative thought. We are inclined to think, although dissenting from many of his views, that his work is, in the main, a very powerful defence of fundamental truth. We confess a preference for his treatise on *Theism*. It seems to us to be, on the whole, a triumphant vindication of the essen-



tials of theistic belief. That there are other meritorious ways of reaching the same goal we not only admit, but maintain. In the olden times there were many roads which led to Rome. Professor Bowne's is, at least, one of the broadest, most direct, and firmly paved.

Before closing this review, however, we would venture a note of criticism. Professor Bowne displays in all his writings, especially his later ones, a lack of respect for opposing views which is in marked contrast to the spirit of the German thinker he professes to follow. This has the effect of blinding him, in some instances, to the real strength of the theories he opposes. Even materialism is not quite so absurd as Professor Bowne would have us believe. If it were, the elaborate pains he takes in refuting it would be labor misspent, for an unmitigated absurdity would be its own sufficient refutation. Again, Professor Bowne's apriorism betrays him sometimes into a hostile attitude toward the experimental side of philosophy. This tendency is most pronounced in the sphere of psychology. If, as he himself says, "philosophy is mainly a product of mental disease," then making an anthology of mad-house and hospital stories may not have such an odor of quackery about it, after all. To say the least, a large use of induction is indispensable in psychology, and the explorer in its fields must be content to spell out some of its most important truths. We like better the attitude of Doctor Stuckenberg, who says in speaking of the study of psychology: "To begin the study with a theory of the nature of the soul, particularly when that is so much in dispute as in our day, is to begin with an unproved hypothesis and with a prejudice. We must begin with facts, operations, exactly as in nature; from what it does and can do, we must try to discover what the soul is; but to make a theory of the essence of the soul the principle for the explanation of its operations, is both unphilosophical and unscientific." \*

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#### CAMPAIGN METHODS.

THE fact that the question whether the term of office of the President of the United States ought not to be extended continually comes up for discussion, shows that there is something in our campaign methods which is offensive to a large body of the most thoughtful electors. For it is noticeable that one of the chief arguments for such a modification of the existing system is the disturbance of the business and the interference with the normal habits and occupations of the country, incident to the presidential election every four years. As the time of election draws near, discussion gives place to turmoil and uproar. Banner-raising, processions, noisy gatherings of every kind, multiply in all parts of the country until the tumult is so great that it is almost impossible for the country to find opportunity for

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\* *Introduction to the Study of Philosophy*. By J. W. Stuckenberg, D.D. New York, 1886: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

quiet thought. And yet thoughtfulness ought to be the chief characteristic of a national decision on questions affecting the national welfare. A crisis in personal experience hushes all subordinate and tumultuous interests into silence ; at such a time one cares for nothing so much as for the quiet and repose which silence the voice of passion, in order that the voice of reason may be more clearly heard. A national crisis ought to secure the same sane conditions of intelligent and dispassionate deliberation and decision. Heat should give place to light, passion yield the primacy to reason.

In the present campaign, the chief issue between the parties is the question of high or reduced tariff ; the question whether taxes on our imports shall be left as they are or be subjected to revision and reduction. The question is not only difficult in itself, but involves large interests and important classes in the community. It is preëminently a question for candid and intelligent discussion, in which the chief emphasis should be laid on facts. But this question will be obscured during the coming weeks by incessant appeals to passion, to selfish interests, to party prejudices. The real contributions to the discussion will be few, and in the uproar of processions and bonfires and the clangor of the usual electioneering machinery they will receive small attention. The party managers will spend their strength mainly in an effort to arouse emotion, not in an endeavor to persuade and convince.

There is certainly much in our present campaign methods which is both puerile and harmful ; which appeals to our weakness rather than to our strength. Foreign voters will be flattered by denunciations of the governments and political systems they have left behind them in the countries from which they have come ; the support of large classes of native electors will be solicited by appeals to local or class interests ; and throughout the length and breadth of the country an effort will be made to gain the votes of the thoughtless and ignorant by expedients which, if not absolutely corrupt, are inimical to intelligent and dispassionate discussion. Strong convictions beget strong emotions, and no great political debate which takes hold of the conscience of the people will be unaccompanied by enthusiasm ; but the enthusiasm that is bred by the appeal of principles to the popular mind and heart is a very different emotion from that which is worked up by buncombe speeches, torchlight processions, and the artificial noise and confusion of typical political management. During the campaign of 1840 Mr. Clay declared that the nation was "like the ocean when convulsed by some terrible storm." Barrels of cider, coon-skins, log-cabins with live raccoons attached and latch-strings hanging conspicuously from the doors, constituted the Whig paraphernalia. In the newspapers appeared advertisements to the effect that the advertiser would pay "\$5.00 a hundred for pork if Harrison is elected, and \$2.50 if Van Buren is." The country was afflicted with an outbreak of campaign songs defective alike in metre and sense. Never in our history has there been such an outbreak of puerility on both sides as during this extraordinary cam-

paign. The Whigs were fighting for a principle, but they spent their strength largely in emphasizing the purely local and personal aspects of their cause. To the log-cabin argument has succeeded the appeals of the rail-fence, the canal-boat and the red bandanna!

Surely the time has come when we may put away childish things. There are other and much more serious grounds for criticism of our campaign methods, but this appearance of juvenility deserves more attention than it has yet received. It goes far to rob our political discussions of the gravity and dignity which should attend them; it turns the most serious business of the nation into boisterous sport; it interrupts and largely destroys the continuity of intelligent debate; it is beneath the dignity of a great nation. We need to minimize the influence of the demagogue and to emphasize the importance of the statesman in our campaigns; we ought to oust Cleon and his tricks, and in his place to put Pericles and his principles.

#### SAINTSBURY'S ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.\*

IN Mr. Saintsbury's *History of English (Elizabethan) Literature* we take up a book of genuine merit; one which in these days of so much superficial literary discussion deserves a special examination. Mr. Saintsbury is one of our best living authorities on French and English authorship. When he writes, he writes from a full knowledge of the subject in hand, with decided literary taste, and always in behalf of the truth. The volume in question is one of a series of four, and is purposely confined to the discussion of our literature as expressed in Elizabethan days. The other volumes, assigned, respectively, to Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Gosse, and Professor Dowden, will present the earlier and the later periods of English letters. Such a series, in connection with that fuller development of the subject now in progress under the able pen of Henry Morley, will secure to the student of our vernacular writers all the instruction he is needing. Of the twelve chapters comprising the volume, the first opens, very naturally, with Tottel's *Miscellany*, from which point the author conducts us by historical and logical sequence on to what he calls "Minor Caroline Prose," in the pages of Barton, Fuller, and simple Isaak Walton. The study of the four dramatic periods included in the general period is especially full and satisfactory, while the school of Spenser and the Commonwealth group of prosers are clearly and ably discussed. Some of the more specific topics deserve a particular mention. Such are "The Origin of Modern English Prose," "The University Wits," and "The Marlowe Group," of the first dramatic period; "The Sonneteers and Satirists of Spenser's School;" the "Prose Style of Milton and his Contemporaries;" the "Caroline Poetry of Carew and Crashaw," and "The Shaksperian Apocrypha" of the fourth dramatic period.

\**A History of Elizabethan Literature*, by George Saintsbury. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

These and similar topics are approached and elaborated with critical candor, and the result is a clear and comprehensive view of the era presented. The independence of the author's conclusions, in view of the fact that his preparative reading covered a period of twenty-five years, is the best demonstration of his literary courage, as also of his courteous deference to the decisions of others. An intelligent acquaintance with what others have written on the topics we discuss conceded, nothing is more needed in our age and nation than this literary personality, a modest and yet an undaunted deliverance of one's self in matters of opinion. This volume is, to our mind, the most satisfactory that Mr. Saintsbury has as yet offered us. In some of its assertions and omissions it is, indeed, open to criticism. This is especially true as to the inferior place assigned to pre-Elizabethan letters ; as to the unduly exalted place assigned to such prose writers as Sidney, Raleigh, Clarendon, Browne, and Hobbes ; as to an order of diction too often extreme and foreign ; and as to the absence of that wide philosophic reach of conception and interpretation now so essential in all literary study. These exceptions apart, the treatise is scholarly throughout, and presented in a style both forcible and finished. To say that there is but little here that is absolutely original, in addition to the antecedent discussions of Hazlitt and Whipple, Reed and Morley, Symonds, White, and Cunningham, is not necessarily in the line of adverse criticism. In literature, as elsewhere, originality is so rare a commodity that we scarcely know it when we see it. In the sphere of historical comment, most especially, do we least expect to find much of the creative or inventive. It is enough, perhaps, to expect to find what we do find in Mr. Saintsbury—newness of method ; old truth in fresh forms ; individual judgment boldly uttered in the face of historic precedent for ages unquestioned ; and, what is best of all, a literary historian writing a book because he has something to say, and knows when he has done. Such characteristics as these are as useful to the world as originality itself.

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#### THE BOYHOOD OF LIVING AUTHORS.\*

IN *The Boyhood of Living Authors* Mr. Rideing has called our attention to one of the most pleasant features of literary life and character. After reading his *Boys Coastwise* and his *Boys in the Mountains and on the Plains*, we are quite prepared to regard him as an authority on boys, a sagacious student of human nature in its first forms. The special interest of the volume before us lies in its distinctively literary type, and in the fact that the authors discussed are living and moving among us. With but two or three exceptions, moreover, the eighteen names presented are American, and for this reason, if for no other, commend themselves to all lovers of home

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\* *The Boyhood of Living Authors*, by W. H. Rideing. New York, 1887 : T. Y. Crowell & Co.

talent in letters. No better method of awakening an early taste for books and writers could be devised than that of placing such sketches as these in the hands of our American youth. They have all the reality of biography and enough of the romance of the unreal to attract and fascinate. If such historical portraitures at times discourage us by their disclosure of youthful skill and success in authorship, they far more frequently stimulate and quicken us by their revelation of the trials and failures of our best writers in their first literary attempts. Written in a racy, cheerful, and readable style, they furnish alike a storehouse of useful information on the topics treated and a good example of facile, practical, and tasteful English.

Which of the several sketches is the most suggestive, or what particular incidents in the boyhood of any one author are the most characteristic, it would be difficult to decide. Of Doctor Holmes we learn, as of so many others, that he was early fond of literary reading, and in his youthful production, "The Height of the Ridiculous," prefigured his ability in the line of humor. In Mr. Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*, we find some autobiographical confessions which it would be well for boys now living to peruse. Mr. Gladstone's career from Eton to Oxford, and on to the English Parliament, reads like a romance. Mr. Eggleston tells us that the authors who helped him most were Franklin, Irving, Pope, and Milton. With Whittier, the farmer's boy, literature was what it was with Burns—an impulse and a passion. In Mr. Howells's life, from his humble birth to his present literary fame, some of the best elements of his Celtic-Teutonic ancestry are visible. In Mr. Stockton's boyish fondness for stories and harmless mischief there is found much of the explanation of his present success in romance. Mr. Lowell's desertion of law for letters has been an invaluable blessing to our national authorship. Mr. Stedman, the able critic of English and American verse, is even now aiming to realize the early advice of his honored mother—"My son, be a poet"; while in Mr. Warner's selection, when a boy, of Irving as a model, we mark the sufficient reason of his facile English style.

These sketches from life are thus replete with timely teaching as to the relation of industry to genius; of literary reading to literary taste and effect; of an author's boyhood to his earlier and later manhood; and of personal character to personal culture and influence. As a law, it is as true in literature as it is elsewhere that "the child is father of the man." Those cases are historically rare, and happily so, in which high success in authorship has been achieved in later life quite apart from literary antecedents, early literary associations, and a good degree of innate literary impulse. When such an impulse early takes the form of what Wordsworth has called "a passionate intuition," the very highest results in literary expression may be expected.

## BOOKS RECEIVED,

*Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.*

- ACKERMAN.—*Man a Revelation of God*, pp. 396. New York, 1888: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati, Cranstons & Stowe.
- BENNETT.—*Christian Archaeology*, pp. xvi., 558. New York, 1888: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati, Cranstons & Stowe.
- BONHAM.—*Industrial Liberty*, pp. ix., 414. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- BOURINOT.—*Manual of the Constitutional History of Canada*, pp. xii., 238. Montreal, 1888: Dawson Brothers.
- CLARKE.—*The Civil-Service Law*, pp. xvi., 200. New York, 1888: L. K. Strouse & Co.
- ELY.—*Problems of To-day*, pp. x., 222. New York, 1888: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
- Taxation in American States and Cities*, pp. xx., 544. New York, 1888: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
- LANE-POOLE.—*The Story of Turkey*, pp. 373. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
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- MOORE.—*Book of Day-Dreams*, pp. 100. Philadelphia, 1888: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
- MURRAY.—*A New English Dictionary*, Part iv., Section 1 and Section 2. New York: Macmillan & Co.
- PARKER.—*The People's Bible*, Vol. VIII., pp. vii., 360. New York, 1888: Funk & Wagnalls.
- PELLEW.—*In Castle and Cabin* (Talks in Ireland in 1887), pp. vii., 309. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- RAGOZIN.—*Media*. The Story of the Nations Series, pp. xviii., 447. New York, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- TAUBSIG.—*The Tariff History of the United States*, pp. vii., 269. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- TOLSTOI.—*Power and Liberty*, pp. 132. New York, 1888: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
- VAN DYKE.—*How to Judge of a Picture*, pp. 168. New York, 1888, Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati, Cranstons & Stowe.
- VERESTCHAGAN.—*At Home and in War* (1853-1881), pp. 521. New York, 1888: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
- VINCENT AND JOY.—*An Outline History of Greece*, pp. 204. New York, 1888: Phillips & Hunt.



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thor's treatment of it, and so on through the lecture. In our opinion, there could hardly be a better practical exercise in logic, rhetoric and style than is thus provided. Having finished the lecture, the pupil is examined by question and answer on the whole of its contents, and then he is set to work on a list of 'additional words for illustration,' which will add the pleasure of original research to the satisfaction of acquirement. A better book, better adapted to a useful purpose in education, we have not seen; and if we seem to have given much space to this account of 'a mere school-book,' it is partly because we consider a good school-book to be one of the most valuable of books. Trench's Lectures, however, as arranged by Prof. Suplée, is not a mere school-book. It is an excellent edition of the original work, with the latest additions of the author, and, even for the ordinary reader, it is much improved by the additions of the American editor."—*Living Church*.

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"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN."

**"MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."**

# THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW.

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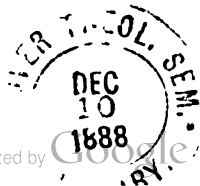
No. 6.

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## MATTHEW PRIOR.

AMONG the treasures recently exhibited in the little Loan Museum at Twickenham were some of those large-paper—those very large-paper—*folio* volumes in which the collected works of Alexander Pope made their first imposing appearance. The *Poems* of Matthew Prior belong to the same race of bibliographical Anakim. With the small copy of 1718, Johnson might have knocked down Osborne the bookseller; with the same work in the tallest form (for there were three issues), Osborne the bookseller might have laid prostrate the “Great Lexicographer” himself. It is, assuredly, one of the largest volumes of verse in existence. Tried (as it lies before us) by the practical test which Macaulay applied to Nares’s *Life of Burleigh*, it is found to measure about thirty-six inches by twelve; it weighs from nine to ten pounds avoirdupois; and in handling it one thinks involuntarily of the complicated contortions in which, some years since, Mr. George du Maurier depicted the unhappy student of a modern *édition de luxe*. As one turns the pages of the great tome, it is still with a sense of surprise and incongruity. The curious mythological head-pieces of muscular nymphs and dank-haired river gods, the mixed atmosphere of Dryden and “the Classics,” the unfamiliar look of the lightest trifles in the largest type, the jumble of ode and epigram, of Martial and Spenser, of La Fontaine and the “weary King Ecclesiast,”—all tend to heighten the wonderment with which one contemplates those portentous *Poems on Several Occasions*. And then, if, by chance, the book should contain, as

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it sometimes does, the famous print by George Vertue after Belle, one calls to mind that the author was an envoy and ambassador once on familiar terms with the *Roi-Soleil* himself, and who, nevertheless, by this very volume, in that golden Georgian age, made some four thousand guineas out of the pockets of the most distinguished of his Georgian contemporaries. You may read their titles in the twenty double-column pages which follow the poet's dedicatory panegyric of "the Right Honorable Lionel, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex,"—surely a paragon of noblemen and patrons! There they are, all of them,—

" Art, science, wit !  
Soldiers like Cæsar,  
Statesmen like Pitt !"—

poets like Pope and Swift (who took five copies), painters like Jervas and Kneller, bishops like Hoadley, maids-of-honor like "the Hon<sup>ble</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> Mary Bellenden"—in fine, all the notabilities from Newton to Nash, and each (as must be assumed from the result above recorded) promptly paying his or her subscription for the monster miscellany published by "left-legged" Jacob Tonson, "at Shakespeares-Head over against Katherine Street in the Strand." In the prefatory sonnet to his *Nuits d'Hiver*, poor Henry Murger invoked an anticipatory blessing upon "*l'homme rare*," the prospective purchaser who ("*sans marchander d'un sou*") should pay a crown for a collection of verses. But what triple, what quadruple, what infinitely-multiplied benediction ought to encompass and accompany the buyer of a Brobdingnagian *folio* of poems, largely didactic and official, for the magnificent sum of two guineas!

If to these divisions of "didactic" and "official" be added a third, with the general title of "occasional or familiar verses," we have a rough-and-ready classification of Prior's legacy to posterity. With the first group we need not greatly occupy ourselves, and, except as far as concerns the writer's biography, we may practically neglect the second, always provided that we give its fitting commendation to the delightful burlesque of M. Boileau Despreaux's *Ode sur la Prise de Namur*. What is vital in Prior to-day is not what he fondly believed to be his masterpiece:—

" Indeed, poor *Solomon* in rhyme  
Was much too grave to be sublime,"

he confesses, rather ruefully, in his last-published piece, "The Conversation." It is neither *Solomon* nor the *Carmen Seculare for the year*

1700 upon which Prior's claim to poetic honors is based, but, rather, those gay and airy *vers de société* which have charmed alike such diverse critics as Cowper and Thackeray. "Every man," says Cowper, defending his favorite against the "King-critic," Johnson, "—every man conversant with verse-writing knows, and knows by painful experience, that the familiar style is, of all styles, the most difficult to succeed in. To make verse speak the language of prose without being prosaic, to marshal the words of it in such an order as they might naturally take in falling from the lips of an extemporary speaker, yet without meanness, harmoniously, elegantly, and without seeming to displace a syllable for the sake of the rhyme, is one of the most arduous tasks a poet can undertake. He that could accomplish this task was Prior; many have imitated his excellence in this particular, but the best copies have fallen far short of the original." "Prior's," says Thackeray, again, also putting in his respectful protest against "the great Samuel," "seem to me amongst the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly-humorous of English lyrical poems. Horace is always in his mind, and his song, and his philosophy, his good sense, his happy, easy turns and melody, his loves, and his epicureanism, bear a great resemblance to that most delightful and accomplished master." If Prior is to be judged by his peers, we may take the sentence of Cowper and Thackeray as one against which there is no appeal. Both were lovers of Horace; both were humorists; both, when they chose, themselves excelled in that familiar style of which the art is only hidden. Perhaps, if there be anything in the theory which makes kindliness one of the essential characteristics of the humorist as opposed to the wit, both Thackeray and Cowper belonged more distinctly to the former class than Prior; but, in any case, both possessed that sympathetic insight into Prior's work without which there can be no real intelligence.

Matthew Prior was of humbler extraction than either Pope or Gay. He was born (as is now generally agreed) near Wimborne Minster, in East Dorset, on the 21st July, 1664, his father being described as a joiner. From the presence in the St. John's College register of the epithet "*generosus*," it has been surmised that the elder Prior may have held some land, but the general laxity of the record does not justify much theorizing. Of his son's life in his native town there is but one anecdote. In the library over the sacristy in the old church of St. Cuthberga is a chained copy of Raleigh's great *History of the World*, of 1614, in which a hole is said

to have been burned by Master Matthew, when dozing over that work by the light of a smuggled taper. That between the magnificent opening and the eloquent close of those thirteen hundred pages there are many nodding-places, may be conceded ; but, unfortunately, there are also incredulous spirits who insist that this particular defacement is the work, not of a candle, but of a red-hot poker. A less debatable detail of Prior's boyhood is that his father died early, and that he passed to the care of his uncle, a vintner, and the host of that "Rummer" Tavern at Charing Cross, which is figured in Hogarth's plate of "Night." Samuel Prior sent his nephew to the neighboring school of Westminster, then under the redoubtable Busby, where he had for schoolmate another Dorset lad, the Thomas Dibben who afterwards translated the *Carmen Seculare* into Latin. Leaving Westminster, his uncle seems to have considered his education complete, and, if tradition is to be believed, installed him as a drawer at the "Rummer." This, which is strenuously denied by the early biographers, one may be permitted to doubt. Prior's own rhymed reference to his duties—

(" Taught me with *Cyder* to replenish  
My Vats, or ebbing Tide of *Rhenish* ")—

seems to refer to that superior stage of the vintner's art, which consists more in sophisticating the source than in controlling the supplies. But the "Rummer" was in good repute with the nobility who then swarmed in Westminster, and it was, moreover, one of their recognized meeting-places. On one occasion, when the Earl of Dorset was present, a dispute arose as to a passage in Horace, and some one, more instructed than the rest, proposed to refer the point to "a young fellow in the house" (a special pleader might observe that the phrase is "the house," and not "the bar") for settlement. Prior was accordingly sent for, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the company, making, moreover, it seems, a life-long friend of Dorset, who helped to send him to St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1686 he was admitted to his bachelor's degree, and, two years later, he appears as the composer of the annual poetical tribute, which the College presented to one of its benefactors, the Earl of Exeter. Those conversant with Prior's maturer muse will, perhaps, be surprised to hear that this was a rhymed exercise upon a verse of Exodus, in which some of the writer's critics discern the promise of his future *Solomon*. It is more material to note that, as the following extract

proves, he was already an accomplished disciple of Horace and of such English Horatians as Dryden and Cowley :

“ Why does the constant Sun  
 With measur'd Steps his radiant Journeys run ?  
 Why does He order the Diurnal Hours  
 To leave Earth's other Part, and rise in Ours ?  
 Why does He wake the correspondent Moon,  
 And fill her willing Lamp with liquid Light,  
 Commanding Her with delegated Pow'rs  
 To beautifie the World, and bless the Night ?  
 Why does each animated Star  
 Love the just Limits of its proper Sphere ?  
 Why does each consenting Sign  
 With prudent Harmony combine  
 In Turns to move, and subsequent appear,  
 To gird the Globe, and regulate the Year ? ”

This, one would imagine, with its careful and perspicuous art, must have been far above the usual average of the votive verses which went annually to “ Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.” But the “ college exercise ” had been preceded by an effort more calculated to exhibit Prior's peculiar gifts. In 1687 Dryden had published *The Hind and the Panther*, and among the numerous replies which it called forth was a thin quarto, entitled *The Hind and the Panther Transvers'd to the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse*. It is not one of those productions which, in these days, offer great attractions to the reader, although, when it appeared, it was, in all probability, full packed with topical allusion. Ostensibly, Prior seems to have shared the honors of authorship with his fellow-collegian, Charles Montagu (afterwards Earl of Halifax), but it is most likely, as is inferred in more than one anecdote, that the work was mainly his ; and there are certainly some touches in it which might be supposed to have been especially dictated by his recollections of the “ Rummer.”

“ *Drawers* must be trusted, through whose hands convey'd,  
 You take the *Liquor*, or you spoil the *Trade*.  
 For sure those *Honest Fellows* have no knack  
 Of putting off *Stum'd Claret*\* for *Pontack*.  
 How long, alas ! would the poor Vintner last,  
 If all that drink must *judge*, and every *Guest*  
 Be allowed to have an understanding *Tast* ? ”

According to Dean Lockier, as reported by Spence, Dryden was

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\* *Stum'd* = strengthened (Halliwell).



greatly pained by this parody. "I have heard him say :—' For two young fellows that I have always been so civil to, to use an old man in so cruel a manner ! '—And he wept as he said it." This last is one of those details which are the despair of the biographer. It must be admitted that the evidence is fairly good, but the story is entirely opposed to all we know of Dryden, and no one can be blamed who follows Johnson in declining to believe it.

In April, 1688, Prior obtained a fellowship, and in the next year we find him staying with Lord Exeter, to whose family, from certain poems in his works, his "college exercise" had apparently served as an introduction. At all events, it is from Burleigh that, in May, 1689, he addresses to a friend and court poetaster, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Fleetwood Shepherd, one of those ambling letters in verse, of which, with Butler for his more immediate model, he had already discovered the secret. In this particular communication, there is no sign that he is suffering from Hamlet's "lack of advancement," but in another and briefer rhymed epistle, written, in the same year, to the same person, it is plain that he has embarked upon that tedious course of place-hunting, which formed so material part of the pleasures of literature in the eighteenth century.

" While crowding Folks, with strange ill Faces,  
 Were making Legs, and begging Places,  
 And some with *Patents*, some with *Merit*,  
 Tir'd out my good Lord *Dorset's* spirit :  
 Sneaking, I stood, among the Crew,  
 Desiring much to speak with You.  
 I waited while the Clock struck *Thrice*,  
 And *Footman* brought out fifty Lies,  
 Till, *Patience* vex'd, and *Legs* grown weary,  
 I thought it was in vain to tarry :  
 But did Opine it might be better  
 By *Penny-Post* to send a *Letter* ;  
 Now, if you miss of this *Epistle*,  
 I'm baulk'd again, and may go whistle."

From what succeeds, it would seem that Shepherd, who is said to have lived with Dorset as his friend and companion, had hitherto acted as Prior's advocate with his patron. Indeed, in the succeeding lines, he is personally credited with the blame of diverting his petitioner from the humbler calling of a vintner or an attorney.

" All this, You made me quit, to follow  
 That sneaking Whey-fac'd God *Apollo* ;



Sent me among a Fiddling Crew  
 Of Folks, I 'ad never seen or knew,  
*Calliope*, and God knows who.  
 To add no more Invectives to it,  
 You spoil'd the Youth to make a Poet."

At the close comes in a reference which must be held to account for the absence of the verses from the collections published in Prior's life-time. Either in consequence of his share in the *Town and Country Mouse*, or (as is far more likely) because he was older, possessed superior interest, and had made an aristocratic marriage, Charles Montagu had already entered upon what was to prove a distinguished path in life.

"There's One thing more I had almost slipt,  
 But that may do as well in *Post-script*;  
 My Friend *Charles Montague's* preferr'd;  
 Nor would I have it long observ'd  
 That *One Mouse* Eats, while *T'Other's* Starv'd."

More fortunate than Gay, whose life was frittered away in vain hopes of court favor, Prior was not kept waiting long for a reply to his petition. Shortly after the above epistle, and (it is only reasonable to suppose) in consequence of it, he was appointed, through Lord Dorset, secretary to the English Embassy which, in 1690, joined the Congress of the Allies at the Hague.

With this, which, even in that paradise of patronage, must have been an exceptional promotion for an untried man of six-and-twenty, unblessed with advantages of birth, and having no distinction but a college fellowship, begins Prior's official career—a career which lasted the greater part of his lifetime. In Holland he must have remained several years. In the interim, he had been made gentleman of the bedchamber to the king, and, besides contributing to Dryden's *Miscellanies*, he seems to have exhibited a judicious assiduity in the "strict meditation" of that diplomatic Muse, which (whatever else it might be) was certainly not thankless. In 1693 he prepared for the music of Purcell, and the delectation of Their Majesties, a New Year's "Hymn to the Sun;" and, in 1695, he was conspicuous among the group of mourning bards who, in black-framed folio, shed their melodious tears for "Dread MARIA'S *Universal Fall*"—otherwise Queen Mary's death. Later in the same year, he sent to Tonson, from the Hague, one of his most admirable efforts in this way—his answer to Boileau's *Ode sur la Prise de Namur* in 1692, in which,

taking advantage of the town's re-capture, three years later, by the English, he turns verse after verse of the French critic's pompous and parasitic song against himself. "A secretary at thirty," he tells Tonson, "is hardly allowed the privilege of burlesque," and the "English Ballad on the Taking of Namur," rare in its first form (for it was afterwards considerably altered), has no author's name. But neither this daring departure from metrical court-dress, nor the more fervent strain with which Prior greeted King William, after the failure of the assassination plot of 1696, retains the vitality of a brief poem belonging to the same year, where the epicurean "*Heer Secretar'is*" describes his periodical progress—

" In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,  
On my left hand my Horace, a Nymph on my right"—

to the extra-mural retreat in which, for the time, he escaped from Dutch tea-parties, state papers, and the "long-winded cant of a dull refugee."

In 1697 he was again acting as secretary to the negotiators at the Treaty of Ryswick, for bringing over the Articles of Peace in connection with which, "to their Excellencies the Lord Justices," he received a *douceur* of two-hundred guineas; and, in the following year, after being nominated Secretary of State in Ireland, he was made secretary to the splendid embassy to France of the Earls of Portland and Jersey. It must have been at this period that he delivered himself of that audacious utterance which is never omitted from any account of him. Looking, in the galleries of Versailles, at the famous battle-pieces of Lebrun, with their vainglorious inscriptions, he was asked if King William's palace had any corresponding decorations. "The monuments of my master's actions," he replied, "are to be seen everywhere but in his own house." If this excellent retort was ever repeated to Louis the Magnificent, it must be assumed that he was connoisseur enough to admire its neatness, as Prior seems to have always been an acceptable personage at the Court of France. This is amply evidenced from existing letters both of Louis and Anne. And it may be added that the favor of three monarchs, for William was also exceedingly well disposed to him, should conclusively negative the assertions of Pope and the historian Coxe as to Prior's diplomatic shortcomings. That he disliked his calling is conceivable, but there can be no ground for concluding that he was inefficient. Swift, in his *History of the Four*

*Last Years of the Queen*, specially refers to his business aptitude, and Bolingbroke testifies to his acquaintance with matters of trade. These are witnesses who are entitled to a hearing, even against Pope and the "copious archdeacon" who wrote the life of Marlborough.

But to trace Prior's political fortunes in detail would be far beyond the scope of this paper. He continued at Paris some time after the arrival of the Earl of Manchester (who succeeded Lord Jersey), and then, having had a "very particular audience" with his royal master at Loo, in Holland, was made an Under-Secretary of State. This was in 1699, in the winter of which year he produced another lengthy official ode, the *Carmen Seculare for the Year 1700*, an elaborate laudation of the exploits and achievements of his hero, "the Nassovian." Honors accumulated upon him rapidly at this date. The University of Cambridge conferred upon him the degree of M.A., and he succeeded John Locke, invalided, as a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations. In 1701 he entered Parliament as member for East Grinstead. Under Anne, he joined the Tories, a step which, while it brought him into close relations with Harley, Bolingbroke, and Swift, had the effect of ranging him on the opposite side in politics to Addison, Garth, Steele, and some others of his literary contemporaries. In 1711 he was employed in the preliminaries of the Peace of Utrecht, and, in the following year, went to Paris as ambassador. Then came the Queen's death, and the triumph of the Whigs. When, after a brief period of doubtful apprehensions, he returned to England, in March, 1715, he was impeached and imprisoned for two years. During his confinement he wrote one of the longest of his poems *Alma; or, The Progress of the Mind*. In 1717 he was excepted from the Act of Grace, although he was, nevertheless, shortly afterwards discharged. His varied employments had left him no richer than they found him, and his means were limited to his St. John's fellowship, which, with unusual foresight, he had retained through all his vicissitudes. To increase his means, his friends, Arbuthnot, Gay, and others, but especially Lord Harley and Lord Bathurst, devised the plan of printing his poems in the sumptuous *folio* already described. From one of his letters, it seems to have been delivered to the subscribers early in 1719, and, as we have said, brought him 4,000 guineas. To this, Edward Harley added another 4,000 for the purchase of Down-Hall,\* in Essex (not

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\* Down-Hall, which only recently escaped being burned, is now the country-seat of Sir H. J. Selwin Ibbetson, M. P.

far from the Hatfield Broad Oak of a later poet's *London Lyrics*), which was to revert to himself at Prior's death. There is a pretty ballad among Prior's posthumous works, but apparently wrongly dated 1715, which relates ("to the tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury") how he paid his first visit to his new abode, in company with Harley's agent, Mr. John Morley of Halstead, and it shows that cares of state had in no wise abated his metrical freedom or his keen sense of humor. In their progress they arrive at the Bull at Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, where, between insinuating Mr. Morley and the hostess, ensues the following colloquy of memories :

- " Come here, my sweet Landlady, pray how d'ye do ?  
Where is *Cicily* so cleanly, and *Prudence*, and *Sue* ?  
And where is the Widow that dwelt here below ?  
And the *Hostler* that sung about eight years ago ?
- " And where is your *Sister*, so mild and so dear ?  
Whose Voice to her Maids like a Trumpet was clear.  
By my Troth ! she replies, you grow *Younger*, I think :  
And pray, sir, what Wine does the Gentleman drink ?
- " Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon Trust,  
If I know to which Question to answer you first :  
Why Things, since I saw you, most strangely have vary'd,  
The *Hostler* is Hang'd, and the *Widow* is marry'd.
- " And *Prue* left a child for the Parish to nurse ;  
And *Cicily* went off with a Gentleman's Purse ;  
And as to my Sister, so mild and so dear,  
She has lain in the Churchyard full many a year.
- " Well, Peace to her Ashes ! what signifies Grief ?  
She roasted red Veal and she powder'd lean Beef\* :  
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine Dish,  
For tough were her Pullets, and tender her Fish."

In the old engraving by the once-popular Gerard Vandergucht, prefixed to the earlier editions of the poem (of which the foregoing by no means exhausts the lively humor), you may see "Matthew" and "Squire Morley" lumbering along in their carved Georgian chariot, while Prior's Swedish servant, Oeman or Newman, paces slowly at the side, on his master's horse, Ralpho. Having purchased Down-Hall, Prior continued to reside in Essex, for the most part, during the remainder of his life, diverting himself, much after Pope's fashion, with elaborate projects (on paper) for improving the prop-

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\* Powder'd beef = salted beef

erty, and, in practice, building a summer-house or two, cutting new walks in the wood, or composing "a fish-pond that will hold ten carps." Meanwhile, his health gradually declined, and, like Swift, he was troubled with deafness, a complaint which he whimsically said he had neglected while his head was in danger. He died, finally, of a lingering fever, at the Earl of Oxford's seat of Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire, where he was a frequent visitor, on the 18th September, 1721, being then in his fifty-eighth year; a circumstance which did not prevent an admirer from writing that—

"*Horace and He* were call'd in haste  
From this vile Earth to Heaven;  
The cruel Year not fully pass'd,  
*Ætatis*, Fifty-seven."

A monument, for which "last piece of *Human Vanity*" five-hundred pounds were set apart in his will, was afterwards erected to him in Westminster Abbey. On it was placed a bust by Antoine Coriveaux, which had been presented to him by Louis XIV., and, at his own desire, the inscription was intrusted to that interminable epitaph-maker, Dr. Robert Freind, of whose lengthy achievements in this line Pope said, sarcastically, that one half would never be read and the other half would never be believed. In this instance, Freind's record must have been more authoritative than usual, since it seems to have supplied no small portion of their material to Prior's first biographers. Among other legacies, chiefly to friends (for only one relative is mentioned in the will), he left two-hundred pounds' worth of books "to the College of St. John the Evangelist, at Cambridge." These, which were to be kept in the library with some earlier gifts, included the *Poems* of 1718, "in the greatest paper." He also left to the College Lord Jersey's portrait by Hyacinthe Rigaud, together with the already-mentioned picture of himself by Belle, in his ambassador's robes.

Although, at last, it fell to another hand to write Prior's epitaph, he had more than once, after the semi-morbid, semi-cynical fashion of his time, amused himself by attempting it. One of his essays:

"To me 'twas giv'n to die : to Thee 'tis given  
To live : Alas ! one Moment sets us ev'n.  
Mark ! how impartial is the will of Heaven !"

It is certainly superior to the lapidary efforts of either Pope or Gay. Another, said to have been "spoken extempore," was pro-

bably the outcome of some moment when he felt more keenly than usual the disparity between his position and his antecedents, as, for example, when that haughtiest of men, Lord Strafford, declined to act in the Utrecht Treaty with a person of so mean an extraction.

" Nobles and Heralds, by your Leave,  
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;  
The son of Adam and of Eve,  
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher ? "

Among his posthumous verses, there is also a poem headed "For my own Monument," which, as he says he was fifty at the time of writing it, was probably his last experiment in this branch of literature. After referring to the fact that his bust by Coriveaux is not only provided, but paid for, and leaving the spectator to judge of its merit as a work of art, he bids him distrust what may be said in praise of the original. Then he goes on—

" Yet, counting as far as to FIFTY his years,  
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;  
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great fears,  
In life party-coloured, half pleasure, half care.

" Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,  
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;  
In public employments industrious and grave,  
And, alone with his friends, Lord, how merry was he ! "

The second of these stanzas, it may be safely assumed, pretty accurately describes Prior's not very elevated character. As we have already hinted, he had adopted his vocation, not because he was especially fitted for it, but because the ways were open; and if he prosecuted it with industry and gravity, it was also, in all probability, without conviction or enthusiasm. He was *not* (as Goldsmith said of Burke) "too fond of the right to pursue the expedient," and though, personally, he may have approved the Partition Treaty as little as the Treaty of Utrecht, he was, doubtless, philosophically satisfied, if he was able to extract an intelligible action from indefinite instructions. This saved him from the irritation and disappointment to which the vague and tortuous diplomacy of the time would have subjected a keener and more earnest spirit. As it was, while declining to be "a drudge to business," he seems to have succeeded in retaining the respect of his employers, and, if equally unwilling to play the part of "faction's slave," he escaped much of

the opprobrium incurred by others of his contemporaries, when, under Anne, he passed from one side to the other. Of his private life, such records as we possess (and they are not abundant) exhibit him as witty and accessible, much addicted to punning, and an advanced convert to Swift's more cheerful creed of "*Vive la bagatelle*." We get glimpses of him in the *Journal to Stella*—a spare, frail, solemn-faced man (*visage de bois* is Bolingbroke's term), who had usually a cough, which he called a cold, and who walked in the park to make himself fat, as Swift did for the opposite reason of making himself thin. Sometimes they dine at "Harley's" or "Masham's," sometimes sup with Peterborough or General Webb (of Wynendael), sometimes sit together at the Smyrna Coffee-house, in Pall Mall, "receiving acquaintance." Occasionally Prior entertains at his own house in Westminster, where the guests will be Atterbury and Arbuthnot, or a Lord Treasurer and a Secretary of State. "If, at the old hour of midnight, after your drudgery," he writes to Bolingbroke, "a cold blade-bone of mutton in Duke Street will go down *sicut olim*, it, with all that belongs to the master of the house, . . . is at your service." At Westminster, too, met, now and then, that famous brotherhood of sixteen established by Bolingbroke for "the improvement of friendship and the encouragement of letters."

"Our Weekly Friends To-morrow meet  
At MATTHEW'S Palace, in *Duke-Street*;  
To try for once, if They can Dine  
On Bacon-Ham and Mutton-chine,"

says one of Prior's invitations to Lord Oxford, and it goes on to add that "DORSET us'd to bless the Roof." If eighteenth-century gossip is to be trusted (and it was no more trustworthy than modern society scandal), the host was sometimes afflicted, after these elevated festivities, with a "*besoin de s'encanailler*," and would stroll off to smoke a pipe and drink a bottle of ale with two humbler friends in Long Acre, a soldier and his wife. But who knows? The author of "Down-Hall" was a student of character. Perhaps the soldier was a humorist. Perhaps he had carried a halbert under "my uncle Toby!" In any case, this, of itself, scarcely justifies Johnson in saying that Prior, "in his private relaxation, revived the tavern," by which he means the "Rummer." Unfortunately, there is ground for supposing that Prior's Nannettes and "nut-brown maids" were by no means such visionary personages as the Glyceras and Lalages

of his Roman exemplar; on the contrary, they were highly materialized human beings. When there is no Queensberry available,

"Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen,"

says Pope, in his epistle to Martha Blount. We have the authority of Arbuthnot and others for believing that Prior's easy morality accepted the substitute without troubling itself about the transformation. Certainly, he seems scarcely to have shown the fortunate discrimination of Xanthias the Phocian. But it is needless to enlarge upon the chapter of his frailties. It is pleasanter to think of him as the kindly, companionable man, whom two generations of Dorsets and Oxfords delighted to honor, and whom the Duchess of Portland, the "noble, lovely, little Peggy" of one of his most charming minor pieces, described "as making himself beloved by every living thing in the house—master, child, and servant, human creature or animal."

Like Pope, Prior must have "lisp'd in numbers." "I remember," he says, in some manuscript notes which once belonged to the above-mentioned Duchess, and were first printed by Malone, "nothing further in life than that I made verses," and he adds that he had rhymed on Guy of Warwick and killed Colborn, the giant, before he was big enough for Westminster. But "two accidents in youth" effectively prevented him from being "quite possessed with the Muse." In the first place, at his Cambridge college prose was much more in favor than rhyme, and, in the second, he went promptly to the Hague, where "he had enough to do in studying French and Dutch, and altering his Terentian and original style into that of articles and conventions." All this rendered poetry less the business than the amusement of his life; and, as for satire, that was too hazardous a diversion for a circumspect placeman, who might, by a turn of the wheel, be suddenly at the mercy of a new Ministry. Hence, in his quality of plenipotentiary and ambassador, Prior seems to have studiously deprecated the serious profession of poetry. In his witty heroics to Boileau, after Blenheim, he writes:

"I ne'er was Master of the tuneful Trade :  
Or the small Genius which my Youth could boast  
In Prose and Business lies extinct and lost ;"

and in the prose preface to his pseudo-Spenserian Ode to Queen Anne, after Ramilies, he says that it is long since he has (or at least ought to have) quitted Parnassus. Three years later, in the preface to



his first collection of 1709, he again characterizes his essays in verse as "Publick Panegyrics, Amorous Odes, Serious Reflexions, or Idle Tales, the Product of his leisure Hours, who had commonly Business enough upon his Hands, and was only a Poet by Accident." Whatever affectation there may have been in all this, the facts show that, dating from his first successful excursus upon Exodus, more than twenty years elapsed before he ventured to collect, from Dryden's *Miscellanies* and elsewhere, the scattered material of his earlier volume. It is notable, also, that the largest levy is from the fifth *Miscellany* volume, of 1704, when he was least occupied as a diplomatist, and it seems, besides, that his ingathering would have been smaller and more eclectic, had not many of his pieces been reprinted very incorrectly, in 1707, without his knowledge, and, after the laudable practice of the time, in company with several supplementary contributions which were not his at all. Publication was, therefore, forced upon him, and he was obliged (as he says) to put forth "an indifferent collection of Poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worse." In the closing words of his dedication to Lord Dorset, he refers to some attempts "of a very different nature (the Product of [his] severer Studies)," which he destines for a future book. One of these must obviously have been the long-incubated *Solomon*, which, with the subsequently-written *Alma* and a number of epigrams and minor pieces, makes up the chief additions to the *folio* of 1718. "Down-Hall" and "The Conversation," which belong to a later date, are, naturally, absent from the tall volume, but, in default of satisfactory explanation, it is certainly a curious instance of paternal blindness, that three of the poems by which the author is best known to posterity, "The Secretary," "The Female Phaeton," and the incomparable "Child of Quality," are not to be found in its pages. Nor do those pages include the dialogue of "Daphne and Apollo," which Pope told Spence pleased him as much as anything he had read of Prior's. These omissions are the more remarkable because Prior is known to have "kept everything by him, even to all his school exercises."

With Prior's longest and most ambitious poem, the common consent of modern criticism has made it needless to linger. That he himself should have preferred *Solomon on the Vanity of the World* to his other works, need surprise no one who remembers that Cervantes put his plays above *Don Quixote*, or that Hogarth rated the *Rake's Progress* below his unspeakable historical paintings. "What, do you

tell me of my *Alma*?" said its author, petulantly, to Pope (whose opinion he had asked on *Solomon*), "—a loose and hasty scribble, to relieve the tedious hours of my imprisonment, while in the messenger's hand." But the couplet already quoted from "The Conversation" shows that, by 1720, he had recognized that others were in accord with Pope. There is a letter in Pope's *Correspondence* which shows that Prior sent him "The Conversation," perhaps—may we not suppose?—with the vague hope that Pope might soften or reverse his verdict. But Pope's reply abides in generalities, and gives no sign that he had altered his judgment—a judgment which the majority of subsequent critics have unhesitatingly confirmed. If judges like John Wesley and Cowper thought highly of *Solomon*, it must be concluded that what they admired was rather the wise king's wisdom than Prior's rendering of it. Johnson himself admits that it is wearisome, and Johnson, whose "lax talking" and perverse criticism have done Prior so much wrong, must, upon this point of wearisomeness, be admitted to speak with some authority. The presence of one quotable couplet—

"Abra was ready ere I called her name;  
And, though I called another, Abra came"—

can no more secure its immortality than

"Fine by degrees and beautifully less"

(which Pope copied into his

"Fine by defect and beautifully weak")

can revivify the hopelessly-dried specimen into which Prior flattened out the fine old ballad of "The Nut-Brown Maid." In the more leisurely age of country book-clubs, it is conceivable that even *Solomon* and *Henry and Emma* may have gone pleasantly to the gentle bubbling of Mrs. Unwin's tea-urn, or even to the rumble of John Wesley's coach wheels on a dusty posting-road; but to-day, when the hurrying reader must ask rigorously of everything, Is this personal to the author? Is it what he, and he alone, can give me? such efforts as Prior's master-piece (in his own opinion), and his useless paraphrase of simpler and sincerer work, fall irretrievably into the limbo of mistaken *tours de force*.\*

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\* Cowper justly praises the execution of *Solomon*, and, as no recent writer seems to

With the "loose and hasty scribble" of *Alma*, the case is different. Here (to use his own words) "the man we talk with is Mat: Prior," and he talks in his own inimitable way. The piece or fragment,—a *soi-disant* dialogue upon the locality of the soul, carried on between the author and his friend, Dick Shelton,—has no discoverable plan; and its ultimate morality is very much the "Begone, dull Care," and "Pass the Rosy Wine" of that more modern philosopher, Mr. Richard Swiveller. But it is not to be read for its argument, or for that meaning which Goldsmith failed to grasp, but for its delightfully-wayward digressions, its humor and its good-humor, its profusion of epigram and happy illustration. Butler, though Cowper doubted it, is plainly Prior's model, the difference being in the men and not in the metre. Indeed, the fact is sufficiently evident from the reference to Butler in the opening lines of Canto ii.:

" Yet He, consummate Master, knew  
When to recede, and where pursue :  
His noble Negligencies teach,  
What Others' Toils despair to reach.  
He, perfect Dancer, climbs the Rope,  
And balances your Fear and Hope :  
If, after some distinguish'd leap,  
He drops his Pole, and seems to slip,  
Straight gath'ring all his active Strength,  
He rises higher half his Length.  
With Wonder You approve his Sleight  
And owe your Pleasure to your Fright.

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have dared to give a serious quotation from the poem, the following may serve as a specimen :—

" To the late Revel and protracted Feast,  
Wild Dreams succeeded and disorder'd Rest ;  
And, as at Dawn of Morn fair Reason's Light  
Broke through the Fumes and Phantoms of the Night,  
What had been said, I ask'd my Soul, what done ;  
How flow'd our Mirth, and whence the Source begun ?  
Perhaps the Jest that charmed the sprightly Crowd,  
And made the Jovial Table laugh so loud,  
To some false Notion ow'd its poor Pretence,  
To an ambiguous Word's perverted Sense,  
To a wild Sonnet, or a wanton Air,  
Offence and Torture to the sober Ear.  
Perhaps, alas ! the pleasing Stream was brought  
From this Man's Error, from another's Fault ;  
From Topics which Good-nature would forget,  
And Prudence mention with the last Regret."

From all of which it may be concluded that after-dinner talk, "in halls of Lebanonian cedar," differed but little from after-dinner talk, *temp.* Anne and Victoria.

But, like poor ANDREW, I advance,  
 False *Mimic* of my Master's Dance :  
 Around the Cord awhile I sprawl ;  
 And thence, tho' low, in earnest fall."

Prior here, naturally (and not unbecomingly, since his object is to eulogize the author of *Hudibras*), underrates his own powers. He may, as Johnson says, "want the bullion of his master," but, in the foregoing passage, he is praising his art, and in the art of Hudibrastic or octosyllabic verse he himself is second to none. As it chances, the excellence of his achievement in this way is almost scientifically demonstrable. Among Pope's works is usually included an imitation of Horace Bk. i., Ep. vii., the first half of which is Swift's, the rest being by Pope. Criticism has not failed to make the comparison which such a combination inevitably suggests. Swift was copying Butler, Pope was copying Swift. But each gives the measure something of his personal quality :—Swift makes it easier, more direct, more idiomatic ; Pope, more pointed, more sparkling, more elegant. If any one will take the trouble to study the Swift-*cum*-Pope collaboration, and then read a page of Prior at his best, he will, we think, speedily arrive at the conclusion that, in craftsmanship at all events, Prior combines the more distinctive characteristics of both. He is as easy as Swift and as polished as Pope.

With this mastery over a measure so especially fitted for humorous narrative, it is scarcely surprising that he turned his attention to the "tale," which, in the England under Anne, passed as the equivalent of the admirable "*Contes*" of La Fontaine. His skill in simile and illustration, his faculty of profusely embroidering a borrowed theme, his freedom and perspicuity, and (notwithstanding his own disclaimer) his unfailing instinct "when to recede and where pursue,"—all qualified him excellently for the task. Whether he succeeded in actually rivalling his model, is debatable (Pope thought that, in his *Fables*, Vanbrugh went farther), but there is no doubt that Prior's essays in this direction were among his most popular performances. "Prior tells a story in verse the most agreeable that ever I knew," writes Lord Raby to Stepney, in 1705, and he only spoke the general sentiment of his contemporaries. Unhappily, the subjects of the three principal tales he wrote make it impossible to recommend what, in their way, are master-pieces of witty and familiar narrative. Even in the days when Hannah More read *Tom Jones*, it was not without expostulation that Goldsmith included "The Ladle"

and "Hans Carvel" in the *Beauties of English Poetry*, and though Johnson, in a paradoxical moment of opposition to the censure of Lord Hailes, contended that there was nothing objectionable in "Paulo Purganti," it would be a bold editor who, nowadays, should include it in a popular collection. The loss, however, is a serious one, for which neither the essays of Gay nor Somerville, nor even of Goldsmith, can wholly compensate us, and certainly not those of the once-celebrated Mr. Charles Denis of the *St. James's Magazine*, concerning whose absolutely-forgotten versions admiring contemporaries affirmed that they were

"not mere translation,  
But La Fontaine by transmigration."

There are, it is true, one or two other poems of Prior's which are designated "tales." But one of the best of these, "The Conversation" is rather a *genre* piece than a story, and the claim of most of the rest to their rank is not strong. On the other hand, we may take advantage of the tale-like title of another piece, "An English Padlock" to cite its closing lines—lines which prove with what unalloyed good sense Prior could counsel an English Arnolph in tribulation over an English Agnes:

"Dear angry Friend, what must be done?  
Is there no Way?—There is but One.  
Send her abroad; and let her see,  
That all this mingled Mass, which She,  
Being forbidden, longs to know,  
Is a dull Farce, an empty Show,  
Powder, and Pocket-Glass, and Beau;  
A Staple of Romance and Lies,  
False Tears, and real Perjuries:  
Where Sighs and Looks are bought and sold,  
And Love is made but to be told: . . .  
Let her behold the Frantick Scene,  
The Women wretched, false the Men;  
And when, these certain Ills to shun,  
She would to Thy Embraces run;  
Receive her with extended Arms:  
Seem more delighted with her Charms:  
Wait on her to the Park and Play:  
Put on good Humour; make Her gay:  
Be to her Virtues very kind:  
Be to her Faults a little blind:  
Let all her Ways be unconfin'd:  
And clap your PADLOCK—on her Mind."

It is not, however, by *Alma*, or his tales and episodes, but by his

lighter pieces, that Prior escapes the Libitina of letters. His bright and compact expression make him one of the best of English epigrammatists. Could anything, for example, be neater than this?—

“Yes, every Poet is a Fool :  
By Demonstration NED can show it :  
Happy, could NED's inverted Rule  
Prove every Fool to be a Poet.”

The same may be said of the imitation of Martial, “To John I ow'd great Obligation,” and “I sent for Radcliffe,” which is too well known to need repetition. It is a pity that so many of his specimens in this way turn wholly upon the decay of beauty and the tragedies of the toilet. But among them there is one little version from Plato, which Landor might have been pleased to sign :

“VENUS, take my Votive Glass :  
Since I am not what I was ;  
What from this Day I shall be,  
VENUS, let Me never see.” \*

This variation of an antique model naturally leads one to speak of Prior's classical or, rather, mythological verses. In these he is most genuine where he is most modern, or, in other words, revives rather the manner than the matter of Greece and Rome. His “Cloe Hunting,” “Love Disarmed,” “Cupid Mistaken,” belong to the wax-flowers of verse. But where, depending mainly or wholly upon his personal impressions, he only allows his classical memories to refine his style, his efforts are altogether charming. What, for instance, could be easier, gayer, more natural than these two stanzas of “A Case Stated,” one of his posthumously-printed pieces :

‘While I pleaded with passion how much I deserv'd,  
For the pains and the torments of more than a year ;  
She look'd in an Almanack, whence she observ'd,  
That it wanted a fortnight to BARTLEMY FAIR.

“My Cowley and Waller how vainly I quote,  
While my negligent judge only Hears with her Eye !  
In a long flaxen wig and embroider'd new coat,  
Her spark saying nothing talks better than I.”

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\* Voltaire, borrowing something from an epigram of Julian the Egyptian, has extended this idea :—

“*Je le donne à Venus, puisqu'elle est toujours belle ;  
Il redouble trop mes ennuis.  
Je ne saurais me voir, dans ce miroir fidèle  
Ni telle que j'étais, ni telle que je suis.*”

“*Puisqu'elle est toujours belle*” happily heightens the pathos of the offering.

Purists might object that "deserv'd" and "observ'd" are not rhymes. But in this, as in the couplet in *Alma*,—

"And what shall of thy Woods remain  
Except the Box that threw the Main?"—

Prior would probably have quoted the precedent of the French. The same qualities of elegance and facility which distinguish the above verses, are to be found in several other pieces too well known to be copied here. Such, for example, are the lines beginning "Dear Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty Face," from which Tom Moore learnt so much, "A Lover's Anger," "A Simile," "The Secretary," and half a dozen others—not omitting "The Female Phaeton," which, at the risk of being superfluous, we shall transcribe. In the *folio* leaf, where it first appeared, in 1718, an additional detail is supplied by the statement that it was written "Upon Lady Katharine H[y]de's first appearing at the Play House in Drury Lane."

#### THE FEMALE PHAETON.

Thus *Kitty*, Beautiful and Young,  
And wild as Colt untam'd;  
Bespoke the FAIR from whence she sprung,  
With little Rage inflam'd.

Inflam'd with Rage at sad Restraint,  
Which wise *Mamma* ordain'd;  
And sorely vext to play the Saint,  
Whilst Wit and Beauty reign'd.

"Shall I thumb Holy-books, confin'd  
With *Abigails* forsaken?  
*Kitty's* for other Things design'd,  
Or I am much mistaken.

"Must Lady *Jenny* frisk about,  
And Visit with her Cousins?  
At Balls must *She* make all the Rout,  
And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

"What has she *better*, pray, than I?  
What *hidden Charms* to boast,  
That all mankind for her shou'd Die,  
Whilst I am scarce a Toast?

"Dearest *Mamma*, for once let me,  
Unchain'd, my Fortune try;  
I'll have my *Earl*, as well as she,  
Or know the Reason why.

"I'll soon with *Jenny's* Pride quit score,  
 Make all her Lovers fall;  
*They'll* grieve I was not loos'd before,  
*She*, I was loos'd at all."

Fondness prevail'd, *Mamma* gave way;  
*Kitty*, at Heart's Desire,  
 Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,  
 And set the *World on Fire*.

Among the other efforts of Prior's muse may be mentioned "The Garland," "The Question, to Lisetta," "Her Right Name," the verses to Montagu, those beginning "Spare, Gen'rous Victor, spare the Slave," and "The Merchant, to secure his Treasure;" to which last Mr. Palgrave has given the currency of the *Golden Treasury*. Nor should be omitted the Horatian verses in Robe's *Geography*, or those for Mezeray's *History*, sacred forever by their connection with Walter Scott. Not long before the end, Lockhart tells us, when on a border tour, two broken soldiers met him, and, recognizing the Laird, bade "God bless him." Scott looked after them, and, "planting his stick firmly on the sod," repeated Prior's verses "without break or hesitation." They turn on the clinging love of life, and Lockhart saw plainly that the speaker applied them to himself. This is the last stanza:

"The Man in graver Tragic known  
 (Tho' his best Part long since was done)  
 Still on the Stage desires to Tarry;  
 And he who play'd the Harlequin,  
 After the Jest still loads the Scene,  
 Unwilling to retire, tho' Weary."

But the crown of Prior's achievements is certainly the poem "To a Child of Quality," to which Mr. Swinburne gives the praise of being "the most adorable of nursery idyls that ever was or will be in our language." We shall not do the reader the wrong of quoting it, but will close our list with another less-known and posthumously-printed address to a little girl, who was the daughter of the poet's friend Edward Harley, and afterwards became Duchess of Portland:

"My noble, lovely, little PEGGY,  
 Let this my FIRST-EPISTLE, beg ye,  
 At dawn of morn, and close of even,  
 To lift your heart and hands to heaven:  
 In double beauty say your pray'r,  
*Our Father* first, then *Notre Père* :



And, dearest Child, along the day,  
In ev'ry thing you do and say,  
Obey and please my Lord and Lady,  
So God shall love, and Angels aid Ye.  
If to these Precepts You attend,  
No Second-Letter need I send,  
And so I rest Your constant Friend.

M. P.

*O si sic omnia!* If he had oftener written as he has written of these two "children of quality,"—if he had sometimes written of women as reverently,—how large would have been his portion in our anthologies! As it is, he has left behind him some dozen pieces which have never yet been equalled for grace, ease, good-humor, and spontaneity, and which are sure of immortality so long as there is any saving virtue "in fame's great antiseptic, Style."

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF AMERICA.

NO one familiar with Boston can read the opening chapters of Mr. Cabot's admirable memoir of Emerson without being struck by the contrast in the outward aspect, but still more in the social conditions, of the little town, seventy-five or eighty years ago, with those which the city presents to-day. The air then had something of morning freshness and sweetness, compared with its present noon-day heat and dust. The community was more homogeneous, and its members were better acquainted. The habits of life were simpler; the interests of men were less mixed and varied; there were more common sympathies, more common and controlling traditions and associations. The harsher features of early New England life had become softened, without apparent loss of strength; the blessings of the novel American experiment in democratic institutions were widely diffused, and generally acknowledged, while the perils and evils accompanying them were, as yet, little felt, and hardly recognized. It was a cheerful time,—a time of exhilarating hope, of large promise, of legitimate confidence. Seldom has there been a society in which the moral atmosphere was clearer or more wholesome. The prevailing spirit took form in Emerson himself; his genius lay open to its influence; it shaped his thought, it defined his convictions, it gave birth to, and nourished, his faith in the constant excellence of man and nature, his confidence in moral order and in the prevalence of good throughout the universe.

The contrast between the Boston of the first and the Boston of the last quarter of the century is a type of the contrast between the America of that day and of this. Never, I believe, in any region, or in any period of history, has growth been more rapid, material progress more speedy and uninterrupted, physical resources more steadily and superbly developed; and never, in a similar term of years, have greater and more significant changes been wrought, not merely in the external conditions, but in the very temper, character, and composition of a people, as well.

We, of this generation, are swept along with irresistible force by this swift current of change. Old landmarks disappear as new

headlands come in view. The seas we sail have never been crossed. Our lives are full of the interest of adventure and experiment. Everywhere throughout the civilized world there is a sense that society is undergoing a transformation, the precise character of which it is impossible to foresee, but which, in its evolution, is already presenting fresh and difficult problems for solution. In America, where the field is more open and clearer than in the old world, some of these problems have already defined themselves with great distinctness. One of the most interesting and important of them is the question, whether the highest results attained by the civilization of the past, and hitherto confined to a select and comparatively small body, can be preserved, diffused, and made the foundation of a social order in which all advantages shall be more equally shared; or whether the establishment of more democratic forms of society will involve a loss which such gains in human conditions as may result from the new system cannot make good, however much they may outweigh it in their sum. The indications at present are doubtful, and admit of widely differing interpretations.

I propose to consider briefly one branch of the subject: namely, the effect of our material prosperity, our democratic institutions, and other national conditions, upon the character and development of the intellectual life of America. But even this topic is so wide, and has so many relations, that any general statement in regard to it is likely to be open to exceptions, and to require limitations. These must be taken for granted. "I do not, my dear sir," says Burke to the correspondent to whom he addressed his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*,—"I do not conceive you to be of that sophistical, captious spirit, or of that uncandid dulness, as to require, for every general observation or sentiment, an explicit detail of the correctives and exceptions which reason will presume to be included in all the general propositions which come from reasonable men."

Such a spectacle as America affords to-day, was never before witnessed. Sixty millions of people at peace, and free from fear—from *fear*, which, in some ghastly form or other, through all past time, has weighed upon the hearts of the great mass of mankind; sixty millions of people secure in the possession of the largest civil liberty; at least fifty millions of them enjoying, without anxiety, the possession of the fruits of labor and industry, sufficient to afford them an abundant livelihood, to free them from solicitude in regard to want in their old age, to inspire them with self-confidence and the spirit

of independence; fifty millions, at least, whose circumstances tend to make them well-meaning, orderly, good-humored, kindly, humane; and hopeful, tend also to quicken their practical intelligence, and to supply the minds of most of them with interests sufficient to keep their minds alive; in brief, fifty millions well housed, well fed, well protected in their rights; in general, sufficiently instructed in the elements of learning to have possession of the means of self-improvement; obedient to law, and, in the main, satisfied with the institutions under which they live. It is, indeed, a magnificent spectacle.

The general diffusion of these immeasurable blessings has been so easy, so tranquil, so natural an evolution of society, that the entirely unexampled nature of the fact has hardly received the recognition due to its significance in the historic development of the race. The masses of mankind are here, for the first time, enjoying life. No such unburdened existence has ever, anywhere, been their lot; while, at the same time, the class that is specially favored by fortune is, in large measure, relieved from the burden of the sense that, in other lands, weighs heavily upon the best of its members, of an unjust, and yet largely irremediable, inequality in the distribution of the opportunities and comforts of life.

In the last two-hundred-and-fifty years the American has done an enormous work. The continent has been subdued to the uses of man, and the energies of each generation have inevitably been mainly directed to this work, and, in combination with it, to the establishment and maintenance of institutions fitted to the novel circumstances. The success in both respects has been such that it is not surprising that the spirit of the people has become confident and exultant. Nor is it to be wondered at that, as, with each successive generation, the mass of the population, increasing rapidly in numbers, have partaken more and more in an unexampled well-being, their thoughts and efforts have been turned more and more exclusively toward material objects and practical ends.

Toward such objects and ends, indeed, the thoughts and efforts of men throughout the civilized world have been specially directed, during the present century, by the achievements of science in bringing the forces of nature under the control of man. Steam and electricity, harnessed to machinery, have multiplied enormously his productive powers. They have indefinitely increased the stock of wealth. They have practically diminished the size of the earth, by a vast increase in the speed and ease of locomotion, communication,

and exchange, and in so doing have brought about an immense and far-reaching change in the habits and relations of men. The excitements of this conquest of nature, and the lures held out by the prospect of its indefinite extension, the new opportunities afforded to multitudes to better their condition, the larger rewards offered to industry, the comparative facility in acquiring wealth, the elevation in the standard of physical comfort,—these and other similar influences are controlling, beyond all previous experience, the intelligence and the imagination of civilized man. Fame, rank, honor, learning, and all other objects of ideal interest, have, comparatively, lost strength as motives of effort, as shapers of character and conduct. Wealth has become the chief modern form of power, and, usurping the dominion of the old ideals over the imagination, it is sought, not only as a means to other ends, but as itself an end. And it has a great advantage over other objects of desire, in its capacity of securing general and immediate recognition, and in its power to inflame the dullest intelligence by its direct appeal to the sensibilities of men.

Intelligence, virtue, and happiness are so closely related to physical well-being, that the evidence of material progress is sometimes taken as a sign of spiritual advance. But the claims of material pursuits, under a rule of unrestricted competition, are exclusive and absorbing. Every man has but a certain quantity of mental energy, and what is expended upon one object cannot be employed again upon another. It is not like the water that has turned the mill-wheel, which may be used afresh for the irrigation of the field, but, rather, like the coal that has been burned to raise the steam by which the engine is driven. It is exhausted in the process. The mind that is employed in the eager competitions and intricate problems of affairs, has little energy left for the prosecution of higher pursuits. The talents spent in acquiring wealth cannot also be spent in acquiring learning.

"The chief object of the Americans," said Horace Walpole, more than a hundred years ago, "is to make money." "In a youthful people," wrote Mr. George P. Marsh, more than fifty years ago, "encamped, like ours, upon a soil as yet but half-wrested from the dominion of unsubdued nature, the necessities of its position demand and reward the unremitted exercise of moral energy and physical force, and forbid the wide diffusion of high and refined intelligence." If such intelligence has not yet become widely dif-

fused, the defect can no longer be laid to our youth. But America has, as yet, made no contribution to the intellectual stores of the world corresponding to her immense contribution to its material supplies. She has made very considerable additions to knowledge, chiefly in those departments of science which are most closely allied to practical affairs; and during the last half-century she has added, beyond all other nations, to the inventions by which the comfort of man is enhanced, his labor saved and rendered more productive, and his wealth augmented; but it would be rash to assert that she has contributed much to the thoughts by which his life is ennobled, to the criticism by which its aims are defined and improved, or to that science, at once the product and the source of philosophy, by which the order of the universe and his relations to it are ascertained. Were the product of pure thought in America to be subtracted from the sum of the world's wisdom, it may be questioned if the diminution would be felt as a serious loss. The American whose writings have most considerably affected the inner lives of men is Emerson. He was, in truth, "the friend of the spirit." He gave utterance to the aspirations of New England; he emancipated its soul from the bondage of traditional formulas, and inspired it with generous emotion. His spiritual insight and his clear perception of universal truth gave simplicity to his doctrine of man and nature, while his temperament, his disposition, and the influences that had shaped him, coincided in leading him to accept certain pleasing, but limited and transient, aspects of life in America as if they were of lasting validity and general application. This very fact tended to increase the influence of his words with his contemporaries, reënforced as the words were by the personal charm of a character unique in its consistent elevation and purity; but the same fact lessens the power of his doctrine over a later generation, and already, as the years pass, some of what were once among the sweetest and most penetrating tones of his inspiring voice, begin to sound remote and faint in the distance.

Our literary activity and productiveness have, indeed, been enormous during the last century, but we may, perhaps, number upon the fingers of one hand the writers whose books are likely to retain such vitality, a hundred years hence, as to possess more than a merely historic interest for our grandchildren.

In the other arts of expression—those arts by which other races have embodied in priceless works their deepest sentiment and their

keenest emotions, in forms of beauty of which the secret seems lost—the record is even scantier. In the length and breadth of the United States, what have we to show in which the spirit of a great nation is revealed through the beauty and dignity of the works of its creative imagination?

These and other facts of like nature, being the legitimate and inevitable results of the conditions that have shaped our national life, and given direction to our national energies, might excite little regret and less solicitude, were the influences which have hitherto prevailed to exalt material over mental interests in America either diminishing in strength, or counteracted by the growth of powerful opposing forces. But who can watch the main currents of our national life, without seeing that they are running with continually accelerating speed, and fuller volume, in the channels which they have hitherto hollowed out, and in the direction which they have hitherto pursued? If material development and prosperity were all that is required for the making of a great nation, if intellectual progress and moral improvement kept pace, by a law of nature, with the diffusion of material well-being, we might be altogether satisfied with the present aspect of our civilization. We are, it is true, quite ready to acknowledge the danger attendant on material prosperity, of content with low standards of moral and intellectual character, and we take satisfaction in our endeavor to guard ourselves against it by the general provisions for so-called popular education.

But in this matter are we not deluding ourselves? Our system of popular education provides only the elements of culture, and these are, for the most part, employed, not for the acquisition of culture itself, not for purposes of intellectual discipline, but for purposes of livelihood, and as means of success in practical affairs. The instruction given in our common schools is, doubtless, enough to supply the essential means of self-improvement, and sufficient for the mere business of life. More than this ought hardly to be expected from it. The development and discipline of the moral nature and the intellectual faculties are beyond its reach. A vast majority of the scholars leave school with practically empty minds, possessed of more or less information, but with little material of thought, with little training of the faculties of observation and judgment, and with little sense of their social responsibilities as members of the community. Their culture may have been carried far enough to produce a certain superficial activity of intelligence, which may

sometimes develop into rational intellectual curiosity, opening the way to self-improvement. But it generally stops short of the point where it would suffice to supply them with intellectual resources and motives for moral effort.

The evidences of this fact are abundant and conclusive. One of the most striking is that afforded in every region of the United States by the nature of the local press. The innumerable newspapers reflect the interests of the community, and no one acquainted with their general character is likely to question the assertion that they rarely give indication of concern for the things of the intellect. The material supplied by these papers to the readers upon whose support they depend for existence, readers who, for the most part, have passed through the common schools, is mainly the merest trifles of local intelligence, largely drawn from "the stagnant goose-pond of village gossip," supplemented with stories and selections which belong, as a rule, to one or the other class of the sentimental, the sensational, or the humorous. Any one who examines these papers with a view to ascertain the contents of the minds of the people, and to learn concerning their intellectual interests, is forced to the conclusion that they exhibit little evidence of mental activity, of intellectual seriousness, of popular interest in ideas of any sort, or of the existence of refined taste and advancing civilization in the community.

This conclusion is confirmed by the character of many of the most widely circulated journals of our great cities,—journals which serve as models and examples for those of smaller places. They are largely addressed to a horde of readers who seek in them not only the news of the day, but the gratification of a vicious taste for strong sensations; who enjoy the coarse stimulants of personalities and scandal, and have no appetite for any sort of proper intellectual nourishment. The testimony of many leading journals concerning each other is to the point. It would prove, if completely true, that their conductors are persons not fit to live in civilized society. Yet it must be assumed that these papers meet the supposed demands of their readers. And the mass of these readers are graduates of the public schools. It is hardly needful to adduce other illustrations of the fact that our system of popular instruction is not to be relied upon as a sufficient provision for the development of the intellectual life of the nation in proportion to its material progress, and for that moral culture without which its material prosperity is little better than an abundant crop of apples of the Dead Sea.



But there is still another general feature of our national life which, resulting, in large measure, from this prosperity, combines with it to interfere with the freedom and energy of thought, and with the moral elevation of the community,—namely, the similarity of condition and uniformity of custom prevailing among us. This general assimilation is not less exceptional, as an historical fact, than the material well-being of the community. Nothing like it has ever been witnessed on such a scale. The geographical character of our territory, the nature of our population and of our institutions, and the application of the inventions of science to the service of man, are among its causes. The absence of class-distinctions, the organization and discipline of political parties, the common-school system, with its largely mechanical methods of instruction, all contribute to it. The agency of the railroad, the steamboat, and the telegraph, in bringing about similarity of standards in habit and thought over wide regions, is of enormous force, and is a new element in civilization. But the main source of uniformity is to be found in the predominance of one race and of a single language over the whole area of the country, while the configuration of the continent—the absence of dividing barriers of mountain or sea, and the existence of great natural channels and highways of communication, like chains binding distant regions together—prevents the growth of strongly marked distinctions of national type. Even the enormous admixture with the native population, during the last fifty years, of immigrants from all the races of Europe, has had comparatively little effect upon the national uniformity, partly because of the general assimilating forces always at work, partly because of the natural disposition of the immigrant to accommodate himself to the humane, democratic standards of thought and conduct already established here, and partly because the immigrants have mostly come from the lower and least intelligent classes, destitute of ideas and of the power of initiative action.

The combined effect of these conditions has been to make the American people, taken as a whole,—without regard to comparatively small communities, in city and country, of almost exclusively foreign birth, and without regard to the black population of our Southern States,—less varied, both in physical and mental characteristics, than any other with which it may be compared. There is more difference between the inhabitants of the different parts of Great Britain, or between those of northern and southern France, Germany, or Italy, than between the people of Maine and Texas, of

Massachusetts and California. No one will question the reality of the advantages which result from the reduction of the natural obstacles that time and place offer to the mutual intercourse of widely separated peoples. They are by no means merely economical and material, but, as Mr. Huxley has recently pointed out in a striking passage, they weaken the power of local ignorance and prejudice, they create common interests, they strengthen the forces of the organized commonwealth against those of political and social anarchy. But, unquestionable as these advantages are, they are not unaccompanied by serious drawbacks. The prevailing conditions tend to diminish that variety of experience and of thought, that difference in tradition and conviction, that collision of ideas of varied origin, which are requisite to progress in high civilization. The advance of truth is largely dependent upon the diversity of opinion among men,—upon contradiction and discussion. A struggle for existence is as essential for the distinction and vigor of ideas, as for the distinction and vigor of plants and animals. Widespread uniformity of mental conditions tends to stagnation of mind, to the substitution of formulas in the place of principles, of prejudices in the place of rational convictions. Where uniformity is the rule, life becomes less diversified, rich, and interesting; each individual becomes of less worth, and the community of less importance. In such a society, public opinion exercises a tyrannical authority. Suspicious of independence and originality, it establishes a despotism of custom, encourages moral timidity, and promotes an essentially servile habit of mind. One of the marked and most disastrous features of a society in which such conditions prevail, is that the great body of its members are unconscious of the fact of their mental servitude, and take delight in the despotism in which they have a share, even while it deprives them of the privileges and rights of moral and mental independence.

In his essay, *On Liberty*, published thirty years ago, Mill dwelt on the despotism of custom as a standing hindrance to human advancement, and on the fact that it is their remarkable diversity of character and culture which “has made the European family of nations an improving, instead of a stationary, portion of mankind,”—diversity not only of one nation from another, but also among the people of which each is composed. But he called attention to the fact that “the circumstances which surround different classes and individuals, and shape their characters, are daily becoming more assimilated,” to the

detriment of that development of individual faculties and powers upon which the improvement and elevation of society mainly depend, and to the confirming of the preponderance of an average, commonplace type of character, undistinguished by special excellence and deficient in originality. This assimilation has gone on more rapidly than ever during the generation that has passed since Mill wrote, and nowhere with more rapidity than in America. The general tendency of modern civilization, which he pointed out, to render mediocrity the ascendant power in society, has received no check, but seems, rather, to become steadily more positive, and is exhibited on the largest scale in America. Nor is it merely the ascendant power of mediocrity which is a characteristic feature of our actual civilization, but associated with it is an increase of vulgarity, by which I mean a predominance of the taste and standards of judgment of the uneducated and unrefined masses, over those of the more enlightened and better-instructed few. The material prosperity of the multitude, and the unexampled concentration of interest on material ends, have combined with the levelling tendency of democratic institutions, not merely to raise the low to a comparatively high plane of material and, in some respects, of moral existence, but also to compel the high to adapt themselves to a comparatively low plane of intellectual life. Quantity tells against quality. The just balance of values is not preserved. The principle of equality is extended into regions where it has no proper validity. Our public life, our literature, our journals, our churches, our amusements, our politics, all exhibit a condescension to the crowd, an adaptation to popular demands. There is a lack of independence and of leading; a lack of superior excellence in the nobler fields of effort and expression.

The American people are not to be blamed or condemned for this condition of things, any more than they are to be blamed for living on a new continent. Those only among us are to be blamed who, having better opportunities for self-culture than the great body of their countrymen, receiving better education, understanding better the meaning of things, accept with indifference the conditions of inferiority, and make no effort to raise the general standards of character and of conduct. For this condition is not one that mainly concerns matters of taste, and standards of judgment in respect to external and trivial affairs. It concerns the whole of our national life. The lack of intellectual elevation and of moral discrimination

is a source of national weakness. The prevalence of vulgarity is a national disgrace.

The earth has never presented a scene of more superb and widespread affluence than that which is to-day displayed in the great West, which has already become the chief seat of the power, as well as of the wealth, of our country. Nature has there offered the most splendid opportunities to human energies, and, during a hundred years, men have had perfect security and freedom in the enjoyment of these opportunities. They have succeeded in building up commonwealth after commonwealth in which there is almost universal material well-being. It is right and easy to sing pæans over such achievements. It is difficult for those who have accomplished, and who share in, such success, not to become elated with it. But the West is at a great disadvantage, as regards civilization, in the very fact of the vast scale and enormous growth of her prosperity. The imagination of her people has been touched by them, and their ideas have been shaped by them. Cut off by her impregnable position from direct relation with the seats of former culture, with no elevated traditions of her own, removed from the immediate influence of foreign interests, the West has naturally grown up insensible, in great measure, to the higher responsibilities involved in her unexampled opportunities, and comparatively indifferent to her share in the common inheritance of the treasures of thought and experience of the race. She has subordinated the concerns of the spirit to those of the body, and she is now paying the penalty, in the possession of wealth without due sense of its right use, in the dim, self-reproachful recognition of aims and instincts of the spirit long stunted by want of exercise, which now vaguely seek for satisfaction, and, finally, in the development of a popular life without resources, without elevation, without interest. The very energy displayed in the attainment of material things, may, indeed, now that the means of culture have been so abundantly secured, exhibit itself in acquiring the culture itself. Yet the prevailing spirit of the West, as shown in its public utterances, in its journals, in its poetry, in its politics, is not promising. It is not modest; it is not serious; it is not large-minded; it is not high-minded. In a word, it exaggerates the defects in the spirit and temper of the country at large.

On the solution of the problem how this spirit is to be improved, how the dangers resulting from materialism, and from the mediocrity and vulgarity that too generally accompany equality, are to

be removed or lessened, and on the application of the solution, the future of our country depends.

Much may be hoped from the dissatisfaction with the barrenness that now prevails in the fields of the higher intellectual life, from the sense of the lack of interest, and from the absence of large original sources of pleasure, refreshment, and invigoration of the spirit. And the more this dissatisfaction is felt, the more clear should be the recognition that the most direct remedy lies in the wider diffusion of the higher education,—that education by which the powers of thought are developed, and the moral energies strengthened and rightly directed.

The conception of a liberal education, an education that enlarges the scope of mental vision, invigorates the understanding, confirms the reason, quickens and disciplines the imagination, and, instilling into the soul of youth the sense of proportion between the things of the spirit and the things of sense, animates it with ambitions that are safeguards of character not less than motives of action, strengthening it against the multiform temptations to worldliness, which means selfishness, and to acceptance of popular standards of judgment, which means superficiality, inspiring it with the love of what is best in thought, and in those arts which are the expression of the ideal conceptions and aims of men,—the conception of an education such as this has grown faint among us. It needs revival and reinvigoration, not in the interest of the few, a select and eminent class, but in the interest of the many, of the whole community. For the condition of healthy, progressive life in a democracy like ours, the condition on which order, confidence, credit, and stability permanently depend, is the existence of a reasonable correspondence between its spiritual and its physical elements, between its mental and its material development. This correspondence is to be secured only by means of the highest attainable level of education. The education of the common school, even if universal, is not enough. Nor will the professional and scientific school, however excellent in its kind, supply what is needed. There must be a higher education still,—an education that shall train men to set a true value on the things of the spirit, as compared with those of the flesh, and to seek for wisdom as better than wealth; “for wisdom is a defence and money is a defence, but the excellency of wisdom is that it giveth life to them that have it.” Wise men may, indeed, sometimes be found among those who have had no advantages of formal education, but

whose faculties have been disciplined by the hard experience of life, and by the culture which their own genius has supplied. Lincoln stands as the supreme example of men of this sort,—a man schooled by nature, circumstance, and his own heart; the equal of the greatest figures in history; the poor wise man who, by his wisdom, delivered the city. For nature had endowed him with a force of character that enabled him to make the best of life. But such endowment is as rare as it is precious, and it would be as wise to trust to a chance scattering of the seed to produce an abundant harvest, as to rely on the fortuitous conjunction of favoring elements for the supply of strong wise men, the leaders and helpers of their kind. Culture is as much needed for human beings as for the products of the earth. The value of education, in its proper sense, is not rendered questionable by the occasional appearance of men wise with a wisdom not acquired in the schools, and beyond that which they have power to impart.

It is to the institutions which provide the means of the highest education that the best interests of our national life are specially committed, for it is mainly through them that the advance of its intellectual development can be made to keep pace with its material progress. Upon them, more than upon any other of its institutions, the destiny of modern democracy depends. It is they that are the chief barriers against the ever-rising tide of ignorance and materialism. If life in America is to become worthy of its unparalleled opportunities; if the moral sentiments and principles of the people are to be maintained, uncorrupted by the enormous temptations of a merely sensual materialism; if intelligence is to be preserved sufficiently sound and active in the community to keep alive that self-criticism upon which improvement depends, and that self-control which is the root of due obedience to law; if our civilization is to be prevented from degenerating into a glittering barbarism of immeasurable vulgarity and essential feebleness; if our material prosperity is to become but the symbol and source of mental energy and moral excellence,—it is by the support, the increase, the steady improvement of the institutions devoted to the highest education of youth.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

## NEW PRINCIPLES IN EDUCATION.

*Erfahren lehrt fahren.* Experience teaches progress.—*German Proverb.*

IF any genius should ever take it into his head to write a work of transcendental humor, or humor founded on a deep philosophical principle, like the Sanscrit *Bāṭal Pachisi*, he may find it in the universal human conviction that all things to which *we* are accustomed, or what *we* like, are founded on immutable and eternal truth and justice, and that, *per contra*, what is foreign to us is “unnatural.” When we reflect that, with the exception of mother’s milk, nearly all palatal tastes are acquired, the cordial detestation with which the untravelled provincial of any country regards the *cuisine* of another is, from a general stand-point, deeply amusing. The writer has seen a sternly common-sensible New-Englander indignant even to rage at beholding a man drink *eau sucré*; he has dined with Egyptians who could not comprehend that there were in this world people who did not like assafœtida in a ragout, and has known a lady who sincerely believed that nobody in the world ever really enjoyed eating olives. He has known old East-Indians to taunt one another for liking or disliking that “dreadful devil’s fruit, the durian,” and has met with Bostonians who believed that any man in the world *must* love pork and beans, if he would only “just try them once,” and who were equally persuaded that sauer-kraut was not fit for pigs. Yet even deeper seated are most intellectual or moral convictions, though history shows that what is the unnatural crime, “contrary to all human instincts,” of one country, may be a sacrament, associated with everything that is holy and pure, in another, as is shown by the customs of that eminently conservative and strict race, the ancient Egyptians. However, there have been cosmopolite travellers who have laughed at food-prejudice, and now and then, though very rarely, some daring analyst, *de abditis rerum causis*, who has speculated, like the Kentuckian who sincerely wondered “why God made the Dimmycrats,” on the differences of opinion in mankind. Horace and Martial and many more agreed with the proverb-makers that “what is one man’s meat is another man’s poison,” and, in fact,

the number of popular sayings to this effect is in striking contradiction to the universal conviction.

But there is one belief which has never been contradicted, which is, that every man is born with a certain "capacity," or just so much "mind," or is naturally gifted or limited to an extent which virtually admits of no great increase. The quartz or diamond may be cut and polished or set, but it can never change its nature. Modern chemical analysis, led by Lockyer, is, however, tending to the theory of a *prima materia*, from which quartz or diamond is developed; while as regards Man, works are beginning to appear in which the authors endeavor to prove that certain faculties, such as memory, quickness of perception, attention, and interest, may, in connection with the artistic or constructive power, be so developed, by a judicious system of education, as to produce a result hitherto undreamed-of.

"Undreamed-of" is the word, since in all the speculations and visions of all the philosophers, seers, sorcerers, Cabalists, Neo-Platonists, Rosicrucians, Esoteric Buddhists, and Occultists of every age, there is no suspicion that man can receive any gift save from mystical illumination. The only exception to this, and the only gleam of true, clear light, is to be found in the New Testament, in Christ's teaching that all men are equal before God, and that there is one law of truth for high or low; from which we infer that under all natural disadvantages there are a deep-lying republicanism and a basis for infinite development. And, strange as it may seem to those who are accustomed widely to disassociate the two, there is in the works of Spinoza, and especially in the *Tractatus Theologico-politicus*, the most earnest conviction of the same great principle of humanity. Beyond allowing man all his natural rights, lies the step of making the utmost of all there is in him, which is the most advanced Christianity. The overwhelming mystery and miracle of the New Testament, before which all others shrink into nothing, is the incredible right—otherwise capacity—which it recognizes in all men. This was speedily exemplified in the training of humble fishermen and their like, and sending them forth to fill exalted missions. We admit that they were inspired; but be it observed that the miracle of inspiration *never ceased*, since to this day, wherever pure Christianity has acted in spirit and in truth, the poor or humble man has always enjoyed more privileges than under any other social system.

In the system of education to which I have referred, and according to which it is assumed that, by an easy and gradual process,



the mind of the average child may be trained to the possession of powers far beyond anything which any writer on the subject has ventured to hope, the first place is given to creating a memory before proceeding to fill it. The more carefully we study the subject, the more apparent does it become that, while men submit a prize-fighter, or a soldier, or an opera-singer, to a very long preparatory training, the object of which is to *create* strength, activity, aptness, courage, or a voice, they proceed at once, with mere babies, to fill with knowledge memories which are assumed to exist; to each pupil exactly so much as it is "gifted" with. Now, to learn to *memorize and to think together* is too much, and the great defect of our whole system of education is the non-intelligence of the tremendous force of the precept, "one thing at a time." It is a truth in education, worthy of being elevated into a law, that the more we reduce learning to the simplest principles, and the more thoroughly we teach them, the more will be learned. And commonplace as this may sound, it is practically a startling novelty, since nowhere has the analysis ever been made, nor, of course, has training been conducted according to it.

The method by which memory, or the power of memorizing, can be created, is so simple that any intelligent man or woman may easily test it. It consists of giving the pupil very easy lessons, to get perfectly by heart, with the distinct understanding that the meaning of the text forms no part of the task required. As I have said in my work on *Practical Education* (London: Whittaker & Co., 1888):

"Proverbs or texts from Scripture are to be commended, since they are almost invariably in pure, simple, easy English. One thing only is to be insisted on, that the lesson for the day be learned absolutely *perfectly*, and that no effort be made to explain the text, as this will introduce a new and foreign element. Therefore it is necessary to select lessons which the pupils already understand."

Now, it is not known, but it is true, that the youngest pupils, knowing that they are expected only to memorize easy lessons, "take hold" of this work as if it were play. If necessary, let the daily exercise consist of only a single couplet or line, but let it be so learned that the pupil can repeat it without leading question or prompting. Rhymes are to be specially commended for beginners. But the great strength of the system consists in "reviewing." Herein lies a great truth little known—that nine-tenths of all we remember in life is very much more due to conscious or unconscious

reconsideration than to any primary vigorous mastery of it. And when a man passing middle life tells me that he is losing his memory, I reply: "Your 'memory' is probably the same as ever, but every additional day adds to what you put into it. And unless you review your acquisitions, as an officer does his men, their faces will grow unfamiliar." The truth that everything which is remembered is actually *a memory by itself* strongly confirms this view. Now, if we had, as children, acquired the faculty of going over in our mind, or of reviewing ideas, and cultivated it into a habit, we should not, at forty or fifty or sixty years, when the mind ought to be, like autumn fruit, in its best condition, be complaining of a decay of memory.

If the system here described be properly pursued, the pupil will, in about three months, begin to manifest a power of retaining what is read or heard which will seem, to any person ignorant of the cause, to be very remarkable. At this time, or as much sooner as may seem advisable to the teacher, according to the degree of aptness shown by the pupil, lessons from the book may be varied by oral sentences, or by calling the attention to incidents, facts, or events, stating them concisely, and requiring a subsequent repetition of the words. But this must be done with the greatest care and precaution. When *Practical Education* appeared, more than one English critic hastened to assure the public that this system was based on teaching a mere "verbal memory"; which was quite the same as protesting against learning letters as a first step to reading, or in the spirit of Mr. Weller's charity-boy, who, having mastered his alphabet, doubted "vether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little." Now, it will probably seem to the reader who seriously considers the system, that if a child is to be taught to write properly, it is better to provide it with good pens, ink and paper, seat and table, even at some little cost and delay, than to learn simply by scratching the wall or in the dirt. The teaching a child to remember and to review is radically distinct from acquiring "ideas," just as preparing a garden-bed is different from gathering ripe vegetables; but when it is well done, it aids marvellously to make a good crop. The truth is, men are so used to straining the intellect from the very beginning that they believe that, if any time be passed in preparation, it will become habitual; and, if clever enough, they may instance the Dutchman, who, having heard that to leap a ditch a man should take a preparatory run, with Teutonic thoroughness took one of ten miles, with which he was so wearied that ere he

made his jump he was fain to lie down and rest. Against which I would urge a certain Algonkin Indian tale, which tells how a certain youth, by exercising himself in running, attained such skill that he could make the most incredible leaps, and so passed for a sorcerer. The trouble with the Dutchman was, not that he ran ten miles, *but that he reserved his run till the time came to make the leap.* If he had begun training by such running, day by day, he would have cleared the ditch without trouble. Let the objectors rest assured that the child who is provided with even a good "verbal memory" is far better fitted for feats of advanced intelligence, and will have more ideas in the end, than one whose power of retaining has not been exercised. For it is not words alone which are thus acquired, but the habit of remembering and reviewing, which cannot be perfectly got by working at words and ideas at the same time. "By memorizing with absolute accuracy, this only being required, the dullest pupils soon perceive that they are working not to master a fact, but a faculty."

David Kay, who has made a life study of memory, and whose truly great work on the subject is far more comprehensive and advanced than any other with which I am acquainted, has declared that there is no point of any consequence in which he differs from me. Now, I have declared that, in much less time than would be supposed possible by any who had not studied the subject, a child may learn to repeat a page from a single reading, or from hearing it read, and that, if reviewing has become habitual and instinctive, the whole will be impressed permanently on the memory, or, rather, become a distinct memory by itself. This is the first step, and there is not the least danger that this process will hinder intellectual development.

The teacher will naturally separate pupils into classes according to age and intelligence. When they manifest absolute capacity to learn with ease, and to review frequently and *instinctively*, it may be observed that a higher degree of will is created, and with it a corresponding power of attention and interest. While it is assumed that no special effort is made to teach *ideas* with memory, on the other hand, it is not to be supposed (as many have done) that great pains are to be taken to teach nothing but meaningless rubbish. A certain degree of meaning, or so much as the learner's mind is adapted to receive without effort or strain, greatly facilitates acquisition. And it will certainly be found that so much of this as is contained in

texts, rhyming proverbs, simple little lyrics, fables, and extracts from authors distinguished for conciseness and purity of style, will inevitably enter into the mind, and the most be made of it by the process of constantly reviewing or familiarizing it.

It is a popular delusion that to build up a great memory weakens the intellect. To this it may be replied that great scholars and thinkers have great memories; that in innumerable instances these memories are distinctly due to a system of early, although involuntary, culture, allied to that which I recommend; and, thirdly, that some of the greatest works of intellect which the world has ever known, were produced mentally and preserved orally for many centuries, and that, in fact, before the invention of printing, men not only composed such works as those of Homer, the Mahābhārata, and Pānini's grammar, but carried them verbally, with whole literatures of similar works, through the ages. And it will hardly be credited that an eminent English man of science, in reviewing *Practical Education*, actually declared that all the stories told of these instances of wonderful memory in Orientals are greatly exaggerated; which is much easier said than to prove that Pānini's grammar, with the glosses, was *not* handed down, as Max Müller declares, for three-hundred-and-fifty years, or that there are not now living Red Indians, as I assert from my own knowledge, who carry in their heads whole libraries of legends.

Assuming that the pupil has, after, let us say, from one year to eighteen months of training, acquired the art of memorizing and reviewing, it will be found advisable, before this point is reached, to introduce exercises in quickness of perception. These range from simple beginnings, which are literally mechanical, to games which develop certain phases of tact and ready insight, up to purely intellectual exercises, the steps being gradual, or almost imperceptible. And to begin with, I would call attention to a fact which deserves serious study. This is that a very stupid child, or one dull below the average, can, by very simple training, be led first to an animal-like quickness of watching or observing, associating, and remembering certain things, and thence to far higher culture, when an intellectual beginning would have failed altogether. Thus London thieves (*vide Practical Education*) train any boy to be "fly," or sharp, by tossing up handfuls of small objects, such as coins, keys, pebbles, etc., and obliging him to observe all there is at a glance and to describe it. A sentence written on a revolving black-board before a class, if in a

single line, is soon read in a second; in due time the pupils will read ten lines in the same time. All games increase the faculty, which is, however, developed to the highest degree, in the mechanical stage, by exercises in visual perception, as first set forth by Robert Houdin and the artist Couture. For want of space, I refer the reader interested in this subject to Dr. Clarke's work on vision, to the papers by Francis Galton, to Kay on memory, and to *Practical Education*.

Quickness of perception, even when exercised in these rudimentary forms, prevents memory from becoming that ruthless and stupid lord of the castle of intellect which so many writers declare he will infallibly be, if too much developed betimes. But it is really difficult to understand how it is possible for a boy to be a stupid victim of "verbal memory," when his mind, as soon as memory begins to ripen, is gradually and cautiously trained in harmony with it, to activity and shrewd observation directed by scientific skill. The second step of this second stage is attained in exercises in mental arithmetic, geography, grammar, and composition, the value of which is so great that it is no great wonder some thinkers have wished that most education was based upon them. Let it be remembered that memorizing and reviewing are supposed to form at the same time subjects of mental culture, and it will be understood how much more thoroughly a sum or a fact in geography will be mastered, first, by its being retained and reviewed by a mind accustomed to such work, and, secondly, by the mind being trained and exercised in every phase of quick perception. There is nothing so little understood as the value or power of mutual influences in education, and I shall recur to it anon.

If the reader asks at what stage, or when, does intellectual education, or thought, begin in this system, I can only say that it must depend on the teacher and the pupil. When the latter manifests real mastery of memory and quickness of perception, studies which require reflection and awaken thought, if very judiciously and gradually introduced, will be found to stimulate and aid the two primary factors. Firstly, the process will be found to begin with the pupil himself, if there are any ideas in the exercises given to him; secondly, it must increase with the more advanced lessons in quickness of perception.

All of my readers who are of middle age can recall the time when a chemist, an astronomer, a botanist, was little or nothing else. To-day an astronomer who is not also a chemist is far behind the time.

Science is now what, in decorative art, is called of the "give and take" pattern. Ere long this will be recognized as a principle in education. The great illustration of this is exemplified in the third stage of training the mind, or in the development of the constructive faculties. This we may call industrial art. The beginning of this is design. Instead of copying "pictures," the pupil should begin with being taught how to invent and execute very simple outline patterns founded on the circle and spiral, adhering at first to the vine, or the principle of organic development as set forth in vegetation. This is to be followed and accompanied by practice in modelling in clay, or embroidery, carving easy panels in wood, or working in sheet-leather, brass, inlaying, and rudimentary carpentering. These and many other branches include what are called the minor arts, which are thus distinguished from the higher arts, such as painting in colors, fresco, and sculpture. Any child who can write, can draw or design, and any one who can design, can master the minor arts as a single art. I mean by this that the pupil of almost any age, especially after the eighth or ninth year, after learning the rudiments of design and modelling in a school where many of the minor arts are being taught, can, after a few weeks, turn his or her hand to any of them with the absolute certainty of being able to execute a fairly good piece of work in them at the first effort. I have had at least two thousand pupils pass through my hands. I never knew one of them, who took one or two lessons a week, who could not learn to do all of this in from six months to a year, and the experience of at least ten thousand, who have been taught in the three hundred schools and classes of the British Home Arts and Industries Association, fully establishes it. The most convincing proofs of it, however, which I have seen during the past eighteen months, were the work of pupils of the public school in Budapesth, Hungary, in which there was furniture, executed for the Arch-Duke, that was simply magnificent; and in the exhibition of the British Association referred to, in which were specimens of pottery, lace, embroidery, carved furniture, inlaying, mosaic, brass metal-work, Venetian iron scroll-work, modelling, and other arts, none of it inferior or of the "fair and fancy-work" description, while for the greater part it surpassed what is to be seen in most shops by the vigor and originality of design.

"It will be a new idea to many, and yet it is true," said one of the most distinguished men of letters and art-scholars in England to me, "that the training of children in industrial art bears closely on and

aids intellectual culture." We are all accustomed to hear or say, in vague fashion, that *art*—by which we understand looking at pictures and statues, and going to concerts, *et cætera*—"refines and educates." But the practical man and Philistine does not understand this. Now, I will give a fact which he can understand. When a number of these practical people began to hint that the Industrial Art public school of Philadelphia, founded by me, interfered with their regular studies, inquiry showed that, among the 110,000 pupils in the public schools of that city, those who attended the art-school stood *highest of all in all studies*. As a further illustration, let us suppose two boys of equal age and capacity, both of whom attend an ordinary school. One goes twice a week to art-classes, where he learns to know what constitutes a good design, learns something of the different schools and methods of art, learns to exercise taste, and, finally, to invent and execute work. Can there be any question as to which boy will be the cleverer? He who has been at the art-class will be apter not only to make shoes, or become a tailor, or go into a shop, but he will even handle the tools of a coal-digger or gardener better than the other. Art-creativity stimulates every faculty; and this, be it observed, has been absolutely *proved* by experiment and inquiry in thousands of instances.

Now, it must be observed that memory and quickness of perception blend and are perfected in the exercise and development of the constructive faculties; that is to say, in design or invention, carried out in hand-work. The three will be found practically to connect, balance, and strengthen one another, and from the beginning thus made, all of the usual branches of study may be incorporated into the general system. One thing should be observed, which is that the utmost pains should be taken at all times to keep up, by occasional reviewing, all that has been learned. Under this other system, all that is learned is of such value that one can hardly conceive of any one, who has the struggle for life before him, suffering such faculties to perish for want of practice. The objection which has been strongly urged, that in such education faculties would be developed, but not intellect or thought, will seem, to those who think logically, like objecting to gymnastic training because it confers strength, but does not teach the pupil every way in which strength may be employed. It is impossible that a person with a mighty memory, aided by quickness of perception, should not be very easily led to observe—that is, to *attend to*, and consequently to

take an interest in—ininitely more subjects than one who has not had this discipline.

It is a fact which admits of no dispute, that, in thousands of instances, great scholars or great men have owed their ability, in a great measure, to the influence of some teacher who awoke in them observation and interest in many things beyond the ordinary range of study. Not less remarkable are the instances in which certain school-masters have had a very large proportion of pupils who afterward distinguished themselves. These preceptors have not always been, themselves, remarkable for scholarship or discipline: that in which they excelled was general knowledge of many things, and in the habit of making friends of their scholars, and discussing with them the books in which they themselves were interested. My limit forbids me to follow up this subject; I can only say that I believe that attention and interest may be made as distinctly a part of a child's education, as developing the memory.

When I studied this whole system or subject many years ago, I was at once firmly convinced of the practicability of teaching or forming memory and quickness of perception. Countless thousands of men had, in many lands, before the invention of printing, shown that not only chronicles and epics could be remembered, but even learned by once hearing, as was usual among bards and troubadours. The experiences of Robert Hqudin, and other authorities, showed as conclusively the innate power of quick perception allied to memory. It seemed almost self-evident that here were elements which could be made the basis of an ordinary education. As regarded the constructive faculty, it was certainly true that, especially in the east, millions of children had, from six years of age upward, shown that they could become artistic artisans, producing profitable work, but what had nowhere been successfully established or proved, either in America or Europe, as lately as 1879, was that industrial art-work could be made a branch of education in public schools for children from eight to fourteen years of age—that is to say, boys and girls after the infant-school or kindergarten, and before the time when most children leave school altogether. That *boys* of fourteen could learn a trade was no novelty, though to this day innumerable people keep repeating that the sole object of industrial education is to teach *boys*. "how to make a living," the preparation of them for this, betimes, being ignored. I found the solution of the problem in teaching the minor arts based on original design. This is effectively



the only *work* allied to development of the mental faculties of which children are capable, and in this, design plays a far more important part than would at first appear. Design at once awakens the artistic or creative sense, as was illustrated by one of my young pupils, who triumphantly remarked to a rival in another school, who was displaying some superior drawings: "Oh, yes, but you only *copy* your pictures—we *make* ours." But this had not been fully tested: it was the one part of the whole system of which I had, I will not say doubt, but great apprehension lest I should find difficulties in its practical realization. I, therefore, in collaboration with Mrs. Jebb, of Ellesmere, England, set to work to carry it out in two forms;—Mrs. Jebb, by establishing, in Great Britain, classes of village arts and industries, in which the pupils were generally children attending school, while I, in Philadelphia, undertook, by teaching classes in industrial art, to show that boys and girls in the public schools could at the same time develop their constructive faculties. I succeeded in doing far more than I anticipated, for I made the discovery that both in America and England, beyond all doubt whatever, the practice of decorative art, guided by design, increases all the intellectual powers of a child. Thus in digging for silver I came upon a vein of gold.

What now remains to be done, since the doubtful branch has first of all been made a practical certainty, is to establish a school in which this system, as I have set it forth, shall be thoroughly taught, tested, and tried. *Probiren geht über Studiren*,—"the proof of the pudding is in the eating,"—and it were better if, instead of theoretical discussion, there could be a practical trial. The day seldom passes in which I do not see, in the newspapers, mention of some great gift or legacy to be devoted to some object perhaps not more deserving encouragement than this. Should any who may take an interest in what I have written, desire to establish such a school, I am willing to devote myself to the work. What it really amounts to is the combining in a single system, and reducing to simple practice, that which has been executed thousands of times in scattered instances. And I am confident that the labor or difficulty of teaching the entire system, as here set forth, would not be one-tenth of that which I overcame in proving that industrial art alone could be made a branch, in common with others, in public schools.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

## THE RENAISSANCE OF BARBARISM.

FROM an exhaustive analysis of the criminological aspects of the last census by Mr. Wines, in recent numbers of the *International Record of Charities and Correction*, we gather, in a distinctly objective form, some extremely suggestive and melancholy facts regarding our defective, dependent, and delinquent classes. Our thanks, the thanks of every citizen and of every professional sociologist, are due to Mr. Wines for his labor of love and duty, in so concisely giving us our bearings and landmarks in the now-rising flood of immorality and crime in the State and Nation.

It is not my intention to deal with dry statistics, further than to establish, as firmly as it is possible for statistics to establish, the fact that we are in a period of moral decadence—a decadence which is not confined to Massachusetts and the United States, but which casts its shadow over the European continent. This moral decadence is vigorously denied by those who do not look beneath the surface, and who ask us to look back a hundred years and contrast the state of society then, with its present state. Education is more general, our literacy greatly increased, our habits and tastes more refined—a statement that no one will controvert when made in reference to the state of society in the whole country; but with this increasing literacy and refinement, it is found that we have a decreasing moral sense, and with increasing education, an increasing ability in the commitment and concealment of crime.

With the general refinement of habits and tastes, our pride and self-esteem have increased; with increased culture, we have increased self-control in direct ratio with that culture, and, consequent upon this, a sensible separation of the masses into classes is going on; in general terms, a separation of those who have, from those who have not, a complete control of their appetites and passions. Brutal drunkenness and dissoluteness, and the outrageous, inhuman, and barbarous crimes, are now generally confined to the lowest class in our society. The habits and crimes which indicate education, social position, and a degree of refinement,—such as breaches of trusts; skilfully-concealed frauds; public frauds, which, by political

influence, receive the sanction of law; embezzlements, which are compromised to protect either the criminal or victim, or both together; cheating, under the pretence of insolvency; the misappropriation of public moneys; skilful burglaries, and other similar crimes,—are the peculiar province of the great middle class. Those secured in their position by wealth, inherited or acquired in business or profession, by superior intellectual gifts, by political preferment, and by the social authority which such advantages confer, have apparently no greater development of the moral sense or stronger convictions of duty, but are restrained by the dignity of their position, by heredity, by the *esprit de classe*, by the absence of necessity, from the commission of crimes and beastly acts, and constitute the higher class.

It is possible, then, for one belonging to either the middle or higher of these classes, who does not seek or care to discover motives, who does not care to study the phenomena of our daily life, or to see unpleasant sights, to assert conscientiously that crime has greatly decreased, and is decreasing; that drunkenness is more uncommon now than in his youth, or in the days of his father or grandfather, because he is not personally cognizant of crime, and drunkenness has ceased among his associates. But would he continue to make this assertion, if he made daily visits to the slums of London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Boston, or New York? It is true that all these classes furnish their quotas of detected criminals, but, as will be apparent, the great and ever-increasing majority is furnished by the brutalized class.

"Truth," says the Earl of Lytton, "like dynamite and other explosives, is not to be employed without special precautions." But a much higher authority declares that "to do justice and judgment is more acceptable unto the Lord than sacrifice." The time long since arrived when it was imperatively demanded that we should not only tell the truth, but do the justice and judgment which that truth requires.

We have flattered ourselves that we had accumulated a stock of religious principles, of high morality, of educational experience, which was to last for all time, and against which no vicissitudes or exigencies arising from the increasing complexities of our modern life could prevail: to use a commercial phrase, we have been banking upon the capital acquired in a former generation; upon an inheritance derived from our Pilgrim and Puritan ancestry, and, adding nothing



as criminals and prisoners, the ratio will be raised from 1 to 855, to 1 to 715+, for that year.

If any doubt remains as to the fact of such statistics being conclusive evidence of the increase of crime, it may possibly be removed by the analogous fact that statistical crime has increased in a remarkable ratio in my own State of Massachusetts during the same term; for, in 1850, Massachusetts had 1 prisoner to 804 + of its population, the United States having 1 to 3,448 +; and, in 1880, 1 to 487 +, the United States having 1 to 855; while, in 1887, Massachusetts had 1 criminal to every 373 +. It was asserted, in the last National Prison Congress, by a Massachusetts member (as reported), in explanation of our remarkable increase of crime, that it "does not increase in Massachusetts out of proportion to the increase of population." It is possible that the member was misreported, for the facts seem to contradict his statement most emphatically; the increase in population from 1850 to 1880 being but 79 per cent., while the increase of prison population was 196 per cent. Again, if we take the period from 1850 to 1887 (estimating the population of the latter year as 2 per cent. greater than in 1885), we have an increase in population of 99 per cent., and an increase in prison population of 320 + per cent.

This great increase in crime is not entirely due to our foreign-born population, as we are so often told, for, in 1850, we had but 1 native prisoner to 1,267 + of population, and, in 1880, 1 to 615 +. During the same term, the increase in our native population was but 61 + per cent., while the increase in native prisoners was 233 + per cent. The general increase of crime in the native population of the country is remarked by Mr. Wines.

"The percentage of foreign-born prisoners, as compared with that of natives, is very much less now than it was in 1850; now it is a little less than double; but then it was more than five times that of native prisoners. In other words, the increase of crime has been very much greater among the native than among the foreign population."

The weakness of statistics as standards of comparison between sections or States, owing to divergent codes, laws, punishments, and the differing degrees of efficiency in the enforcement of law, is well understood; when, however, they are used to show the renaissance or decadence of crime in the whole country, or in an individual State, their value is much enhanced, for, after due allowance is made for their limitations, consequent on the varying degrees of efficiency

in the execution of law and the idiosyncracies of legislation, the unwelcome fact remains

"that all statistics of crime, however well founded and collated, must obviously fail to determine the exact degree of immorality and vice existing in the community at any given time: it is only when the common law is broken that secret vice, always festering and rankling beneath the surface of society, breaks out into crime, and we become statistically cognizant of it."\*

It is the undiscovered, undetected, unpunished crimes—"these half-crimes, half-violations of law and infractions of the moral code," as Mr. Tarde calls them—the criminals outside of prison walls, that form the sweeping torrent, and statistics are but an index of the wrecks it casts upon its shore.

"There is no novelty in the observation that cities attract criminals and breed crime," says Mr. Wines. "But it derives additional confirmation from the fact that the thirty-two cities of this country which contain more than 50,000 inhabitants each, and whose aggregate population is 7,158,827, report 19,143 prisoners, which is at the rate of 1 to 373 of population, or .002,677; a ratio two-and-a-fourth times as great as in the country at large,"—a fact of especial and important interest to us, as it is *nearly the exact ratio of prisoners to population in the State of Massachusetts.*

Of the increase of crime on the European continent, we have little space to dwell; it will suffice to state that

"in France, in a half-century, the number of criminals has increased three times, and the number of *récidivists* five times."†

"In Saxony, within a few years, criminals under eighteen years of age have increased (430%) four hundred and thirty per cent., and child criminals (100%) one hundred per cent."‡

"In the eight old provinces of Prussia, offences against property have increased by nearly 50 per cent., and those which imply education on the part of the offenders grew disproportionately. Thus, falsified accounts increased cent. per cent., fraudulent bankruptcy, nearly 150 per cent., and official frauds, over 350 per cent."

"In Bavaria, for seven years ending 1879, impure violence increased 237 per cent., and in Wurtemberg, 218 per cent., while, for twenty-four years in England, the increase was but .67."

To return to our own country, the youthfulness of our criminal population is a very striking fact. "The average age of prisoners in the United States is 29 years and 7 months; a little more than a fourth are under 23 years, rather more than a third are under 25,

\* Art. "Moral and Industrial Training in Public Schools."—*Andover Review*.

† Report *Société Générale des Prisons*.

‡ Von Oettingen's *Moralstatistik*.

and more than one-half are under 28." As Mr. Wines very justly remarks, "The youth of the great majority of those detained in prison ought to be regarded as an incentive and an inspiration to more earnest efforts for their reformation."

Among the most active and important factors in our social demoralization, is the decline, and in very many instances and localities, the absolute extinction, of home life, of home training, and of religious, moral, and industrial educational influences. This condition is, no doubt, due, in a great measure, to the increasing movement of our population from the country to the cities, the consequent overcrowding and herding together of all classes in cattle-pens called tenements, in apartments, in hotels, in boarding-houses, where the individuality of the family is lost, and its authority disregarded or unknown. The managers and chaplains of our prisons and reformatories are unanimous in the opinion that the great cause of crime is not so much ignorance as the absence of a home at the critical time in youth, and in instances where systematic inquiry has been made of the criminal class, for a series of years, it has been found that a very large proportion was without any proper home restraint or influence during the later years of minority. The indications are that among the people where the family life, as a means of social refinement, education, and discipline, is unknown or decadent, crime abounds; and among the people where the family autonomy is maintained, and the principles of the Christian faith have the firmest hold, crime declines. One of the direct results of the decline of influence of the family and the Church, is "the invalidation of the moral code, the prevalence of ethical agnosticism and scepticism as to all first principles." Hence that indifference and laxity of public opinion which are an important factor in the increase of crime. "The kind of crime the most excused, the least-considered crime, the least crime in fact, is precisely that which is the most common," says Mr. Tarde.

Another great factor in the increase of crime, consequent upon weakening morality, is drunkenness. Chaplain Horsley, formerly of Her Majesty's prison Clerkenwell, in answer to the question, "What proportion of crime is, directly or indirectly, due to intemperate habits in the matter of drink?" replies: "My answer, drawn from the experience of ten years, during which over a hundred thousand men and women have come under my notice, is that half of the crime of England and Wales is directly, and an additional one-

fourth indirectly, caused by intemperance,"—a total, directly and indirectly, of 75 per cent. Authorities in the United States state that the proportion is much greater than that; and some English authorities place it as high as 90 per cent. How intimately this sin is connected with our own record of crime in Massachusetts, may be inferred from the fact that *Maine and Massachusetts have the largest number of saloon-keepers, or liquor-sellers, of all the States in the Union, and New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, the largest number of drunkards!* Its prevalence in the country will be realized from the fact that in the 492 towns in the United States having over 5,000 inhabitants each, and a total population of 12,669,181, there is one liquor saloon to every 160 inhabitants. Allowance must be made, of course, for the districts which some of these centres supply; but, after making liberal allowances, Mr. Wines thinks that we shall have one for every 250 adults in the United States. To bring the figures more directly home, Boston had, or was said to have, 2,900 liquor saloons, or 1 to every 125 persons, in 1886, and one arrest to every twelve and a half individuals; in the country at large there was one arrest for every twenty inhabitants in 1880.

Next to drunkenness as a factor in crime, its progeny, which inherits its baneful habits of lawlessness and dissoluteness, and perpetuates them in ever-increasing ratio, is to be considered. The influence of heredity in multiplying our criminal classes, and in their anatomical, physiological, and mental degeneration, has never been fully comprehended; the instance cited by Dr. Elisha Harris of one Margaret, a pauper, assisted out of house in a New York county, and whose descendants, to the number of two-hundred, have been criminals, and cursed the county ever since, is doubtless but one of thousands of similar instances in which the sowing of the wind produces the whirlwind.

Another important multiplier of crime is the exclusively intellectual character of our present system of education; to repeat a remark of Locke, which is as true to-day as when he made it, our "schools fit us for the university rather than for the world." Neglecting, not without an assumption of superior knowledge, the traditions which still surround us of an education which was perfect in its adaptation of means to the end, and in which our Puritan and Pilgrim fathers had anticipated Rousseau, that great apostle of educational reform, we have declared that, as the intellectual faculties are superior to and dominate all others, they alone shall be culti-



vated, to the exclusion of the body and in forgetfulness of their inter-dependence. With the same fatuity, want of foresight, and indifference to the true purpose of education,—the development of all the powers of body and mind,—we have decreed the exclusion of religious and manual training, and the neglect of those faculties which are most potent in the formation and determination of a broad, stable, and upright character. I am speaking of a "system," the scheme of our education as a whole, and not of the few exceptions, by which the iron rule is only made more prominent.

We cannot but confess that the Roman Church, in asserting that religion is the foundation of all true education, has reason, philosophy, and history behind it. It is no new discovery; it is the rock upon which our Republic was built, and which was once acknowledged in Church and State and school. President Dunster, in laying the foundations of our oldest and greatest university, declared, in his rules and precepts, that "Christ must be laid in the bottom, as the only foundation of all sound knowledge and learning." The mistake of the Roman Catholics is that, as members of a government whose cardinal principle is perfect religious freedom, and which guarantees equal rights to all sects, they insist upon the teaching of religious dogmas, and are intolerant of any teaching which seems to controvert them, however unsectarian that teaching may be,—a position which is neither philosophical nor just. The religion of Christ is, fortunately, not confined and limited to the narrow field enclosed by the dogmas of any particular sect. Man, as Pauliat says, "is a religious animal," and, for his proper sustenance and complete development, must have food for that special function of the spirit and anchor to his passions; if that food cannot be had at home, and the Church fails to reach him, the school must furnish it; there is no other alternative. It is claimed that this religious, moral, and physical development is attained, sensibly or insensibly, under our present system and curriculum, and that there is no need of or call for special instruction. Let the present deficient moral sense, the criminal tendencies, as shown in our statistics, and the physical degeneration of our youth, be a sufficient refutation of that claim.

Still another factor in the increase of juvenile crime is the egoism, the false conceptions of life, the sharpness (miscalled shrewdness), the aversion to labor, the disregard of authority, the shallowness, the conceit, the scepticism, resulting not alone from

the prominence given to intellectual culture, but from our neglect to give the great majority of our school population, who graduate at about the age of fourteen, an hour's instruction as to their own civil rights and the duties owing to themselves, to society, and to the government which guarantees those rights, and of which they are a part. Egoism and an imperfect moral sense are the foundation stones of a criminal career. Says a writer in *The Summary* :

"I have met a great many criminals, but never more than two or three who had anything like a proper appreciation of their true relations to others, or of their own and others' rights and duties. . . . It is a startling fact that the average criminal has hardly any clearer conception of his own position and of his actual relations to society than the average lunatic. . . . The basis of criminal action is egoism. It is egoism that prevents the criminal from properly estimating his own limitations and the rights of others in property, and it is egoism that blinds his mental perception and leaves him a prey to all manner of silly conceits and fancies regarding his own condition and power."

Do we need a stronger argument than this for the immediate introduction into the curriculum of our *grammar-schools* of suitable textbooks of instruction in the elements of civics, which shall teach in a concrete form the important truth that we are members one of another?

One other important cause of crime is a deficiency of the logical faculty—the incapacity to reason inductively. This factor is particularly conspicuous in our negro population. Mr. Wines estimates that the percentage of the colored population in prison is two-and-a-half times as great as that of the whites, being for the latter 964 to the million, and for the former 2,480 to the million; the tendency manifested by them to commit crimes against property is 50 per cent. greater than among the native white population. The ratio would be much more strikingly against the negro, if his crimes, particularly those of passion, were discovered, or more frequently prosecuted, when discovered; there is a notorious laxity in prosecutions for crime in sections remote from large centres of population, and especially is it the case where the negro is in a majority. Mr. Wines is right in attributing the notorious disregard of the negro for the rights of property, in a measure, to his previous condition of slavery; but it will not fully account for his criminal character a quarter of a century after his emancipation. The negro has little inclination for, and small ability in, drawing conclusions from premises, or of connecting effects with causes. This observation is confirmed by the experience of Dr. Wey, of the Elmira State Reformatory, New

York, with criminals of all classes. He says: "The average criminal displays a remarkable ignorance of the science of numbers, other things being equal; as if there is in his composition a deficiency of logical, deductive, and analytical power." Unfortunately for the negro, this mental defect is a racial one.

I have no space to mention, except incidentally, a few of the secondary or subsidiary and accidental causes of crime. Prominently among these we place the popular fallacy on which we have based our educational system, that intellectual culture prevents crime. Experience, observation, history and statistics, prove the contrary overwhelmingly.

An exceptional cause of crime by which we have suffered during the last thirty years, and which no doubt has had an important influence in raising the ratio of crime, by disturbing our moral balance, is the War of the Rebellion.

I suggest as a cause not too indirect, the prominence given, in our modern culture, to the understanding, at whose bar every other faculty of the mind, every generous impulse of the heart, in abject servitude, is forced to appear and prove its right to exist. Of the tyranny of this faculty it has been pithily said, "The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty of the human mind."

Among the youth, an ever-active motive to crime is the glamour and romance too frequently thrown about it in the periodical literature of the day; the scandalous and depraved character of the heroes and heroines of the popular novel; the glorification by the theatre of morbid and sensual appetites and passions; and other similar influences which are too well known to require repetition.

All these, and many other influences, motives, and causes, have produced a social condition portrayed by M. Caro. "I asked," he says, "a young romancer, already celebrated, why we encountered in his books so few honest men. 'It is,' said he, 'because I have encountered so few in life; virtue has become tiresome as a thesis—it is no longer *la mode*.'" For our latitude, this may be at the moment a slight exaggeration; but it will be apparent to every observer that we are rapidly approaching the time when it can as truly be said of our own as of the French society of the present decade.

GEORGE R. STETSON.

## THE EDUCATION OF THE MASSES.

THE Americans, as a nation, have but recently awakened, in any degree, to the fact that education is something more than a matter of routine; that the understanding of a child cannot be properly developed by mere rule-of-thumb methods. Excellent as many of our schools have been, and conspicuous as the exceptions to general systems of teaching have stood out, the appreciation of a necessity for something in education beyond the simple imparting of information, has scarcely entered the mind of the average American. This century has produced great men and great minds. So will all epochs and all countries, be the conditions never so adverse. Better or worse methods of general education do not materially affect either their number or their quality. Rules and systems are not for them: they make their own paths, levelling mountains and bridging abysses, if need be, to clear the way to their appointed goal. In the exceptional man, the genius, public education is not interested. The slowly-plodding millions, without fame, almost without identity, must, however, be provided for; and with their training, their uplifting, the State and the Nation are deeply and seriously concerned.

Especially difficult has the problem become since the beginning of the enormous influx of foreign population. So peculiar were the conditions of the settlement of America, so thoroughly were the selection of the fittest to survive, and the destruction of the cripples and drones, brought about by the extraordinary difficulties surrounding existence in the New World, and—in the North, at least—by the rigid public sentiment of the Puritan, that the first settlers and their immediate descendants exhibited native vigor of mind and body that needed no spur to be progressive. Our forefathers improved themselves and their surroundings with a rapidity almost unparalleled. The demon of work within them planned and builded and wrought with giant strength, and founded a nation wonderfully vigorous in body and in the ruder qualities of mind, but deficient in many of the finer senses and perceptions. Proper and necessary as is such thorough physical building-up, speedy as is the ruin of a State

not founded on healthy being, this magnificent growth has within it, nevertheless, certain elements of great danger. In the very wantonness of perfect well-being, the nation may injure itself; in the pride of lustiness, it may refuse to take heed of pitfalls in its path.

One of the greatest of these dangers is that from immigration,—a source of evil which, by judicious management, may be converted into a means of immense blessing. In dealing with the problem of immigration, the adults must be left much as we find them, seeking only so to regulate their incoming and dispersion through the country that the dangerous elements shall be kept at the minimum, and shall be widely scattered. Little more than this can be done with them; but in their children, and children's children, the State finds, perhaps, its most serious charge. Excepting Oriental peoples, assimilation of foreign with native populations is, in varying degrees, exceedingly rapid. Amalgamation may, however, take place in two ways: the foreigners may approximate themselves to the standard of life of the country receiving them, or they may pervert the native population to foreign, and often pernicious, methods of thought and action. It is this latter tendency which, in the case of the majority of immigrants, must be combated, in order that the foundations of government may not be weakened by the inflowing waves of population, semi-civilized or semi-barbarous, from all quarters of the world. Below a certain stratum of the social structure, all populations have a tendency towards degeneration,—a tendency enormously increased by contact with classes upon a still lower plane. The degeneration of one level will inevitably affect the higher strata, including those possessing, in themselves, a slight tendency to self-improvement. If the degenerative leaven be not destroyed, if the germ of advancement in the lowest tier of those possessing ambition be not fostered, and if the seed of progress in each successive lower stratum be not sown, then will the strength of civilization be more and more sapped until the whole structure falls.

To meet the grave conditions brought about both by the influx of foreign population and by a partial cessation of native ambition, incident to eased material conditions of life, it is evident that the old methods of teaching are not adequate. It is not enough to send children to school, there to be drilled lifelessly, upon a dull routine. A boy or girl equipped with the arts of reading, writing, and ciphering, is not thereby thoroughly armed for the battle of life. Pushed by law through an educational mill, from which he emerges with

untrained senses, no rooted principles, nothing, in short, but a bare, elementary knowledge of letters and figures, he is ripe for the evils, and unreceptive to the good, of education. His reading will be but of corruption, his writing, iniquity, and his figuring, calculations of the unjust ratio between his earnings and the incomes of "aristocrats."

It is a question whether, other things being equal, a totally illiterate peasantry is not less dangerous to itself and to the community than one furnished with the edge-tools of half-knowledge, with the proper use of which it is wholly unacquainted. Not for one moment would I advocate illiteracy. In no degree would I urge the modification of laws compelling education. The evils of mal-education, great as they are,—perhaps greater for the moment than those of illiteracy,—can be overcome in one generation. Those of non-education can be eradicated only after centuries. The brain of the offspring of one brought to criminality through perverted knowledge is, by the inheritance of that very mental power, just so much higher in the intellectual scale, and can, if it be taken early and trained rightly, be turned, in the majority of cases, entirely away from its inherited tendencies towards evil, and can, in consequence of its higher potentiality, be carried beyond the danger-line of half-knowledge into the light of true and ambitious intellectuality.

The children of criminals (taking crime in its widest sense) and of the morally blunted, claim, of course, the first and most active attention of the State, since they and their offspring are an immediate menace to social progress, and neglect of them entails, almost certainly, their moral ruin. The Americans have been singularly indifferent to the danger from this class. They have trusted too much, perhaps, in the power of nature, through disease and neglect, to keep down the numbers of this menacing body. While making elaborate and approximately perfect provision for the physically deformed, the insane, the blind, the idiotic, the State has, in great measure, overlooked the larger needs of the morally deformed, and has ignored the infinitely more serious consequences threatening the body politic from moral, as compared with physical, degeneration. The United States, indeed, is full of prisons, reformatories, and almshouses, in which to place its malefactors against society and themselves; but, while such institutions are and always will be a necessity, their number would be vastly diminished and their character would be greatly improved, did the State but expend upon

infants with moral taints some of the millions now devoted to the care of the same children grown to manhood, and no longer tainted, but utterly corrupt.

The second, and almost equally serious, claim upon the thought and bounty of the tax-paying public is that of the so-called working class, that of the children of parents whose aims for their offspring are good; who would do much for them, were they but able; with whom, however, the question of daily bread is all-absorbing; with whom the provision of food for the body is a call so urgent that the cry for mental sustenance must be neglected. This class, from which the majority of those receiving the common education are drawn, is, in itself, the bone and sinew of the community, constituting its chief strength; but so near is it, through bonds of poverty, to the dangerous class, so short and easy is the step from ambitious want to idle, and consequently vicious, poverty, that with the education of the children of this population is needed the greatest care, the closest supervision, lest enforced neglect on the part of the parents result in the ruin of the child. Steam, working faithfully and ceaselessly for man, needs but to be turned a hair's breadth from its right path to prove his destroyer. In the luxury of abundant natural resources, we have ruthlessly sucked out the richness from our virgin soil; we have wantonly destroyed our primeval forests: no less ignorantly have we abused our immense human labor-power, allowing it to go to waste and destruction. Tornado and famine follow the destruction of physical advantages; anarchy and crime walk in the footsteps of waste of human power.

Medical and surgical skill is now so great that almost any physical malformation, be it but attacked in season, may be cured; almost any defect of sense may be overcome. Patience, persistency, and skill alone are needful. In no less degree is it possible to train and bend the moral obliquities of infancy, the mental malformations due to inheritance, into the straight and supple perfection of right ideas, pure instincts, and elevating tendencies. At least, it is possible to approximate such perfection, and, by continued application of right teaching to successive generations, to raise the moral cripple, in his descendants, to the level of the sound and healthy man.

Does our educational system, as a whole, do this? Except where an enthusiastic and self-sacrificing teacher far exceeds the bounds of simple duty, and swerves, perhaps, from the course of work

laid down, is anything implied in the ordinary public-school curriculum more than the barest giving of instruction, using this word in its narrowest and driest sense? Does compulsory attendance for five hours a day upon exercises monotonous and often unintelligible, made doubly distasteful by a continued insistence and emphasis upon the coercion of it,—does this tend to the elevation of a child whose inherent tendencies are downward, and whose surroundings serve only to exaggerate those tendencies? Or does it serve to supply the training which overworked and tired parents, however desirous of doing so, cannot give? As a rule, such education has no closer relation to the child's growth, constitutes no more intimate a part of his scheme of life, than does the whipping which he accepts as inevitable, but the escaping of which, by any deceit whatever, constitutes its only interest. The poverty, the squalor, the vice surrounding him, are his life; these impress themselves upon him until their seal is branded like the mark of Cain. The degradation of his environment is a real, ever-present fact. The atmosphere of the school-room is but a nightmare, a something outside his actual existence, escape from which is to be speedy and complete. His five hours of confinement and of hateful task are made endurable only by the prospect of their ultimate cessation, when he may return to the street, with its congenial pleasures. To be sure, something is learned; upon issuing from the school the child is no longer rated as an "illiterate minor"; but what else has he gained? He has been taught neither to think nor to reason, neither to work nor to study. I am speaking now only of the average school, where the hack-work of routine is done by a teacher having little enthusiasm and less preparation for his duties; where a low order of intelligence is put in authority over still lower minds, undertaking to raise them to its level, much as one would contract to saw a cord of wood. And this is necessarily so, under the present system. The salaries offered to teachers in the elementary schools are entirely disproportionate to the amount and kind of work which should be required in return. Reward and promotion for faithfulness are slow and uncertain. The ultimate result of years of performance of duty, be it well or indifferently done, is simply dismissal, with no palliation except "resolutions" and, perhaps, a small gratuity. Finally, public sentiment, until recently, has asked for nothing more than a perfunctory performance of teaching work.

To bring the public-school training, then, to some measure of what



it should be, from the stand-point both of urgent public policy and of a fair return for the money levied by taxation for its support, three things are necessary: First, fully to arouse the public mind to a sense of the proper general methods of teaching; second, to increase the number and efficiency of the normal schools, to the end that all teachers shall, of necessity, have received a normal-school training; and, third, to offer such salaries, and such pensions, or other rewards of long-continued, faithful performance of duty, that there shall be ample inducement for the best men and best women to go into this branch of the public service, and to expend therein their highest thought and effort. None of my propositions is new; I have no startling and radical changes to propose. I ask only for common-sense in the matter of child-rearing,—the common-sense distinguishing American business methods, and, with reservations, American political systems, but sadly lacking in questions of training and education. No scheme of instruction, however, can be launched perfected. Years of trial, of very patient and persevering trial, must precede any decision, and never ought any rigid system of teaching to be, under any circumstances, adopted. Not only must general methods be the result of years of experiment, but they must be widely differentiated, to suit the varying conditions—peculiarly divergent within the enormous area of the United States—of climate, and of physical and political circumstances. I assert, only, that in the public-school system, as generally understood and practised, there are two main defects and consequent trains of evils, viz., those incident to the system of grading, and those arising from the fact that public education begins too late in the child's life, and is carried too far towards young manhood and womanhood.

Grading is, of course, largely actuated by considerations of convenience and economy; it arose also, perhaps, as a part of the democratic idea. It is difficult to assert without shock that in America there are, and of right should be, classes and class-distinctions. We are fond of pointing with pride to the school-house sheltering side by side, within its hospitable walls, the children of millionaires and of the poorest laborers. We like to prove the glowing first clause of the Declaration of Independence, by putting the child of the learned and refined professional man, with centuries of cultivation and erudition behind him, through exactly the same mental training as is given to the son of the meanest day-laborer, illiterate himself, and with an ancestry lost in mental darkness.

But is the bright, sensitive mind of the former improved by the obligation of keeping pace with the painful apprehension of the latter, and is the dull, commonplace mind of the low-born boy quickened, in any degree, by yoke-fellowship with the inherently cultivated understanding of his more fortunate schoolmate? It seems to me decidedly not, and I would strongly urge the grading of schools, not upon scales of ranks, of merits and demerits, much less upon distinctions of caste, but upon the broad and firm lines of brain power,—lines which any teacher of experience can readily trace after a short acquaintance with his pupils.

The second question, that of the limits of school age, is, it seems to me, far more vital, and contains within it many of the weightiest social problems. As the State cannot regulate marriage and procreation, further than to provide penalties for social crimes, it must strive to avert, so far as is possible, the evils consequent upon this limitation, by educating, in such manner as seems most proper, the children of those unfitted or indisposed to assume that duty themselves. It should, therefore, take charge of the children of such parents almost literally from the cradle. More good can be accomplished, or, rather, more harm can be averted, in the years between the ages of two or three and eight, than during any subsequent period in a child's life. Common-sense, as well as the most superficial experience with children, shows this to be true. Therefore should the State, through its townships, establish kindergartens, or day-nurseries, in all school-districts where the conditions are such that any number of mothers must go out to work or service; and should compel the attendance thereupon of the children over two years of age of all parents prevented by wage-earning from giving them proper care and supervision, as well as of all those incompetent, through viciousness or habitual drunkenness, to give right training. In these day-nurseries the children should be kept during the whole extent of the working-hours of the mother or other guardian. They should be carried to and from the school by the parent or some other equally competent person; and, in view of the relief from other care, the strictest neatness and cleanliness should be insisted upon. During the day, a hot, nutritious meal should be served to the children; but for this the parents should pay in such measure as they are able. In this connection, of course, the city and private charities should work in harmony with the school, aiding its officers in deciding doubtful cases, and furnishing, when

necessary and proper, clothing to the destitute and medical attention to the diseased and deformed, as well as defraying the expense of the food, when, upon rigid investigation, it is found that the parents or other natural guardians are unable to pay for it.

The chief object of this kindergarten would be, of course, to keep children out of the streets, to take them from their vile or squalid surroundings, and to keep them properly occupied and amused. At the same time, incalculable good could be done in the way of training infants to habits of cleanliness, order, neatness, and punctuality. The healthful atmosphere alone would do much towards raising them from the moral depths into which they are born, and, through instruction in play-housekeeping, and in such manual labor as is suited to their age, a good influence could not fail to be exerted upon the homes to which they return at night, full of what they have seen and done during the day. In short, for the idleness and filth of the gutter would be substituted the clean, sweet atmosphere of the kindergarten; for the obscenity and profanity of the streets would be substituted the helpful play and work, the healthful influence and training, of the school-room; for the neglect and possible ill-usage of low and incompetent parents would be substituted the patient wisdom, the careful guidance, of the trained teacher. To be sure, the child is not taken away completely from his hurtful environment; but, by interesting him in his work, by leading him gently to the consideration and knowledge of higher and better things, the school will become preëminent in his thoughts; the night of home will be but the interlude between the first and chief interests of the daily training. The plastic mind and nature of the developing child, moulded by such influences, cannot but be better formed.

To reach its perfection, this system requires teachers fitted by nature and by training to overcome the difficulties of the work; sunny, well-ventilated, properly-heated school-rooms; and large, inclosed yards, partly covered and protected for rainy and winter weather, and partly grassed and planted for summer play; for this school must have no vacation; indeed, for obvious reasons, it is more necessary in hot than in cold weather.

Granting, however, the expediency of such schools, there enters into the argument the important item of expense. The cost of maintaining such schools would undoubtedly be large, and the American tax-payer is already exceedingly generous in the matter

of education. It might be argued, and, perhaps, proved, that the ultimate gain to the State, in the diminution of the number of criminals and paupers, would more than compensate for the added expenditure; but it is difficult to justify present payments by future benefits: so there must be found some means of reducing other school expenditures to meet this added burden. To this end, I suggest the abolition of the freedom of the high-schools. Curtailment in the matter of higher education will not only permit of the support of this primary and all-important training, but it will send out into active work many boys and girls who now take the high-school course through no special fondness for study, no desire for improvement, but because it is gratuitous, and who obtain therein a quasi-knowledge that persuades them of their superiority over young men and women who have spent the same years in work, and that unfits them for the vocations to which their mental capacity is alone equal. Confine the high-school to its proper uses,—that of furnishing higher cultivation to those mentally prepared or pecuniarily able to profit by it, and that of leading up to collegiate and professional work,—and expend the millions necessary to its maintenance upon the unfortunate children who have now no refuge, during the most susceptible years of their lives, from the adverse conditions surrounding them; and we shall have, without curtailing in any degree the opportunities of those really hungry for higher education, a race of boys and girls sounder in body and healthier in mind than has been, or ever will be, possible under the limitations of our present school system.

JAMES P. MUNROE.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD AS AN ENGLISH WRITER.

WHATEVER independent conclusions any one may have reached as to the writings and style of Matthew Arnold, it must be conceded that he is a commanding presence in English Letters. A poet of no inferior mould ; a painstaking observer of the methods of modern education ; a literary critic of acknowledged ability, and a writer of English prose as prominent, at present, as any of his English or American contemporaries, his work as an author demands examination, and will well repay any conscientious study that may be given it. In the discussion before us, it is with Mr. Arnold exclusively as a prose writer that we have to do, while, within the province of prose itself, we are to confine attention to the question of style, as distinct from any related question of personal character or opinion. It is not with our author's religious views as sound or unsound ; nor with his views of education, politics, and social economy, that we are to deal ; but with Mr. Arnold the man of letters. As far as the different divisions of his prose are concerned, they may be said to be theological, as seen in *St. Paul and Protestantism*, *God and the Bible*, *Literature and Dogma*, *Last Essays on the Church and Religion* ; educational, as seen in *Schools and Universities of the Continent*, *Higher Schools and Universities in Germany*, *Popular Education in France* ; literary, as seen in *Essays in Criticism*, *Culture and Anarchy*, *Study of Celtic Literature*, and *Addresses in America*. These various discussions, shorter or longer, make up, with slight exceptions, the body of his published prose, and afford us an inviting field for the special survey of his work as a writer.

We note, at the outset, its classical character. The term classical, in this connection, may be used either in its more specific, technical sense, or in its more enlarged and current sense. If by it we mean the style of the old pagan authors in the best days of Greek and Roman letters, the word is eminently applicable to Mr. Arnold's writings. Most especially, it applies, in his case, to Grecian letters. In such an essay as *Literature and Science*, we can clearly see the profound attachment of the author to anything Athenian,

to the Attic order of expression, and to this, mainly, because of its beauty and grace. It has that "high symmetry" of form and method to which all later nations, as he argues, can hope but to approximate. That "instinct for beauty" which is common to the race will not only hold, as he affirms, the Greek language and literature in its historic place of prominence among liberal studies, but will make the imitation of its models an essential study with every patron of humane letters and verbal expression. It is a pleasing incident to note, that an edition of *Thucydides* by Dr. Thomas Arnold evinces this same devotedness to the Greek, and thereby connects the scholarly instincts of the son with those of the father. Mr. Arnold thus insists in referring himself and his readers to the authors of antiquity. He is content to apply to prose what he has so emphatically applied to poetry, as he says: "In the sincere endeavor to learn and practise what is sound and true in poetical art, I seemed to myself to find the only sure guidance among the ancients." So conspicuous is this element of ancientness in his prose style, that it is only the reader of classical training and tastes who can best appreciate its meaning. If we accept the word classical in its wider sense of standard, it is still, to a good degree, applicable to the prose before us. In his essay on *The Literary Influence of Academies*, the author himself constantly employs the word in this generally-understood sense, of that which is idiomatic and unprovincial. In commenting on the style of Bossuet, he gives us, in one of his unique phrases, the clearest idea of classical prose as "the prose of the centre." It is from this point of view that he rebukes Burke and other English essayists, in that they too often depart from the "centre," from what might be called metropolitan English. Their style is suburban, and, to this degree, out of harmony with the governing spirit of the time. Where others fail, in this respect, Mr. Arnold substantially succeeds, and may be said to write an order of English which, with all its deference to pagan models, is the accepted English of modern England. In each of these senses, therefore, the style before us is classical. It is, in a word, a literary style, as distinct from being philosophic or scientific or even local. No English author of note, now living, is more distinctly a *littérateur* than was Mr. Arnold; more literary in his instincts, methods, habits, and aims. He was an author by profession and by preference. We have spoken of his essays as theological, educational, and literary. Such a classification is for convenience only. All his writings are

literary more than they are anything else, and leave upon the reader the impression of the author's unqualified devotion to this particular type of expression.

If we inquire more particularly as to the chief elements of style included in the term classical, we may indicate them as clearness and finish. In the well-understood use of words, Mr. Arnold may be called a clear writer; substantially so in the conception of his ideas and in their communication to others. Every reader of his prose will recall the emphatic manner in which he gives to this quality the first place, as it deserves, in all literary work. He agreed with the old Welshman, Gerald de Barri, "that it is better to be dumb than not to be understood." He wrote all his books, as he wrote *Literature and Dogma*, for a "better apprehension" of the subject in hand. He was constantly insisting on "lucidity," and thoroughly believed in it as a "character of perfection" in authorship. When it is said that Mr. Arnold is a clear writer, this is not to say that he is clear in the same sense in which all other intelligible writers are clear, or that he is similarly clear on all subjects. With rare exceptions, however, he is practically intelligible on subjects capable of being made so, and to intelligent minds disposed to give to his writings a fair degree of thoughtful attention. When Mr. Arnold speaks of "the stream of tendency;" of "the Eternal, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness;" of "righteousness as salvation verifiably;" of the "criticism of life;" and of conduct as "three-fourths of life," we are simply to hold our objections in abeyance until he "comes to himself" and makes us understand his meaning, because he understands it himself. In such vague deliverances as these, we must remember that Mr. Arnold is not at his best, or even at his average of clearness as a writer. So true is this, that he is often seen to pass to the opposite extreme of over-clearness, to an undue repetition of idea and word, until the reader's patience is wearied and his intelligence insulted. Few of our author's admirers have failed to note this blemish, and deplore it. In all this, Mr. Arnold is consistent, and aims thereby to apply a principle which he approvingly quotes from Joubert: "It is by means of familiar words that style takes hold of the reader." Familiar words are not, however, repetitious. The logical elaboration of an idea is not, necessarily, its frequent re-statement. If we examine such an essay as *Culture and Anarchy* or *Literature and Science*, with this particular error in mind, surprise will grow into repugnance at the injudicious recurrence of such

phrases as "Sweetness and Light;" "the sense in us for conduct;" "the sense in us for beauty."

The "long sweep" which the author, in his essay on *Numbers*, confesses he has taken in arriving at the point, is a sweep of fifty-six pages, in an article of seventy-one. Clear, beyond a question, this style is, but a little more of that "pregnant conciseness" for which he justly praised Milton, would have been in place, and made a style already intelligible still more decidedly so. As to the author's style in the line of classical finish, scarcely too much of praise can be said. We come in contact here with the very essence of Mr. Arnold's personality,—his supreme devotion to literary form as an art, to the artistic or æsthetic side of authorship. Here, again, we find the explanation of his love of Greek letters. He loves them because they are, to his mind, the best human embodiment of the beautiful in language. For this reason, if for no other, he is at home in Athens and with Plato. Hence, his preference of Hellenism to Hebraism; of beauty to sublimity; of sentiment to action. The real Renaissance is to him but the reproduction of this old Attic art; of that "genius and instinct for style" which he finds among the classic authors. Happily for the author, his antecedents and surroundings strongly contributed to this ruling principle. It was a part of his inheritance from his more distinguished father. His training at Rugby and Winchester and Oxford deepened and enlarged it. As professor of poetry at Oxford, he had studied and explained the governing laws of beauty; as a writer of poetry, he had illustrated and applied them; while, in the more didactic department of prose discourse, he ever evinced the presence of this "sense of beauty," and justified the appellation of "the apostle of culture." This he defines to be "a study and pursuit of perfection"; a "passion for perfection"; the final aim of the expression of thought. In choice of word, in structure of phrase and sentence, in unity and symmetry of outline, and in the general rhetorical procedure of his work, this desire to reach the most consummate excellence of form is a dominant one. If the style is classically clear, it is, even more so, classically finished, and thus made attractive to the most fastidious taste. In this passionate devotion to the structural side of style, there is a danger lurking, and a danger, we are bound to add, which Mr. Arnold has not always escaped. There is here, at times, an over-finish, a finish for its own sake.

Mainly and generally, the style is clear and finished, and, in this sense, classical—a type of prose, partly the result of his constant



communion with Greek and French authors; partly the result of English training; but mainly the result of that inborn "passion for perfection" which goes far to commend to the judgment and taste of cultured readers whatever he was pleased to pen.

We have spoken of Mr. Arnold as, above all else, an exponent of literary style. His style may also justly be termed critical and controversial. All his essays might well be called "Essays in Criticism." In his excellent paper on *The Function of Criticism*, he gives us the general literary principles which, as he conceived them, lie at the basis of all literary judgment, and is willing, as an author, to be tested by them. Criticism he defines to be "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." That with which the literary censor has specially to do, is the "criticism of life." If we ask what, in Mr. Arnold's view, the chief conditions of successful criticism are, we find them to consist mainly in knowledge and insight. In addition to a large acquaintance with the comprehensive province of letters, there must be that delicacy of literary perception which is above all formal statute, though not unfriendly to it, and which fulfils, in the critic's personality, the practical function of intuitive judgment. No criticism, he would teach us, is worthy of the name, in which instinct is not greater than logical process; in which quickness of apprehension is not greater than mere acquisition, and where any decision is not known to be valid chiefly because it is seen and felt to be such. The critic, as he adds, is he who "has the faculty of judging with all the powers of his mind and soul at work together." He is the man in his mental and moral entirety absorbed, for the time, in the examination of authorship. Hence, it is that Mr. Arnold has done an invaluable work in minimizing the distance between creation and criticism in literature. Conceding, as he must have done, that the faculty of judging is of lower rank than the purely productive power, he still insists upon magnifying above its present status the judicial function. He sharply rebukes his favorite Wordsworth for taking so low a view of the critical art; illustrates the principle he is defending by a reference to Goethe, and is especially severe against that mercenary view of criticism by which it is reduced to the level of the merely practical. Not only is it, in Mr. Arnold's opinion, a high intellectual art, but it is based, also, on ethical principles and applied to ethical ends. Its purpose is "to see the object really as it is." It

is to be prosecuted in that "justness of spirit" of which he so often speaks as essential to men of letters. We have spoken of literary insight as seen in Mr. Arnold's critical style. This is most apparent by the way in which he subordinates facts to principles, and carefully elaborates these principles for the benefit of his readers. As he tells us, "Fineness and delicacy of perception to deal with the facts is the principal thing." Hence we find, in the prose before us, definite literary *principia* for the guidance of the novice. They read, by way of specimen, as follows: "The grand power of poetry is its interpretative power." "To ascertain the master current in the literature of an epoch is one of the critic's highest functions." "The thing to know of a writer is, where he is all himself and his best self; where he gives us what no other man gives us." Such are a few of these critical canons; passages that reveal genuine literary sagacity, and which, if applied to criticism in general, would exalt it at once to a scientific pursuit, worthy of the best endeavor of gifted men. Reference has been made to the style in question as controversial. All criticism must be, to some extent, of this polemic character. This is not to say, however, that it is censorious. Though our author, as we shall see, has his faults as a critic, they are not here. We must accredit him with what he claims, "a disinterested endeavor," and confess that he brings conscience, as well as culture, to his work. There is manifest in his style a love of argument, a growing fondness, perhaps, for discussion, and yet very rarely present for any other reason than for ingenuous difference of opinion, and to defend what he conceives to be a radical literary law. The nature of the topics with which the author has dealt, the men and institutions with which he has been conversant, the age in which he has lived, made it impossible that he could have been critical without being controversial. That his critical style has not been more acrid than it has been, is largely due to the high ideal that he has always had of his art, and partly due to that scholarly equanimity of temper which is his, alike by constitution and training.

Thus much in praise of Mr. Arnold's critical style, and we turn, perforce, to what we must regard as his fundamental fault—its dogmatic spirit. Where this does not lead him into open contradictions, it gives to his writing a temper quite out of keeping with his clearly-pronounced views. Though this dogmatism is apparent in all his prose, it is least so in that which is educational; most so, in that which is theological; while far too conspicuous in that which is mainly

literary. No man has opposed the dogmatic tone more than he, and yet he is, here, among the chief of sinners. The author of *Literature and Dogma* knew what was meant by each of these terms. We are speaking now of the inner spirit of style, and not at all of the subject-matter as expressed in opinion or belief. Independence of judgment is one thing; bold independence of the judgment of others is a different and a dangerous thing. Even a genius in criticism must take account of the conclusions of others, and, at times, wait upon their word. What may be called the indifferent tone of Mr. Arnold's critical style is in keeping with this dogmatism, if not, indeed, a part of it. The critic is thoroughly satisfied with himself. One of his favorite words is, Sweetness. Who would be so daring as to charge our author with its manifestation! What he calls "urbanity" is but another name for cautious reserve, an unsympathetic reticence which often becomes cynical. We are not sure but that this aristocratic manner was more and more apparent in Mr. Arnold, and never more pronounced than in his latest utterances. Despite his well-meaning theories, the appellation given him of an "æsthetic reformer" is not quite undeserved. In the face of his avowed devotion to the middle classes, his references to their "hardness and vulgarity and grotesque illusions" is not the best way to conciliate the Philistines. Full of schemes for the people's good, the mere mention of the name of John Bright, the people's practical friend, was enough to stir within him the "scorn of scorn," and drive his pen to the verge of personality. A son of Oxford, he was devoted to its "faith and traditions," and preferred to appear as a representative of the "Remnant," the acknowledged apostle of classical restraint. Criticism has, at its best, quite enough of this unfeeling element in it, this urban indifference to the outside. To our own mind, the one most repellant feature of this distinguished writer is this imperial pompousness, this air of self-assertion, which amounts, at times, to nothing short of a literary strut. The world is too old and too wise for such posing as this, and it is well for all to know it. It is the most natural thing imaginable for a critical style to become self-assertive, and yet the intelligent classes are tired of it, and are looking for more humility at the seat of judgment. Mr. Arnold is regarded by some as an erratic guide in criticism. The opinion is not without basis, in so far as the error in question is present. In his several addresses recently delivered in America, we note most suggestive examples of this parade of parts—this literary *hauteur*. The dogmatic temper

apart, however, Mr. Arnold's prose writings exhibit the better features of the critical style. They are the product of a man of large literary acquisition, of high classical taste, of a marked degree of literary acumen, and of ingenuous literary motive, and must take their place among the representative criticisms of the time.

To our mind, one of the chief characteristics of a good book and a good style is, that it is suggestive and stimulating, that it has in it intellectual vitality, a deep under-current of thought and life far below all that is visible, and giving to what we term expression its vivifying and effective force. Mr. Stedman speaks of Mr. Arnold as a "poet of the intellect." The appellation is in place relative to his prose. He generally gives us something that has cost him thought, and which is fitted thereby to awaken thought within us. How could a son of Dr. Thomas Arnold have failed to exhibit a masculine vigor of mind? There is in the style a kind of Gothic robustness, through the influence of which it impresses itself upon the reader, and infuses into his being something of this same Teutonic spirit. Mr. Arnold had been, from his earliest intellectual life, an observer and inquirer, a reader and student and thinker. He had what he himself would call "a scientific passion" for knowledge and for its communication to others. We have referred to a division of his prose works as educational. It is just to affirm that his style throughout has this educational and educating quality; that didactic character for which he so admired the poetry of Wordsworth. In the words of Montesquieu, it seeks "to render an intelligent being still more intelligent," and, in the truly Baconian spirit, to add somewhat to the sum of human truth. Our author, in commenting on the character of Burke, remarks "that he was so great because he brought thought to bear on politics." It is one of the most helpful services rendered by Mr. Arnold that he has brought thought to bear on literature, lifting it from the low plane on which the French school of his day had placed it, and coördinating it with all the invigorating branches of mental life. "Let men say what they please," he writes, "if what they please to say is worth saying." He would endorse the sentiment of George Eliot in *Theophrastus Such*: "Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact." Behind the word, as he holds, is the idea; behind the style is the subject-matter, and nothing is gained by any writer in substituting mere vocabulary for

sense. The style is thus instructive and incitive. It often implies more than it fully unfolds, and serves to quicken within the reader a genuine literary impulse.

No one can read the prose of Mr. Arnold with carefulness and sympathetic attention, without becoming a wiser man, and without having awakened within him a desire to become even wiser still, along the lines of inquiry opened up before him by the author. His style has thus always been attractive to the intelligent classes of every community, to the well-bred and well-read. Among university and college men, Mr. Arnold has always found devoted admirers; not so much because he has written largely on university topics, but because he has written on most topics in the university manner. It is this intellectual element of style which, after all, is its distinctive element, on the basis of which the prose we are examining may safely be commended to the thoughtful young men of the land. It will be an auspicious omen in our literary history, and of untold advantage to our college men, when such an order of reading as this will quite displace the miscellaneous literature of the hour, and those books be most eagerly sought which are the fullest of mental content. We are speaking exclusively of our author's style, and not of his individual beliefs, when we thus emphasize the excellence of his prose as a vigorous protest against all that is superficial. Few of us cannot but regret that Mr. Arnold has not confined himself more closely to strictly literary themes, of which he is an accredited master, and has essayed so frequently to play the part of a doctrinal disputant in regions of inquiry where, in thought and style, he has appeared at his worst. Though Principal Fairbairn and others have called attention to the vogue into which Mr. Arnold's theological writings have come, we cannot but rejoice that his *Last Essays on the Church and Religion* were, indeed, the last on such a line of topics, and that his attention was more discreetly directed to essays on criticism and culture. Within his proper sphere, he is unique and able, so as to have become, at the time of his premature death, a conspicuous exponent of modern thought as expressed in modern literature.

In speaking thus of our author's legitimate province as a thinker and writer, we are led to mark what we must regard as the mental narrowness of his outlook. Mr. Stedman has called our attention to the "limitations" of Mr. Arnold's poetic power, his want of "lightness of touch" and of "range of affections." In the study of his

prose, we may consistently speak of the limitation of his intellectual range. His reach of mind, at the farthest, was restricted. In his vision of truth, at the longest, he was somewhat near-sighted and failed to cover that spacious area of inquiry which it is the prerogative of genius to compass. We shall probably encounter, at this point, the decided opposition of many of our readers, or, at least, be told that, if the mental breadth of our author's style is an open question at all, he must have the benefit of the doubt. We hold, however, to the assertion made, and hold it as fully accordant with all that has been said by way of praise as to the clearness, finish, critical perception, and general intellectual suggestiveness of his style. These are all possible features apart from great breadth of mental vision, while the over-clearness and over-culture and dogmatic assertion to which we have referred, are proof in point of this very limitation of faculty.

Mr. Arnold's style is not, in the fullest sense of the words, philosophic, far-reaching, and catholic. Though not superficial, it is not profound; and while contributing, as far as it goes, to genuine mental impulse, it has not that "mental stretch" in it which marks the seer. As already stated, Mr. Arnold was a man of letters, a student of style, a literary critic. He has said, perhaps, more than he meant to say, when he wrote in *Literature and Dogma*: "For the good of letters is that they require no extraordinary acuteness, such as is required to handle the theory of causation, and letters, therefore, meet in us a greater want than does logic." True or false, this is the author's view of the mental requisition of letters as a branch of liberal learning, and is the view which his prose illustrates. The central word of his vocabulary is culture, and though he defines it to be "an harmonious expansion of all the powers," it is strikingly apparent that the expansion is but partial. In this respect, at least, the great Master of Rugby is his superior, in that wide-eyed view of thought and life that takes in everything within the visible horizon, and even peers beyond it. Here, as we believe, lies the main explanation of the fact that Mr. Arnold, in his prose, is an essayist, and nothing more. Whatever the particular form in which his writings are published, their original form was that of the essay or dissertation, as distinct from the book proper, with its exhaustive discussion of the subject in hand. Conceding to the essay all that has historically been claimed for it, or that can legitimately be given it, it is not the book proper, any more than one of Milton's sonnets is to be

classified as a lyric with "Comus," or than an heroic ode, such as "Alexander's Feast," is an epic. This is not mainly because the one is briefer than the other, but because they differ in mental grasp and procedure, as also in spirit and purpose. Burns wrote as genuine poetry as was ever written by any son of song. He had not the poetic breadth, however, to construct an epic. Wordsworth, intellectual as he was, had not this epic faculty. Lord Bacon was an essayist, but he was transcendently more. Addison, in prose, was an essayist only, and the difference in the mental girth of these two writers will mark the difference between range and restriction. The style of Mr. Arnold's prose is intellectual, but not in the Baconian sense; while, even within the limited province of the essay itself, such a writer as De Quincey is his undoubted superior. Though his style does not reveal a man of one idea, it does reveal a man of a comparatively limited number of ideas, which, at times, he reiterates, as he does his words, slightly to our distaste. The process of condensation applied with "executive severity" to his writings would materially reduce their volume and enhance their value. All this conceded, we repeat our assertion as to the general stimulus of his style, within the range of reflection and observation that he may be said to occupy. When fully at home with the subject in hand, what he knows, he knows clearly; what he writes, he writes in classical English, and the reading is mentally salutary. A genius neither in verse nor prose, he has yet, as Mr. Stedman intimates, accomplished, in some of his verse, the substantial results of genius, and has often, we may add, accomplished them in prose.

We are now brought to what may be regarded as the most interesting feature of the style before us—its distinctive moral gravity. Critics of his poetry have quite agreed in placing him in "the contemplative group" of poets, in that moralistic school of writers which is so conspicuous in English letters. Our author himself tells us that by authorship "the moral fibre must be braced," and holds it as essential to all literary criticism that the ethical element must be acknowledged. Attention has been called to the æsthetic beauty of Mr. Arnold's prose, especially as it is dependent on a careful study of Greek models. This literary sedateness, however, is Roman in its type, a kind of Senecan sobriety of demeanor which is in fullest keeping with the author's personality. Even in his poetry, we mark the prevalence of the graver themes, as *Balder Dead* and *Thyrsis*, while the explanation of his comparative failure in the

treatment of lighter topics is found in this adaptation of his mind to the more serious aspects of truth. There is in Matthew Arnold's authorship but little, if any, light literature. That he should have attempted the production of a romance is quite unthinkable. He quotes with fervent approbation the pungent words of Joubert as to "the monstrosities of fiction"—that "they have no place in literature." "They who produce them are not really men of letters." His distinctively theological essays are an evidence of this subjective habit of mind. He has a kind of "devout energy" that leads him into the region of religious inquiry. Though his prose is not without satire, the satire itself is of the more serious order, after the manner of Juvenal rather than that of Swift. How notable the absence of wit and humor, as they appear in Addison and Lamb! How direct and literal the phraseology! How devoid of playful pleasantry, as it soberly proceeds to unfold its meaning toward a definite result! As in his verse, when the dramatic is attempted, it is on the side of the tragic rather than the comic, so in his prose, this magisterial sedateness is the dominant spirit, and serves to exclude the trivial and belittling. Mr. Arnold has called the style of Homer "eminently noble." There is this quality of Homeric nobleness in his own style; a kind of classical dignity of address that gives it an attractiveness to every reflective reader. Partly, a product of inherited character, partly, the result of personal temperament, and, partly, the expression of culture, it must receive a valid place in any proper estimate of his style. If we inquire as to the special type of this literary gravity, we find it to be ethical rather than religious, Hellenic rather than Hebraic. It is best described in the author's own language, as "intellectual seriousness." If we compare, at this point, the father and the son, we clearly see the difference between the deep religious spirit of the one and the ethical propriety of the other. It is the difference between piety proper and external moral decorum; between Milton and Macaulay. The radical, Biblical sense of the word spiritual, as used by Thomas Arnold, is gradually modified by the son until we reach what is called æsthetic symmetry of character, a faculty for discerning the true, the beautiful, and the good, wherever present. To resist the devil, meant with the father what it meant with Paul and Bunyan. With the son it meant the opposition of the soul to all degrading tendencies, the enthronement of Beauty over the Beast. In a word, Mr. Arnold's style is serious in the sense of being ethically correct and earnest, and this is all.



Just here we are prepared to note what we are obliged to call the despondent tone of Mr. Arnold's style. He is, in no true sense, a cheerful, hearty, whole-souled English writer, as Scott and Thackeray and Christopher North may be said to be. The cast of the prose is Carlylean, and strongly impressed with the influence of Goethe. Students of Mr. Arnold's poetry must be well aware of this undertone of sadness that runs like a sombre current below the visible level of his verse. Herein is one of those limitations of his poetic genius, whereby the spontaneity of his style is impaired, and the head waits not upon the heart. We cannot, therefore, expect to find in his poems free flexibility of movement, blitheness and buoyancy of spirit, and the impulse of deep emotion, in that the nature from which such poetic fruits are "furnished forth" is wanting. So is it in his prose. Seriousness is too often seen to give place to sadness, and to a sadness which is nothing less than Byronic and oppressive. Of the presence and the pressure of this weight upon him, Mr. Arnold himself is not always aware. There is a something in the sentence and the line—he scarcely knows what—that binds it to the earth and prevents its free excursion heavenward. In this profitless effort to lift the world from its lower tendencies by culture only; in this pursuit of perfection through imperfect agencies; in this almost cruel restriction of the spirit within the circle of the humanities; in this well-meant but unwise attempt to eliminate the supernatural from the problem of life,—in this, indeed, we have the fact of sadness and its sufficient explanation. The "sick fatigue and languid doubt," which the author himself deplures, will never give place to that "sweet calm" of mind that he so craves, until the established relation of things is accepted, and Christianity takes rank above culture. This feature apart, the prose is marked by a solid and impressive earnestness which never tolerates the trifling, and is an order of prose especially timely in an age inclined so strongly as this to the frivolous in authorship. In this respect, if not so in others, Mr. Arnold's style is Baconian and Miltonic, never descending to the plane of the charlatan for the sake of effect, but ever keeping aloft on the high table-land of thought and motive, among the sober-minded contributors to the cause of good letters.

If asked, as we close, what is the most useful service that Mr. Arnold has rendered, in his style, to modern England and America, we answer: the wide diffusion of the literary spirit, the emphasis of literature as a most important department of education and an

essential factor in all national progress. This result he has accomplished, in part, by his unwearied exaltation of the mental above the merely material, and, in part, by his earnest endeavor to stimulate the people to the attainment of that culture which to him is the crowning principle of all literature and life. Nothing is more needed among the English-speaking peoples of to-day than the free circulation of this literary life. Despite such high literary antecedents and traditions, and the goodly number of English authors steadily at work along the old literary lines, so strong is the "stream of tendency" in the direction of commercialism, that special effort is needed to prevent its influx even into the centres of intellectual culture. This tendency is even more marked in what Mr. Emerson has called "this great, intelligent, sensual, and avaricious America." If we inquire further into the extent and probable permanence of Mr. Arnold's influence as a prose-writer, we must answer, first of all, that he cannot be consistently called a popular English essayist. There is not enough of the common or colloquial element in the style to give it currency among the great body of what he terms the middle class. That extreme æstheticism to which we have referred, as also his dogmatic independence and indifference of manner, would serve to narrow the circle of appreciative readers, while, even among the higher classes themselves, our author is read by many who read only to dissent. If we compare his essays, in this respect, with those of Lamb and Macaulay, the difference is marked in favor of the latter, and the difference is one between restricted and general circulation.

Mr. Arnold cannot be said to have formed a school, either in prose or verse. Whatever his constituency may be, they do not stand related to him as an organic body to an acknowledged leader, accepting his literary dicta without question, and devoting their energies to the dissemination of his teachings. Young men, especially, who, at first, are attracted to his style and committed to it as an unerring guide, come, at length, in their maturer judgment, to question where they have blindly accepted, and somewhat modify their allegiance. Mr. Arnold, in his *American Addresses*, refused to rank Mr. Emerson, as he also did Mr. Carlyle, among "the great writers" or "the great men of letters." He used the word great as it is applicable to such historic authors as Plato and Cicero, Pascal and Voltaire and Bacon—writers "whose prose, by a kind of native necessity, is true and sound," who have "a genius and an instinct

for style." From such a "charmed circle" as this, Mr. Arnold himself must be excluded. A representative writer of English prose, he is not so in the largest sense, as Cicero in Latin letters or De Quincey in English. Whatever the merits of his style may be, as we have discussed them, he has not that "vision and faculty divine" which belong to the eminently great prose-writer as to the eminently great poet. He does not see deep enough and far enough to pen oracular words for those who are waiting for them. Culture, as he conceived it, can never rise to the height of power. Criticism, as he applied it, can never be more than an elegant art; while style itself, as he illustrated it, can never be that inspiring procedure which we find it to be in the writings of the masters—in the poetry of Shakespeare or in the prose of Pascal. A cultured, an acute, and a dignified style is one thing, and marks the good writer. A profound, philosophic, comprehensive, and soul-stirring style is another and a grander thing, and marks the "great writer." We have a style before us that pleases our taste, impresses our minds, corrects, in many instances, our erroneous judgments, and rebukes our natural tendencies to the lighter and baser forms of literature; and this is all. When the profoundest depths of our being are to be reached and roused; when we are to be uplifted to that sublime spiritual outlook of which Milton and Longinus speak; when we are to be so addressed and moved that the thoughts of the author take possession of us, and make us efficient factors in the world's intellectual and moral advancement, then must we look elsewhere than here,—to those supremely-gifted authors who are great of a truth, and who make us great as well, to the degree in which we hold reverential converse with them. That style is great, and that only, which is instinct throughout with the very spirit of power; which, while obedient to the laws of literary art, is immeasurably above all art; and, with all its marks of human origin and limitation about it, is seen to have, in its character and method, something that is supernal.

T. W. HUNT.

## JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

IN the half-dozen years that have elapsed since the death of the author of the *Short History*, his friends have had time to measure the greatness of their loss, but in nowise to be consoled for it. He is still living in their memory; to them he is still a reality; they say, in the words of Mrs. Craik's touching lament for "Douglas," "All men beside him seem to me like shadows"; and, as they grow older, the recollection of what he was becomes more and more vivid, while the surroundings fade. The constant companionship of such a man as John Richard Green was a period of pure enjoyment, only marred by anxiety on account of his failing health.

It is now just twenty years since I made Green's acquaintance, and my recollections of what speedily ripened into a warm friendship are still fresh. He had reluctantly decided to retire from the East-End parish on account of failing health. He still wore the clerical costume and the white tie, and I remember well the impression his appearance made upon me. His figure was slight and below middle height, but, once you had seen him, your gaze was concentrated on his face and head. Mr. Sandys's portrait, prefixed to the *Conquest of England*, is very like in the intensity of the expression, but not so much so in the features. The nose was very small, and was overshadowed by the brow of the highly-developed forehead. In a cloak-room you could always recognize his hat by its extraordinary diameter. The eyes were rather sunk, and were not, I think, quite straight; but no one who ever encountered them could forget their keenness—their appearance of being able to see through anything. He was very conscious of his own bodily insignificance, and I think, of all the countless anecdotes he knew, none pleased him more than that which represents Wilkes as saying, "Give me half an hour's start, and I can beat the handsomest man in England." He was a great admirer of physical beauty, both in men and women, and especially of tallness. At the time I speak of, he was in a transitional state, feeling and seeing, with his usual mental clear-sightedness, that he could no longer do justice to the claims of his parish, and that, by giving it up, he might be able to

perform a great service, not for a single place only, but for his country at large. He would greatly have liked to enter Parliament, but had exhausted his bodily strength at Stepney. A long and severe visitation of cholera, through which he ministered to his people, literally night and day, may be said to mark the date of the beginning of his decline. This was in 1867, I think. The Archbishop, Tait, who greatly esteemed Green, would have wished that he should accept a country living; but, on ascertaining that his mind was made up, he very gracefully attached him to himself, by finding or forming for him the post of honorary Lambeth Librarian. In this capacity Green had, I believe, apartments assigned to him in the Palace; but, preferring the privacy of lodgings and the drier air of Marylebone, he remained the tenant of a few modest chambers in Beaumont Street, which may hereafter be pointed out as the birth-place of the *Short History of the English People*, just as a house in the neighboring Bentinck Street is shown as that in which Gibbon completed the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. I well remember Green's pleasure when, in one of our many walks together, I pointed it out to him, and when he discovered that, in going and coming between his lodgings and our house, he could pass it without going out of the way.

The characteristic thus indicated was at this period very strong. He took the deepest interest in everything that went on around him, and anything which connected the present and the past, such as a topographical link, was a joy to him. His spirits were usually high, with, of course, the occasional fits of depression which so often mark that kind of temperament. He had a contempt, amounting to impatience, for people wanting in a sense of humor. I think one of the strongest of the many ties which bound him to Archbishop Tait was the Primate's keen enjoyment of a joke. His hatred of dulness was never concealed. He complained bitterly, if he was thrown into the society of "a dry stick"; and the strongest term of vituperation he could use was to call any one "a dull dog." If he saw the smallest spark of originality or genius, or even of humor, in one of those who consulted his superior judgment, he would take infinite pains to foster and encourage it. His East-End friends often made pilgrimages westward to ask for advice; and it was years before the memory of his sympathetic wisdom was forgotten in St. Philip's, Stepney.

The idea of writing a history of England from a new point of

view had long been matured. I think some isolated passages were already written; and a few of them, as, for example, an essay on the election of King Stephen by London, and an account of Bury and the contests between the abbot and the people, had either just appeared or were in print. Mrs. Green says truly, in the introduction to the new edition of the *Short History*\*: "So closely are the work and the worker bound together that, unless the biography be fully written, no real account of the growth of the book can, indeed, be given." Nevertheless, we cannot but hope that no biography of Green will be written, so long as any of the friends who knew him best, and therefore loved him most, survive to read it.

A complete life of Green would be an impossible task to carry out satisfactorily. First of all, such a biography would have to be founded on the personal recollections of a hundred different men and women, each of whom knows, perhaps, only one aspect of his character. "Brilliancy" and "versatility" are the words which come into the mind when we think of his conversation. The account of each period of his life, for it was divided very sharply into distinct periods, would have to be supplied by the person with whom he was most intimate at the time. He used, with great gusto, to tell the story of a friend of his who had been at Rugby under Arnold, and who, after reading Stanley's life of the great schoolmaster, exclaimed: "That's very nice; but where is Black Tom?" The same kind of puzzle would be felt by any reader who knew Green, after reading any possible biography. "Where is *my* Green?" would be the question. A collection of his letters might give some idea of the man. But to publish those of the highest interest would be an unpardonable breach of confidence, at least during the time of this generation. He frequently said: "I never can talk freely to any one whom I suspect of keeping a diary." One of his friends, one in whom he always found a sympathetic listener, and who received many of his confidences, used to be amused by hearing Green say he could trust his sieve-like memory. He enjoyed saying sharp things to those he knew best; but though extremely witty and amusing in conversation, he never made a really unkind remark to any one; not that he was what is called "amiable," or "popular," but, rather, because he would have thought it

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\* *A Short History of the English People*. By John Richard Green, Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. With Maps and Tables. New edition, thoroughly revised. New York, 1888: Harper & Brothers.

beneath him. He did not care to associate with stupid people, or people whom he even suspected of stupidity; and the friends he gathered most closely about him were, in many instances, men who were supposed to know some subject thoroughly. Each man, therefore, of the whole group imagined that his particular object or 'ology was the one thing in which Green took the most interest. I can recall many examples of this versatility, and need only mention that the late John M'Lennan told me that Green knew more than any one else of the subject of his recondite anthropological studies; and the late Charles Appleton made a similar remark with respect to his learning in (I think, but am not very sure) theology.

It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the inexhaustible fund of interest which he had always at command for the ambitions, troubles, doubts, or successes of his friends. Literary jealousy was unknown to him. After laboring hard at some historical problem, he would place the results of his researches freely at the disposal of the first man who seemed likely to be able to make a good use of them. He revelled in the good work done by others. Sick or busy, he could always find time to help a serious worker who sought his advice. How much I am indebted to him, I can never compute. He was not content with inculcating historical accuracy; literary style was, in his opinion, quite as necessary. A German in research, a Frenchman in writing—that was his formula; and a thorough familiarity with French historians, and novelists, too, had more to do with the nervous, manly, graphic English of his works than is generally supposed. I have heard him say that English history should be written so as to be as entertaining as a French novel. I have seen his proof-sheets, on many occasions, covered with alterations and erasures; and the light and brilliant articles, republished from the *Saturday Review* in his *Stray Studies from England and Italy*, were not “knocked off,” but were the result, first of an elaborate system of notes and observations, next of very careful writing, and, finally, of a corrected proof, of which he frequently required a revise. Some of his friends rather grudged the pains he took at this time in writing what, after all, were merely fugitive articles. Among them were all the best of the series known as “The Girl of the Period,” and when a volume containing a selection was sent to him from America, I remember his going through it and claiming his own. He wrote two articles, and sometimes three, a week. One was generally of the kind just indicated, and one was a review.

A considerable number of topographical and historical essays also appeared from his pen, many of which, re-written and corrected, formed, afterwards, passages in the *History*. He was not easily satisfied with what he wrote, and would work at his proof-sheets over and over again. But he took equal pains with the proof-sheets of his friends; his advice in such matters was too valuable to be neglected, and I was only one of a number of literary aspirants who sought, and received, his help. I have before me, as I write, the proof of an article on an old London subject, written in 1876, which I submitted to him. It is scored all over with his careful pencil-notes, in a handwriting most difficult to decipher, although it has a strangely deceptive look of clearness and neatness. His ideas always came too rapidly to be written out plainly; and, while laughing at printers' errors, he always boasted that, unlike the writing of a friend whose manuscript was easily read, his "copy" had to be intrusted to the most experienced compositor in the office. It was a source of wonder and entertainment to him, on one or two occasions, to find that the printer had been able to make out what he could not read himself, even though he had written it. He could always boast that his friend, Dean Stanley, wrote even more illegibly, and used to tell a story of dining with the Dean and Lady Charlotte on a Tuesday, at such short notice that he could only answer the invitation by attending. After a very pleasant evening, Lady Charlotte "hoped Mr. Green was coming on Thursday." An explanation ensued. Green had the Dean's note in his pocket, and it was agreed by all three that it might be read either Tuesday or Thursday. He had a pile of note-books filled in his Stepney days at the British Museum, where for many years he read for a few hours every week. He feared to consult them, for they were, unfortunately, written with a soft pencil, and were often to him, at least, illegible. A kind friend afterwards, I believe, deciphered them all.

Green never lost an opportunity of putting his friends forward. At the same time, he was very wary not to be taken with a false show of cleverness, and had very little compassion for pretentious failure. He could not be persuaded to subscribe for a broken-down literary man or his family. A man should not enter on a literary career unless sure of success. The distribution of the "Civil List" pensions was a constant source of annoyance to him. "Why should not a writer provide for his family, as well as any other workman?" It may be worth noticing here that the consciousness of power gave



him a certain dignity of manner long before he had done anything to make himself famous. When he had succeeded, beyond even his fondest hopes, there was no perceptible change in his demeanor. He was generous to a fault in money matters, with the exceptions mentioned above; but he could accept kindness as he gave it, and could never understand any question about money arising between unmarried friends. On the other hand, he was a first-rate man of business, and used to say that the same pains which he took in literature and the form of his mind would, in trade, have made him a millionaire. He was, therefore, a very good adviser in matters of investment, and seemed to know by instinct a safe from an unsafe speculation. He had a horror of debt or any pecuniary difficulty, and worry of this kind affected his health like indigestion or a chill. He was very acute in the perception and interpretation of facial expression, and seldom made a mistake as to character. He was not a great talker, but would listen to any one who had "a statement to make;" and things never had to be explained to him. At the same time, he could talk brilliantly, and I have seen him keep a large party amused and interested without any effort. He had the rare power of being able to turn on his comic vein at will, and was especially happy when he wished to make children laugh. He had a great facility for "improving" or "trimming" any little adventure, until it became a dramatic story. As often as not, he would tell such stories against himself. The consciousness of power which I have mentioned rendered him impervious to any fear of ridicule. If you told him any small anecdote, it was more than likely that, if he met you shortly afterwards in other company, he would tell it, with your authority, so brightened and embellished that you would hardly know your own; yet he would most scrupulously assign to you the honors he had earned for you. This habit, and others of the kind, made some people dislike him as a man who was never serious; but his stories against himself were often marked by a kind of pathos wholly his own, as when he told us how he regretted a trick he had played on a German meteorologist, somewhere on the Riviera. The man provoked him by his dulness; yet he regretted, even as we laughed, that he had alternately poured hot and cold water on the self-registering thermometers. I think he was inclined to condone inaccuracy, when it was coupled with a graphic style, and it is certain that he never spoilt the run of a sentence by pausing to spell the names or make the dates fit. I remember pointing out to him, in a

proof-sheet of the *Short History*, that he had spelled a name in three different ways in as many successive pages. He did not care for such criticism, and insisted that I had overlooked the drift and object of the passage, which was probably true enough. I remember one of his maxims about composition: "Take the public, as it were, into your confidence; write to them as if they knew as much as you do yourself; but in your own mind assume that they know nothing."

As to Green's way of working I have said something. But there is a passage in the *Stray Studies* which I well remember his writing while he was staying with me, at Sevenoaks, in 1871. He had been very poorly and "off work," as he expressed it, but fine weather and open air had begun to restore him; and it was one of his rules not to write when he was disinclined. Work done up-hill, he would say, is seldom good. He was anxious to write a memoir of his dead friend, Edward Denison, but waited until the inspiration came. The moment is thus described:

"There are few stiller things than the stillness of a summer's noon such as this, a summer's noon in a broken woodland, with the deer asleep in the bracken, and the twitter of birds silent in the coppice, and hardly a leaf astir in the huge beeches that fling their cool shade over the grass. Afar off a gilded vane flares out above the gray Jacobean gables of Knoll, the chime of a village clock falls faintly on the ear, but there is no voice or footfall of living thing to break the silence, as I turn over leaf after leaf of the little book I have brought with me from the bustle of town."

He goes on to contrast this "bustle of town" with his "still retreat," and heightens the contrast in an admirable passage, with which he took infinite pains, writing it over and over again; and though it reads so easily, more than a dozen failures were to be found in the waste-paper basket. He was so pleased with it, when it was finished, that I had not the heart to correct his spelling of Knole, and "Knoll" it remains in the book to this day. Surroundings, and the state of his health, had much to do with the ease or difficulty he experienced in composition. In a letter from San Remo he wrote:

"In the middle of November, here I am writing at an open window, catching the last gleam of the day's sunshine! What am I to say of San Remo? Its charm, for it is rather charm than beauty, I think, beautiful as it is, lies in its perfectness, its completeness in itself. Round it circles an amphitheatre of soft hills, with the purple Apennines behind them, hills soft with olive woods and dipping down into gardens of maize, and orchards of oranges and limes, and vineyards dotted with palms. An isolated hill rises from the midst of the space they inclose, and from summit to base of it tumbles the oddest of Italian towns, arches, and churches, and

houses, and steep lanes rushing down to the sea. And the sea lies in its own sweet curve from headland to headland—not our storm-tossed sea, but the sea of the south, all varying and glancing with color; the dullest rainy day leaving color on it as it leaves color on the far-off hills. Over those hills lies the great Italian plain, and beyond these headlands lie Genoa and Nizza, but it all seems like a far-off world to us happy San Remese, wrapped in our circle of gray hills, and lulled by the murmur of the sea.”

A man so sensitive to external impressions, and so fond of scenery, found work comparatively easy, when “lulled by the murmur of the sea.” A little later (January 7, 1872) he wrote:

“At present I am working hard, but oddly jumping about from one period to another—yesterday, Lord Clive—to-day, the Lollards—to-morrow, Burns. It matters very little in what order I work, as the plan is all clear in my head; and so I took a hint from old Lear, who comes in and says, ‘Greek day to-day—busy with Marathon.’ Then the next day, ‘I have been with the Copts all morning, at Beni Hassan.’ After all, there is something in not letting one’s work bore one, and meanwhile the little book gets on.”

His power of concentration on a subject is hardly touched upon here; but when Green was interested in what he was doing, he knew neither fatigue nor hunger. No doubt he injured his constitution by this assiduity. A foggy morning would sometimes completely incapacitate him from continuing work already mapped out or begun: on such occasions he seldom tried to force his inclinations, and would bury himself in an interesting book, especially a novel. He was always very fond of fiction, and even a second-rate novel would absorb him for a time. Brain-weariness, in the usual sense of the term, never affected him, and his mind was as clear, and his literary perceptions as vivid, at the end of a long day’s work as at the beginning. It was only the bodily power that failed him. He was a rapid reader, and used “to tear the heart out of a book” almost in a minute. I remember showing him an essay of which I was very anxious to have his approval. He walked up and down the room with it for a short time, keeping up a lively conversation all the while with a young lady who was present. Finally he laid down the book, saying nothing about it, to my deep disappointment. The next day I saw him again. “By the way,” he said, “that memoir you showed me at your house seems to me the best thing you ever did,” and then he proceeded to analyze it carefully, not having missed a single point of importance.

It is not to be inferred that Green was fond of general society. Far from it: he liked lively people, was very critical of female beauty,

and especially admired an air of distinction; but in a mixed company, and among strangers, he would, so to speak, retreat into himself. This was particularly the case when he was suffering from illness. His question at our door was, not whether the master and mistress were at home,—that did not so much matter,—but was any one else with them. He said himself, in one of his letters: "It is only by a rigid incivility I can guard myself against the nuisance of society." In March, 1871, he wrote:

"My old hatred of 'society' and my old contempt for 'the world' have grown into a mania, among the silences and glories of the Riviera. And dear as some few people in England are to me, I feel more and more how delicate our relations and friendships will become, as their life sheers further and further away from mine—as they become, whether I will or no, unintelligible to me and I to them. . . . It seems to me sometimes as if, just when I felt the need of sympathy and kindness most keenly, the old sympathies to which I have clung in a silent, passionate way, were fated to drift from me. Perhaps so; and, indeed, it would solve many a problem—it would be harder to live and easier to die."

There was one constant exception in his character to this dislike to general society. He loved children, and not only could always amuse them, but was always willing to do so, and was quite at the mercy of his small friends. I believe it is true that, at an important epoch in his life, he reversed a grave decision because a little girl threatened "to sit down and cry," if he did not do as she wished. Before such an alternative he was powerless. An acute perception made all his observations upon child-life singularly interesting. The dullest matron found a willing listener, when she talked to him about her children. He was not easily tired in a mother's out-pourings over her brood, or a father's hopes and fears for his boys at school or college. In the same way, he was curious as to the idiosyncrasies of the servants who attended upon him, in the few houses which he honored by assuming that he was always a welcome guest. It amused him to study their modes of expression and dialects. The beadle of a neighboring church was one of his acquaintances, and supplied him with a store of entertaining anecdotes. Nothing human was beneath his notice, or escaped the interest he took in all that concerned his friends. Yet he was easily bored by "society," and, though he could listen for hours to the prattle of a child, he succumbed at once to the dull twaddle of a would-be philosopher, or to ordinary small-talk. His face fell, he grew uneasy and fidgety, looked for his hat, and was gone, in silence, as if offended.

His interest in children and all their ways was present even in

his letters from abroad. From Italy he wrote about two boys who were in the house in which he wintered :

"A. is one of those charming little dramatists, who, like Shakespeare, invent, and act the dramas they invent. As I pass his bedroom, I hear him driving teams, commanding armies, preaching, discussing, in a loud full voice that makes an odd contrast with his little figure of nine years old. H., of thirteen, is the outdoors boy of the two, scurrying along the paths on his pony, feeding and chasing his rabbits, roaming among the olive woods to catch sight of the partridges, coming home with violets, and ferns, and boyish 'secrets' of where the black iris blows and where the first narcissi are blossoming. Two days ago, he roamed round the house all the morning with a face of mystery; then after dinner he took me apart and asked in a significant way if I could go to a certain valley with him. Off we started, clambering up rocky paths, and past little shrines with painted Madonnas, and skirting lemon gardens, and cutting short cuts through the gray olive orchards, till we came out on a little valley nestling among the spurs of the hills, shut in on all sides save one, where its little torrent, swollen with the winter rains, rushed out over rock-shelf and pebble-bed to the sea. Down, leaping from terrace to terrace, till the rush of the waters seemed close to us, and then at our feet were hundreds of yellow narcissi,—the treasured 'secret,'—and H. was plunging among them and gathering handfuls for our rooms at home. It was so hot in the bright sunshine that I could only lounge against an olive and watch idly the boy's glee, and yet his business-like reluctance to waste a moment on what he disdainfully calls 'poetry.'"

It may be worth while to put on record Green's answer to a question I asked him as to what he liked best in his own writing. It was characteristic of him that he replied at once that he thought he had put his most delicate work into an essay entitled "Buttercups," which appears in the *Stray Studies* (p. 201). I further asked him as to his historical and critical work. He thought his "character of Queen Elizabeth" the best passage in the *Short History*; and the best criticism, the article on Vergil in the *Stray Studies* (p. 259). He was extremely devoted to music; and while at the East End his one amusement was to attend a classical concert. He could not bear to suppress organ-grinders, though they worried him, because of the intense pleasure the children of the poorer quarters took in dancing to the music. His natural ability was so great that each "organ," to use the phrenological term, was highly developed, and what, in comparison to the rest of his mind was slight and weak, was yet stronger than the same "organ" in others. He could thus discuss learnedly and brightly subjects which were of very little importance to him. Although, for example, his knowledge of chemistry or mathematics was as nothing, in comparison with the vast stores of information he had laid up on history and topography, yet

he knew much more than most people. With all this learning, I never met any one more willing to acknowledge ignorance, or more anxious to acquire further information. He literally, as Mrs. Green well remarks, "died learning." A list of his attainments would be impossible; the only defect in his mental powers being a difficulty in learning by rote. He forgot nothing he read, yet he could remember very little off book. This was a peculiarity also, it is said, of Dean Swift. It must have had considerable influence on Green's style. In spite of it, however, he could repeat the whole of the Psalms. Besides the usual Greek and Latin he learned at Oxford, he was familiar with the mediæval languages, especially the Latin of the chroniclers; and could read manuscript, however contracted, very fluently. Only a few years before his death he commenced the study of Egyptology, on a trip up the Nile, and could discuss the phonetic value and philological significance of hieroglyphics. He was fond of political economy and statistics, and had an excellent head for figures. His first studies in art were concerned chiefly with architecture, but he became very learned, later on, in the history of painting, and enjoyed a fine gallery with a keen and vivid pleasure.

His knowledge of poetry and poets was extensive and in many languages. He could spell out German, but, though he knew Old English, the "high Dutch" was always a difficulty to him. His French, on the other hand, ancient or modern, was something very unusual in an Englishman.

It may be that some of his admirers will like to know where Green chiefly lived. Since the publication of Mr. Laurence Hutton's *Literary Landmarks of London*, such information seems to have acquired fresh importance. He held the living of St. Philip's, Stepney, in the heart of the so-called "East End," and lived, from 1866 to 1869, in the vicarage, Beaumont Square. By a curious coincidence, when he removed westward, he halted in Beaumont Street, St. Marylebone, and there, at No. 4, he lived, when in London, for seven years, migrating to 25 Connaught Street, then, I think, called Upper Berkeley Street West, in 1876. A year later, after his marriage, he removed to 14 Kensington Square, which, however, was only a summer residence, as his rapidly-failing health obliged him to take the Villa St. Nicholas at San Remo, and there he breathed his last, in the winter of 1882.

W. J. LOFTIE.

## CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

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### THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

If party organization were as complete as party managers would like to see it, the result of the election, now so near, would be already determined. And yet within the next few days more effort will be exerted than ever before to influence voters. By far the largest number of thinking men are beyond the reach of artfulness and chicane. The temperate and logical discussion of great questions which has thus far characterized the conduct of the campaign will doubtless have worked its perfect work in many minds. Others, who are identified altogether with the organism of the great parties, are also beyond the reach of the schemes practised by unscrupulous demagogues on the eve of elections. The stable elements of society have taken their position and will not change.

In so far as this is true, the country has every reason to congratulate itself. At no time within the experience of the present political generation has principle been so successful in shutting out prejudice in the interval between conventions and election day. Not for many, many years have we had issues so clearly defined and so frankly acknowledged. Even those newspapers which honestly profess to be party organs, recognize and perform their share in the creation of high standards in public morality. And as to the stump-speaking, whether in Congress or when confined to its legitimate home, there are a directness and a proportion such as have been very uncommon in later days. The "grand rally" of the olden time can no longer be easily had, and when it does take place, both numbers and enthusiasm are sadly deficient. The decline of the torch-light procession bids fair to remove, within a calculable period, a most picturesque element from American political life. The club banners still flap over our heads, but in diminished numbers, and the effigies of the candidates look out from the meshes of the nets in which they are entangled, with a perplexity which points a moral.

There seem to be two causes for the increase, proportionately, in the stable element among American voters. The first is the increased efficiency of educational methods. The question, Did you get that idea in college or the university? is common coin in political discussion. Demagogues have developed a parrot-like monotony in their outcry against the classes of enlightened men who deal with historic experience and elevated principle. And then the better portion of the press—perhaps it needs no defence; in any case, if it does, one plea will be unquestioned: that it instructs, as no

other means ever devised has done, the largest number of citizens in the alphabet of political thinking. Intelligent readers demand and get discussion, and unintelligent readers are benefited by it according to their light. Another cause is to be found in the increased efficiency of party organization and the importance of political conventions. It is a distinct gain that political excitement should be divided, the largest and worst part being expended early in the year, before the meetings to nominate Presidential candidates.

Yet this very stability of purpose produces uncertainty as to the outcome ; and another consideration, in any survey of a great campaign like the present, cannot escape notice. The advance of Civil-Service reform by even the toddling steps of infancy has produced the predicted result. The disreputable self-seekers, heelers, vote-traders, saloon-runners, all who desire to prostitute the public welfare for private lust, have been paralyzed by the feeling of uncertainty about the reward of their exertions. The patriotism which flowed from free beer and selfishness has been found out and exposed in its true character. The men who practised it are grown not only very retiring and coy, but very uncertain in their party allegiance. The absence of their giddy enthusiasm is making itself felt. Another ground of uncertainty is in the movement of free-trade Republicans and protection Democrats. We shall, in all likelihood, be spared the use of such unwieldy terms in the future. The issue between high and low tariff is squarely taken, and all others will for a season be atrophied. The question is, How many who were Democrats before this epoch are now Republicans, and vice-versâ ? A few days will answer it ; meantime we do well to fight a square fight and avoid throwing chaff.

These and other reflections of a like character are full of encouragement. They show us our country in circumstances which encourage political morality. They throw into shadow the puerility and bad blood which so often disfigure our contests at the polls. They indicate a growth in the recognition of moral force among us. Government by discussion has well-nigh disappeared, as far as Congress is concerned ; it takes a new lease of life in the machinery evolved by an institutional people, strong to meet every emergency by ingenuity and adaptability. Our forefathers meant to secure it by their peculiar plan of representative government ; they failed, in large measure, and created a system of aristocratic organization in legislation and administration, which yet has the great merit of securing well-considered action. The country itself has devised a plan for discussion by which every man can have the floor, whereby the most heated invective can do little harm and the calmest argument accomplishes the greatest good. The press and the platform, by the accurate interpretation of election results before they are reached, impose upon every incoming Administration a popular policy which makes the influence of public opinion very direct. The operation of this extra-constitutional and illegal machinery, is, for this once, at least, to dignify party strife and emphasize moral questions.



There is less ground for optimistic conclusions when we examine the character of this morality, for it has the earth-taste. There are forms and degrees of state socialism which are just and beneficent. Its extremes are baneful, even destructive, to the very existence of the highest form of social union. It is certainly true that we are in an industrial age. All wise and just men rejoice that the movements of armies and the schemes of dynastic diplomacy are relegated to their deserved insignificance in our nineteenth-century American scheme of life. But the danger of confining the function and office of the state within economic grounds is very great. And this appears to be what both the great parties are doing. The extension of sound reform in the Civil Service receives but slight attention in both the platforms. The ablest speakers on both sides avoid the theme with distressing unanimity. As to other high moral questions, they are scarcely heard of by the masses or mentioned except in the discussion of reformers.

It is clear to the intelligent observer that the extreme variety of free trade, the *laissez-faire* and *laissez-aller* theories, which would abolish customs taxation, forms no part of the doctrine of any considerable number of politicians or voters in either party. The strife is all about the degree of taxation to be imposed on one class in the community for the benefit of another or of the whole country. All talk to the contrary is either mere bluster or springs from deplorable ignorance. If the scope of the question were constantly kept before us, and its far-reaching influences thoroughly understood, the true statesman and the political moralist might well be content. The relative position of social classes of men in the various occupations of life, of one community to another,—all these are bound up in it and are matters worthy the attention of a free and enlightened people. More vital still are the questions of private morality which it raises: the duty of every man not only to exist, but to exist nobly, to earn the best sustenance for his family and himself; the duty of every individual to provide not only the mere physical necessities of life, but for the intellectual, moral, and spiritual needs of our higher nature.

No doubt there are writers in the newspapers of the best sort, in the magazines and reviews, who honestly set forth these corollaries of the main proposition, and propound to every reader the query each must answer for himself: How far can I seek my own advantage without injustice to my fellow men? to what degree must I submit to taxation for the general good? and how much may I demand of the liberty and money of my neighbor, for my own benefit? But even by such teachers, not to speak of the pot-house orator and the "penny screamers" of the press, no satisfactory answer is given. And here lies the gist of the whole matter. Without formulating it in just such an unpleasant statement, the general reply of every man to himself, and of most speakers and writers to their audience, seems to be: Go as far as you dare; take what the law allows, of course, and as much more as public ignorance and sluggishness will permit. In voting, as in every other part of your conduct, be guided by your own interest alone. That will, of

course, clash with the interest of others at a certain point, and the violence of the clash will show when you must—that is, when you ought to—stop grabbing.

There is a mysterious truth in this position. Force is an element in all order. More of the legitimate governments of the world have had their origin in strife than in any other source. Within the sphere of government, the arbitrament of force, whether in numerical majority, skill in managing men, wealth, or any other of the manifold manifestations of power—some form of force determines results and prevents anarchy. But, on the other hand, as Rousseau so beautifully said: "The strongest is never strong enough to be always the master, if he does not transform his might into right, and obedience into duty." This is the principle which we do not sufficiently emphasize in our present political movement. We dwell too exclusively on what we can do, heedless, in a high degree, of what we ought to do.

The aphorism of the Republicans is: "Protect American industries for the benefit of the whole country." That means keep the home market for the American manufacturer and increase the wages of the American artisan. Incidentally the party remarks that to it was due the preservation of the Union—the possibility of there being a home market at all, as far as the Southern States are concerned. It points out that the Mills Bill is a discrimination against Northern capital and Northern labor, an attempt to revive sectional struggles for supremacy, and calls on the North to gird itself for the conflict. The Republicans, individually and—witness many of their leaders—collectively, furnish the greatest support to all the great social reforms, temperance in particular and the removal of the Civil Service from the fetters, or rather enginery, of unscrupulous politics. They claim to be the party of steady habits, plain living, and high thinking. 'Put us back into power and the country shall be free from English interference; cheap bread and financial security will be assured; if the surplus be an evil, we will diminish it by the abolition of internal taxes; give up one of the strongest supports of centralization, by the extinction of the class of internal-revenue collectors, and so far increase the autonomy and power of the individual States. We enter a general denial of all Democratic claims; assume the burden of proof regarding campaign assessments on office-holders for a corruption-fund, and stigmatize our opponents as having an unholy alliance with foreigners, and therefore unpatriotic; as embodying all the lower classes, the prejudiced, the ignorant, and the unprincipled, in their organism; and in league with that sum of all human villanies, the liquor-power.'

The Democrats, on the other hand, refuse to assume the defensive. The party declares itself worthy to retain the power that it holds, and points to its conduct during the past four years. The one reform issue in the interest of administration has been squarely met. The spoils-principle has received its mortal wound, though expediency demands that its death should be a lingering one. The tariff is a tax, and, in its present form, a local issue

operating solely for the benefit of one section. We have not entered, they declare, upon a crusade of free trade, but propose modifications of our import duties to equalize the operation of war taxation, to free the legislation of the country from the temptation of a highly harmful surplus, secure justice to all sections and to the individual tax-payer, increase American enterprise by restoring the equilibrium of competition, and enable every man to supply his wants in the cheapest markets, as far as is compatible with the public welfare. We aim to extinguish all discrimination against social classes of every kind, in particular against the great mass of agricultural workers, and the vast numbers of clerks and salaried men in all professions. The Republicans, say they, are the party of an emergency that is past. American society has entered upon a stage which is of the present, and demands normal treatment. We have the longest American record, and are the best fitted to deal with the American problems of to-day. Behold the self-styled patriots rejecting the Fisheries Treaty—a sensible adjustment of an international question—for the sake of securing the foreign votes in the country, and pandering to a class which cares more for the country of its birth than for that of its adoption. And now they want free whiskey rather than plain economic justice, of course in the interest of temperance reform !

Is there anything either unmoral or immoral in either of these positions, supposing them to represent the somewhat dim presentation of the case which an ordinary voter makes to himself ? There comes a distinct affirmative answer. Let alone, for the moment, the insincerity which is recognizable in the tone of party deliverances, in the immorality of persistent appeals to personal interest, and in the behavior of party managers ; pass by the certainty the country begins to feel that power is an end, and not a means, in the feeling of many office-holders ; and disregard the suspicion that high-sounding moral generalizations are mere traps to catch the unwary ;—there is behind all this, and fundamental to it, a body of reservations, if not of evasions, about vital questions which ought to be openly discussed and not dwarfed or hidden. What does either party intend in the matter of American citizenship, in regard to the ignorance and pauperism which flood our whole country, retard the advance of our civilization, and desecrate the franchise ? What is their attitude regarding the vice of intemperance and the curse of the liquor traffic ?—questions which now transcend all bounds of personal right and private morality, and, by the burdens they lay upon the State, invade the province of public morals. What may the country expect from the office-holders of the parties which ask for the popular endorsement in regard to marriage laws and the sanctity of the family, or concerning the character of instruction in the public schools ?

This is, of course, no new discovery. We have already the beginnings, even if, as is probable, they are destined to be abortive, of two small parties which found their right to exist on the disregard of manifest duty by the great parties. Schism is almost as bad and desperate a thing politically as

it is ecclesiastically. It is still the duty of every reformer to work within the bounds of his party, as it was and is that of the sectary to shun new religious organizations bearing the name of church, and work out his change within the historic churches already existing. If I desire the perpetuation of American civilization, and the destruction of baneful foreign influence, I can best do it, or, rather, I can only do it, by the use of a great machine with adequate motive power and parts strong enough to stand the strain of use. To attempt the construction of a new one with inadequate means is folly. Even as a protest, the Prohibition and American parties are inexcusable for the waste of superior material and energy they entail on our politics. Prohibition has accomplished much, but very little, if any, of its success is due to its entry on the arena of politics under the shield of a so-called party. In fact, as an organized moral crusade, with no political pretensions, it would certainly have advanced far beyond its present line of offensive works.

This is the more striking because the remedy is so easy to reach. To use it requires moral courage of the highest order. Vote with that one of the great parties which embodies in its creed the largest amount of truth and the widest circumference of reform. Be an independent in politics. Compel the great parties to mount moral heights for the sake of success, and teach them that the reward of pure professions and clean behavior is certain. The Republican party will not soon forget the rebuke administered in 1884 by the Independents, nor the Democrats the more stinging one they received a quarter of century since.

There are times and circumstances when the Independent in politics is a danger. If there were signs of disorder in our great political machinery of conventions and parties, it would be the duty of every thoughtful citizen to become, for the time, a partisan. If there were some vital question, like disunion, under serious discussion, every patriot would at once rush to the camp of those who were right on that point, without reference to minor questions or a too sanctimonious inquiry into the character of his associates. Party ranks should be dressed for great crises, and deserters should be branded, if not shot. But such is not the case in the present campaign, nor was it in the last.

There never was a time when party organization and loyalty were stronger than they are now ; there never was a period when greater docility characterized the mass of voters. Nevertheless, as always in a sound government, there are questions of high importance which must be settled not by party managers or docile voters. Finite statemanship can understand the popular demand only by recorded votes, and it behooves the intelligent citizen to put his where it will do the most good. Not in parties composed, in certain proportions, of sincere enthusiasts and the schemers for power who trade votes, and otherwise practise on unsuspecting voters, will the thinking voter accomplish the most by his ballot, but where it assists in the rise or fall of a party accustomed to a sobering responsibility and the exercise of power.

## A BOOK OF VERSES.\*

AT this time of over-production of waste-basket rhyme, it is pleasant to welcome a real addition to the poetry of the day by one who furnishes ample evidence of the true poetic gift. Such a welcome may be given heartily to Mr. Henley's *Book of Verses*. These verses are collected in three divisions: In Hospital, Rhymes and Rhythms; Life and Death (Echoes); and Bric-à-brac. One needs not the subscription, "The Old Infirmary, Edinburgh," placed at the end of the first division, to tell that its verses describe a hard personal experience and the reflections that came to a suffering patient during a tedious recovery from a serious and painful operation. The theme is not a tempting one. A man, evidently the poet, is taken to the hospital, is chloroformed, undergoes an operation, awakes to a "dull, new pain," and then awaits a slow return to the liberty of his fellow-men. While he muses the fire burns. It is not so strange, after all, that the poetic fire should be kindled and fed in such an atmosphere. The pathos and pain of life seem to lend themselves more readily to the poet's uses than life's joy and brightness. Yet we must not expect from a hospital bed an exuberant optimism. It is scarcely the place for the birth of the poetry of hope and cheer. We cannot be surprised at the sombre hue of the thoughts that find such vigorous expression in the verses before us. The imprisoned poet had plenty of time to observe carefully the persons and scenes which he describes with a terseness that shows his power. With a few rapid master-strokes he depicts the attendants, his neighbors, the shuffling eager crowd of students, the calm, skilful surgeon, the clinic, two sick children, a would-be suicide. At length there comes the exultation of his discharge, and then the strangeness of the common sights and sounds of the outside world, after the long quiet of the hospital walls. In all there is very decided poetic power. The reader is not loath to pass on to the poems of Life and Death. The very first of these enchants him. It would be pleasant to quote it. There is a charm in its three stanzas that cannot be described. Only a sad personal experience would account for the more than minor key of the second. Certainly it is not the universal experience that "Love must wither, or must live alone and weep." There is a fine Stoicism in Number IV., one of the strongest in the collection. Its date probably brings it within the hospital period. It is soon followed by another in which brave Stoicism gives way to a sad despair. Turn another page, and hope smiles again in three sweet stanzas. Number XVII. might have been written by Heine, but not improved by the German. In it a joyful major song is brought to a tearful conclusion by a single minor chord. Indeed, through all these Echoes, there is much in form and tone to remind of the German poet, without any suggestion of imitation. The Bric-à-Brac bring us into a close contact with nature—nature outside of ourselves—and have, consequently, a more gladsome ring. As poetry, these verses deserve almost unqualified

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\* *A Book of Verses*. By W. E. Henley. London, 1888: David Nutt.

praise. They have a vigor of thought, an unusualness of diction, often a melodiousness of rhyme, that excite admiration. There is much more than versification here. As it seems to the reviewer, there is poetry of uncommon merit, as well as the earnest of a still richer, and, let us hope, a more buoyant, contribution to the delight of all lovers of true poetry. It may not be out of place to urge Mr. Henley to make the philosophy of his next verses more cheerful. One quotation may find a place. It is from the next to last poem of the collection.

‘ Dear Heart, it shall be so. Under the sway  
Of death the past’s enormous disarray  
Lies hushed and dark. Yet though there come no sign,  
Live on well pleased : immortal and divine,  
Love shall still tend you, as God’s angels may,  
When you are old.”

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#### GILDER’S POEMS.\*

IN the three collections of poems that lie at hand from the pen of Mr. Gilder, it may be somewhat arbitrary to adduce specific selections as a basis for comment. Still, no extended work of poet or prose-writer can be expected to be uniformly good, or good throughout, in the same sense. Hence, in *The New Day*, we read with peculiar pleasure such examples as “The Prelude,” “Interludes” and “After Song,” “Words Without Song,” “The Unknown Way,” and “When the Last Doubt is Doubted.” In *The Celestial Passion*, we note “The Prelude,” “Holy Land,” “To Rest from Weary Work,” “Love and Death,” “Beyond the Branches of the Pine,” and “Undying Light.” In *Lyrics*, we mark “A Song of Early Autumn,” “After Sorrow’s Night,” “The Homestead,” “The Poet’s Fame,” and “When the True Poet Comes.” In this era of what the English students would call Nonsense Verse, and what we may be allowed to call unpoetic, it is refreshing to read poetry that is out-and-out poetry, rather than prose, or rather than some undefinable product not yet classified. In the reading of these poems, we have been often reminded of the rhythmical resonance of Swinburne, of the deep and pervasive pathos of Mrs. Browning, and of the spiritual purity of Keats. We indicate, just here, the three radical features of the author’s verse, and, as far as they go, they belong to the first order of poetic art. They are rhythm, passion, and purity. The one expresses, in a measure, the external, as the others express the internal, characteristics of genuine song. All such verse pleases the ear, and stirs and elevates the soul; and when the inner sense and spirit of the lines blend in fullest measure with the outer melody, the result can be nothing less than the most pronounced æsthetic pleasure. These poems evince what Mr. Arnold would

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\* *The New Day.* *The Celestial Passion.* *Lyrics.* By R. W. Gilder. New York, 1887: The Century Co.

call a "sense of beauty," that deep poetic undertone that lies below all poetic art, and makes the poetry what it is. They evince more than this—a sense of sympathy and purity and spiritual power, throbbing like a heart-beat through every line and letter. They are, in Miltonic phrase, "sensual and passionate," never descending to the low emotional level of the fleshly school, but clear and clean and healthful to the end. To adopt the author's phrase, the passion is "celestial" rather than earthly, and lifts the soul that feels its power, to higher planes of thought and outlook. The range of the poems, either in a mental or a literary point of view, is not a spacious one. The three collections are alike lyrical, and, whether as to conception or final motive, rarely pass beyond the province of poetic sentiment. There is nothing here of the epic excellence of Tennyson or the dramatic skill of Robert Browning, but there is genuine poetry, simple, natural, tender, and persuasive, a lyric charm of idea and rendering quite too infrequent in modern verse. As we turn the pages, we quote a passage or two :

"I am the spirit of the morning sea ;  
I am the awakening and the glad surprise ;  
I fill the skies  
With laughter and with light."

"Like a violet, like a lark,  
Like the dawn that kills the dark,  
Like a dew-drop trembling, clinging,  
Is the poet's first sweet singing."

"Through love to light ! Oh, wonderful the way  
That leads from darkness to the perfect day ;  
From darkness and from sorrow of the night,  
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.  
Through love to light ! Through light, O God, to thee,  
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light."

What exquisite harmony and what high poetic sentiment are here !

Epics and dramas have their place in literature, but what is poetry, after all, but the deepest experience of the human heart written and voiced in the forms of beauty ! It is what a poet-critic has recently designated it, "impassioned truth."

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#### STEVENSON'S ESSAYS.\*

THE author of *Prince Otto* and the *New Arabian Nights* is found, in his essays, in his best narrative and descriptive mood. As voluminous as he has been of late in prose and verse, in satire, story, and song, the reading public are still demanding more and more from his fertile pen. In the thirty papers making up the volumes before us, there is, as the author states, "a

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\* *Memoirs and Portraits. Virginibus Puerisque.* By Robert L. Stevenson. New York, 1887: Charles Scribner's Sons.

certain thread of meaning," or, as he further states, "they are like mile-stones on the wayside of life." A few of these papers may be selected as specimens of that light and chatty style of which Mr. Stevenson is a master. In "The Foreigner at Home," he gives us a suggestive contrast between the Englishman and the Scotchman, as the one inquires, "What is your name?" and the other, "What is the chief end of man?" In "College Memories," the author takes occasion to emphasize the debt of gratitude which the student owes to the faithful instructor, and adds some timely hints as to the relation of study to physical health.

In "Talk and Talkers," we have portrayed, in the characters of Jack, Burly, Cockshot, and others, the typical conversationalists of society, in the course of which description no opportunity is lost of thrusting at those loquacious prattlers; the more they say, the less they say. In "Truth of Intercourse," it is well remarked "that the difficulty of literature is, not to write, but to write what you mean." In "An Apology for Idlers," the author is at his best in the sphere of paradox and half-truths, not infrequently passing beyond the limits of accurate ethical teaching. It is, however, with the æsthetics rather than with the ethics of these papers that we are dealing. With this in view, we note the freedom and finish of their literary form. Presented in plain and colloquial English, they carry their own praise with them, and are directly in the line of what may be termed the prevailing fashion of "putting things." Literary fashions, as other fashions, come and go, and with as little reason. We are living, at present, in the Golden Age of Descriptive Miscellany. He who wishes to be read, must write as Mr. Stevenson has here written, on topics germane to the hour and in a style comprehensible at sight. Intellectually stimulating modern prose may or may not be. It must be readable. Before the close of the century, perhaps, the mode may change, and writers and readers alike be asked to do more "high thinking."

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## RECORD.

### POLITICAL AND GENERAL.

#### DOMESTIC.

#### THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS.—

The PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS may be said to have fairly opened with the RENOMINATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND BY THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION, which assembled in St. Louis, June 5. The renomination was made UNANIMOUSLY AND BY ACCLAMATION. For Vice-President, ex-Senator ALLEN G. THURMAN of Ohio was nominated, on the first ballot, the other candidates being Governor Isaac P. Gray of Indiana, and General John C. Black, Commissioner of Pensions. The PLATFORM ADOPTED BY THE CONVENTION "ENDORSES THE VIEWS EXPRESSED BY PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, in his last earnest message to Congress, as the CORRECT INTERPRETATION OF THAT PLATFORM [the one of 1884] upon the QUESTION OF TARIFF REDUCTION, and also endorses the efforts of our Democratic representatives in Congress to secure a reduction of excessive taxation." It declares that the Democratic party has "RESTORED TO THE PEOPLE NEARLY 100,000,000 ACRES OF VALUABLE LAND"; that it has "paid out MORE FOR PENSIONS AND BOUNTIES to the soldiers and sailors of the Republic than was ever paid before during an equal period"; that it has "pursued a FIRM AND PRUDENT FOREIGN POLICY," and that "in every branch and department of the Government, under Democratic control, THE RIGHTS AND THE WELFARE OF ALL THE PEOPLE have been guarded and defended." Recurring to the subject of REVENUE REFORM, the platform asserts that "ALL UNNECESSARY TAXATION IS UNJUST TAXATION," and that "OUR ESTABLISHED DOMESTIC INDUSTRIES AND ENTERPRISES should not and need not be ENDANGERED BY THE REDUCTION AND CORRECTION of the burdens of taxation. On the contrary, a FAIR AND CAREFUL REVISION of our tax laws . . . must PROMOTE AND ENCOURAGE EVERY BRANCH of such industries and enterprises." "The INTERESTS OF AMERICAN LABOR," it is affirmed, "should, IN NO EVENT, BE NEGLECTED."—The REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION met in Chicago, June 19, and did not adjourn until the 25th. DESPITE MR. BLAINE'S LETTER, published in February, in which he declared that his name would not be presented to the Convention, a STRONG MOVEMENT IN FAVOR OF HIS NOMI-

NATION was still in progress when, on May 30, there was made public another letter from him, in which he made this emphatic statement: "Assuming that the PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION COULD, BY ANY POSSIBLE CHANCE, BE OFFERED TO ME, I could not accept it without leaving, in the minds of thousands, the impression that I had not been free from indirection, AND, THEREFORE, I COULD NOT ACCEPT IT AT ALL." Nevertheless, when the Convention met, there appeared to be some doubt whether, after all, Mr. Blaine's name might not be placed at the head of the ticket. Some, at least, of his friends hoped that the convention would FAIL TO UNITE ON ANY OTHER CANDIDATE; in which case, they thought, the nomination of Mr. Blaine would be made. It was believed that, under such circumstances, provided that ALL THE OTHER ASPIRANTS for the nomination should WITHDRAW IN HIS FAVOR, he would not REFUSE THE UNANIMOUS CALL OF HIS PARTY. Mr. Blaine was at this time travelling in England and Scotland. On the third day of the Convention, the platform was adopted, and the following gentlemen were put in nomination for the office of President: Senator JOSEPH R. HAWLEY of Connecticut, Senator JOHN SHERMAN of Ohio, Judge WALTER Q. GRESHAM of Illinois, ex-Senator BENJAMIN HARRISON of Indiana, Senator WILLIAM L. ALLISON of Iowa, Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW of New York, ex-Governor RUSSELL A. ALGER of Michigan, Governor JEREMIAH RUSK of Wisconsin, and Mayor EDWIN L. FITLER of Philadelphia. On the seventh ballot, taken on June 25, MR. HARRISON WAS NOMINATED. The Hon. LEVI P. MORTON of New York, formerly Minister to France, was NOMINATED FOR VICE-PRESIDENT. The PLATFORM AFFIRMS that "the present Administration, and the Democratic majority in Congress, OWE THEIR EXISTENCE TO THE SUPPRESSION OF THE BALLOT by a criminal nullification of the Constitution and laws of the United States." The CONDUCT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS by the Administration is denounced for its INEFFICIENCY AND COWARDICE, and for its "WEAK AND UNPatriotic TREATMENT OF THE FISHERIES QUESTION, and its PUSILLANIMOUS SURRENDER of the essential privileges to which our fishing-vessels are entitled in Canadian ports." "The hostile spirit of President Cleveland in his NUMEROUS VETOS OF MEASURES FOR PENSION RELIEF, and the action of the Democratic House of Represent-

tatives in refusing even a consideration of general pension legislation," are also condemned. THE REDUCTION OF LETTER-POSTAGE TO ONE CENT PER OUNCE is called for. THE MOST SIGNIFICANT PART OF THE PLAT-FORM is, of course, that relating to the tariff. This matter is treated thus: "We are UNCOMPROMISINGLY IN FAVOR OF THE AMERICAN SYSTEM OF PROTECTION. We protest against its destruction, as proposed by the President and his party. . . . THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM MUST BE MAINTAINED. . . . We DENOUNCE THE MILLS BILL as destructive to the general business, the labor, and the farming interests of the country, and we HEARTILY ENDORSE THE CONSISTENT AND PATRIOTIC ACTION of the Republican representatives in Congress in opposing its passage. We condemn the proposition of the Democratic party to PLACE WOOL ON THE FREE LIST. . . . The Republican party would EFFECT ALL NEEDED REDUCTION OF THE NATIONAL REVENUE BY REPEALING THE TAXES UPON TOBACCO, . . . and the TAX UPON SPIRITS used in the arts and for mechanical purposes, and by such REVISION OF THE TARIFF LAWS as will tend to CHECK IMPORTS of such articles as are produced by our people, . . . and RELEASE FROM IMPORT DUTIES those articles of foreign production (except luxuries) the like of which cannot be produced at home. If there shall STILL REMAIN A LARGER REVENUE than is requisite for the wants of the Government, WE FAVOR THE ENTIRE REPEAL OF INTERNAL TAXES, RATHER THAN THE SURRENDER OF ANY PART OF OUR PROTECTIVE SYSTEM, at the joint behests of the whiskey trust and the agents of foreign manufacturers."—[For the declarations of the two party platforms on Civil-Service reform, see THE CIVIL SERVICE.]—The PROHIBITION NATIONAL CONVENTION, meeting in Indianapolis, May 31, nominated General CLINTON B. FISK of New Jersey for President, and Dr. JOHN A. BROOKS of Missouri for Vice-President. The platform declared that the MANUFACTURE, IMPORTATION, EXPORTATION, AND SALE OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES should be made PUBLIC CRIMES, AND PUNISHED AS SUCH, and that "ANY FORM OF LICENSE, TAXATION, OR REGULATION of the liquor traffic is CONTRARY TO GOOD GOVERNMENT." It called for the IMMEDIATE ABOLITION OF THE INTERNAL-REVENUE SYSTEM, and said that IMPORT DUTIES SHOULD BE SO REDUCED THAT NO SURPLUS SHALL BE ACCUMULATED in the Treasury. —Various other Presidential tickets, of no great importance, have been nominated. The first was that of the Equal-Rights party; Mrs. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD is the candidate for President, and ALFRED H. LOVE for Vice-President. The United-Labor party nominated ROBERT H. COWDREY of Chicago for President and W. H. T. WAKEFIELD of Kansas for Vice-President; and the Union-

Labor party nominated for the two offices, respectively, A. J. STREETER of Illinois and CHARLES E. CUNNINGHAM of Arkansas. The American party named JAMES LANGDON CURTIS of New York for President and JAMES M. GRIER of Tennessee for Vice-President. The latter declined to be a candidate.—MR. CLEVELAND'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE was made public September 10. It was, in effect, a reiteration of the views expressed by him in his last message. He affirmed "the ABSOLUTE DUTY OF LIMITING THE RATE OF TARIFF CHARGES to the NECESSITIES OF A FRUGAL AND ECONOMICAL ADMINISTRATION OF THE GOVERNMENT"; again declared that "UNNECESSARY TAXATION IS UNJUST TAXATION"; and emphasized the commercial distress that would follow the HOARDING OF A SURPLUS IN THE TREASURY VAULTS. He said: "WE HAVE ENTERED UPON NO CRUSADE OF FREE TRADE. The reform we seek to inaugurate is predicated upon the UTMOST CARE FOR ESTABLISHED INDUSTRIES AND ENTERPRISES, a jealous REGARD FOR THE INTERESTS OF AMERICAN LABOR, and a sincere desire to RELIEVE THE COUNTRY from the injustice and danger of a CONDITION WHICH THREATENS EVIL TO ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE LAND."—MR. HARRISON'S LETTER appeared two days later. He devoted the greater part of it to a discussion of the tariff. "THE ISSUE," he said, "CANNOT NOW BE OBSCURED. It is NOT A CONTEST BETWEEN SCHEDULES, BUT BETWEEN WIDE-APART PRINCIPLES." He contended that the MILLS BILL WAS A STEP TOWARD FREE TRADE; and "the important question is not so much the length of the step as the direction of it." He said that the Democratic position was an ASSAULT UPON THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM, while "the Republican party holds that a PROTECTIVE TARIFF IS CONSTITUTIONAL, WHOLESOME, AND NECESSARY. We do not offer a FIXED SCHEDULE, BUT A PRINCIPLE." The opponents of protection, he said, had "MAGNIFIED AND NURSED THE SURPLUS," seemingly for the purpose of reconciling the people to the remedy which they proposed. He maintained that the existence of a surplus did not require the ABANDONMENT OR IMPAIRMENT OF THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM, nor even the entire repeal of the internal taxes, and declared that the SURPLUS NOW IN THE TREASURY should be USED IN THE PURCHASE OF BONDS. On other topics, Mr. Harrison followed the platform, article by article, giving to each his approval.

THE ADMINISTRATION.—The most important action taken by THE ADMINISTRATION, during the half-year ending with October 1, was the nomination of the Hon. MELVILLE W. FULLER of Chicago to be CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES. The nomination was made on April 30, but it was not confirmed by the Senate until July 20. Mr. Fuller was

a leading member of the Chicago bar, and had been a member of the Illinois Constitutional Convention and of the Legislature of that State; and NO VALID OBJECTION TO HIS CONFIRMATION was apparent, except that he was a Democrat. The Senate Judiciary Committee, on July 2, REPORTED THE MATTER "WITHOUT RECOMMENDATION." The Senate finally CONFIRMED THE NOMINATION BY A VOTE OF 41 TO 20. All the Democratic Senators voted for confirmation, and the following Republicans: Messrs. Farwell, Cullom, Cameron, Quay, Frye, Hale, Davis, Jones, Riddleberger, and Mitchell. Speeches in opposition to confirmation were made by Senators Edmunds, Evarts, and Stewart; and Mr. Fuller was defended by Senators Farwell and Cullom, both Republicans.—PRESIDENT CLEVELAND WROTE A LETTER to the Tammany Society of New York, on the occasion of its celebration of the Fourth of July, reiterating the sentiments of his last message, and insisting that the COST OF THE GOVERNMENT should be LIMITED BY FRUGALITY, and an end made of the "USELESS AND DANGEROUS SURPLUS IN THE NATIONAL TREASURY."—The President, on May 9, nominated ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT of New York to be MINISTER to the NETHERLANDS; the nomination was confirmed a few days later.—The report of the COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS, for the year ending June 30, showed that there had been ADDED TO THE PENSION ROLLS 60,252 names (the largest annual increase in the history of the bureau), making a total of 452,557 pensioners; 15,730 names were dropped from the rolls, on account of death and for various other causes, leaving a NET INCREASE OF 46,650. The AMOUNT OF PENSIONS PAID during the year was \$78,775,862, an increase over the previous year of \$5,308,280. The amount paid in pensions since 1861 has been \$963,086,444.—A NEW TREATY OF FRIENDSHIP, COMMERCE, AND NAVIGATION WITH PERU was ratified by the Senate on May 10.—In June, the Secretary of War sent to the Senate a TRANSCRIPT OF THE ARMY RETIRED LIST from its creation, in 1861, to March, 1888. The aggregate of payments to retired officers during that time was \$16,530,000. The list contained 809 names.—The President, in September, nominated LAMBERT TREE, Minister to Belgium, to be Minister to Russia, to succeed George V. N. Lothrop, resigned, and JOHN G. PARKHURST of Michigan to be Minister to Belgium.—On September 26, JOHN H. OBERLY, one of the Civil-Service Commissioners, was nominated to be COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, to succeed J. D. C. Atkins, resigned.—THE PEOPLE OF DAKOTA addressed a petition to the President, in August, urgently requesting him to send to Congress a special message in favor of the ADMISSION OF NORTH DAKOTA AND SOUTH DAKOTA as States.—A treaty of amity, commerce, and naviga-

tion, between the United States and the Tonga Islands, was proclaimed by President Cleveland on September 18.—Two reports of the UTAH COMMISSION were filed with the Secretary of the Interior in the last week of September. The majority renewed its previous recommendation that Utah should not be admitted to the Union until the Mormons manifest by their acts that they have ABANDONED POLYGAMY, and then not until an AMENDMENT, shall have been made to the NATIONAL CONSTITUTION, PROHIBITING THE PRACTICE OF POLYGAMY. The report said that the Mormon Church is committed to a policy which, if successful, will prove destructive to the public-school system of Utah. The minority reported that apart from sexual offences, which are decidedly on the decrease, the Mormon people of Utah will COMPARE FAVORABLY with other communities for peace, good order, sobriety, honesty, and industry. This report opposed any FURTHER RESTRICTIVE LEGISLATION by Congress, but recommended a Constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.—THE FIRST SESSION OF THE FIFTIETH CONGRESS has already been the LONGEST ON RECORD, and no date for adjournment has yet been fixed. The session has not been fruitful of wise legislation in proportion to its length. The acts of greatest national importance, which have become laws since April 1, are as follows: The BOND-PURCHASE BILL, which declared that the authority given to the President, in 1881, to purchase bonds with the surplus in the Treasury, was intended to be a PERMANENT PROVISION OF THE LAW.—A RIVER-AND-HARBOR BILL appropriating \$22,227,000. This is the LARGEST APPROPRIATION EVER MADE FOR THIS PURPOSE. The bill first passed the House, carrying an appropriation of \$19,902,783. The Senate increased the appropriation to \$22,474,783. The conference committees reduced this to the sum already stated. The President PERMITTED THE BILL TO BECOME A LAW WITHOUT HIS SIGNATURE.—A bill making EIGHT HOURS A DAY'S WORK FOR LETTER-CARRIERS, which took effect about midsummer.—INTERNATIONAL MARINE CONFERENCE. The bill on this subject authorizes the President to invite the MARINE NATIONS OF THE WORLD to send delegates to a conference, the object of which shall be to DEVISE MEANS FOR SECURING GREATER SAFETY FOR LIFE AND PROPERTY AT SEA. The President was empowered to appoint six delegates, and the time and place of meeting were left to his discretion. NO ACTION HAS YET BEEN TAKEN by him.—On June 1, while General SHERIDAN was very ill, and his death was supposed to be not far distant, a bill REVIVING THE RANK OF GENERAL OF THE ARMY, for his benefit, became a law, and his commission was duly signed. With his death, the rank of both General and Lieutenant-

General expired.—There was PROLONGED FILLIBUSTERING IN THE HOUSE, beginning April 4 and lasting till April 12, against the bill to REFUND THE DIRECT TAX imposed on the States in 1861. The States in rebellion never paid the tax, and the bill proposed to refund the amount of \$17,359,685 to such States as responded to the Government's demand. The Democrats availed themselves of every device to prevent action from being taken. They were successful. As an OFFSET TO THEIR TACTICS, it was proposed, in the Senate, to COMPEL THE SOUTHERN STATES to pay to the Government their share of this tax, amounting, without interest, to \$2,640,314.—The House Committee on Education reported a SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BLAIR EDUCATIONAL BILL. It provided for the distribution of the proceeds of public-land sales, to the amount of \$8,000,000 a year, among the States and Territories, in proportion to the number of persons of scholastic age. It was not passed.—A bill for the ADMISSION OF SOUTH DAKOTA as a State was passed by the Senate, April 19, by 26 to 23, divided strictly on party lines.—INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. The Chace Bill was passed by the Senate, May 9, by a vote of 35 to 10. The negative votes were cast by Democrats. The IMPORTANT FEATURE OF THE BILL is that it strikes from the existing law the words "citizens of the United States, or residents thereof." Action by the House on this bill has been postponed till the next session.—The House, on May 21, passed a bill ESTABLISHING A DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, to be under the control of a Secretary of Agriculture, and providing that the WEATHER BUREAU BE TRANSFERRED thereto from the War Department. The Senate, on September 21, passed the bill, after striking out the section transferring the Weather Bureau.—The PUBLIC-LAND BILL, which passed the House in June, is an important measure. It REPEALS THE PREEMPTION AND TIMBER-CULTURE LAWS, and makes provision for the disposal of the different classes of land.—President Cleveland has continued his custom of examining private pension bills with great care, and has VETOED A CONSIDERABLE NUMBER of these measures. His course aroused opposition on the part of many Republicans, in and out of Congress, and, on May 14, Senator Stewart offered an AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION, reducing from two-thirds to a majority, the vote necessary to override Presidential vetoes. On June 28, Mr. Davis, chairman of the Senate's Committee on Pensions, presented a REPORT ON PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S VETOES. The report said that, since May 8, 1886, private pension bills to the number of 136 had been vetoed, in the great majority of cases because the President thought that Congress had erred in its judgment upon questions of fact. It was declared that he could not examine all the

documentary evidence in each case, and that his judgment must be based on the report of some subordinate in the Bureau of Pensions.—A resolution instructing the Committee on Inter-State Commerce to inquire into the methods by which, under certain rulings of the Treasury Department, Canadian railways are enabled to DEPRIVE AMERICAN RAILWAYS OF BUSINESS rightfully belonging to them, but which they are unable to retain on account of the operations of the Inter-State-Commerce Act, was adopted by the Senate on August 3.—A bill to REGULATE TELEGRAPH BUSINESS was passed by the Senate on August 10. It gives the Inter-State-Commerce Commission authority to INQUIRE INTO THE MANAGEMENT OF THE BUSINESS OF TELEGRAPH COMPANIES.—Two bills for the REGULATION OF TRUSTS have been brought forward in the Senate. One, introduced by Mr. Cullom, proposes the seizure and forfeiture of all shares of stock, and all property, used in furtherance of the purpose of trusts. That of Mr. Sherman declares all arrangements, contracts, agreements, trusts, or combinations between persons or corporations, made with a view, or which tend, to PREVENT FULL AND FREE COMPETITION, to be AGAINST PUBLIC POLICY, AND UNLAWFUL AND VOID. A fine of not more than \$10,000, or imprisonment for a term of not more than five years, is prescribed.—The House, on August 23, reversed its action in regard to paying the FRENCH SPOILATION CLAIMS, and struck out the appropriation of \$750,000 which it had previously ordered to be inserted in the Deficiency Appropriation Bill.—A Constitutional amendment was offered in the House, on May 14, EXTENDING THE TERM OF OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT to six years, and making the President INELIGIBLE FOR A SECOND TERM.

REVENUE REFORM.—Considerable time was taken up, in both branches of Congress, in discussing the question of REVENUE REFORM. The Mills Tariff Bill was introduced in the House on April 17. It was subsequently decided that the majority and minority should each be entitled to eight-and-one-half days for the general debate. The debate closed on May 19, over a hundred speeches having been made. The bill was then taken up and considered, section by section, in Committee of the Whole. The most interesting feature of this part of the handling of the measure was the CONTEST OVER FREE WOOL. On this the vote stood: 120 in favor of putting wool on the free list; 102 against it. The minority was composed of every Republican present and three Democrats—Foran and Wilkins of Ohio, and Sowden of Pennsylvania. The debate on the bill was closed on July 19, and, on July 21, THE MEASURE WAS PASSED BY A VOTE OF 162 TO 149. Three Republicans, Fitch of New York, Brower of North Carolina, and Nelson of Minnesota, and two so-called in-

dependent Republicans, Anderson of Iowa and Hopkins of Virginia, voted with the majority. Four Democrats, Bliss, Merriman, and Greenman of New York, and Sowden of Pennsylvania, voted with the Republicans against the bill.—The Senate Committee on Finance, as early as May 15, decided on the appointment of a sub-committee to consider the tariff question, give hearings, etc. The sub-committee was made up of Senators Allison, Aldrich, Hiscock, Beck, and Harris (the last two being Democrats). The Republican Senators held a caucus, on July 25, and decided to prepare and adopt a BILL REVISING THE TARIFF AND THE INTERNAL REVENUE. A good many persons interested in the tariff were heard by the sub-committee, which, on September 25, submitted to the Finance Committee a SUBSTITUTE FOR THE MILLS BILL. Its provisions were not made public, but it is understood that a reduction in the revenue of about \$65,000,000 is effected. Nearly one-half of this was credited to the reduction of 50 per cent. in the duty on sugar, and about as much more to the entire repeal of the tobacco tax.—MR. MILLS'S ESTIMATE OF THE EFFECT OF HIS BILL, as passed by the House, was that it would REDUCE THE CUSTOM DUTIES by \$50,000,000, and that the REDUCTION IN THE INTERNAL REVENUE (the separate bill relating to that branch of the subject having been incorporated in the main measure) would reach \$22,000,000.

**THE FISHERIES TREATY.**—The report of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in regard to the FISHERIES TREATY, was laid before the Senate, in executive session, on May 7. The report was STRONGLY ADVERSE TO THE TREATY, and presented an elaborate array of reasons why it should be rejected. A MINORITY REPORT IN FAVOR OF THE TREATY was also offered. The committee was divided strictly on party lines. On May 18 it was decided to discuss the treaty in open session. A prolonged debate followed, in the course of which many effective speeches were made. Finally, on August 21, THE SENATE REJECTED THE TREATY BY A VOTE OF 30 TO 27. A two-thirds' majority was needed to ratify it. All the votes in favor of the treaty were cast by Democrats; all those against it by Republicans.—The rejection of the treaty was followed by an UNEXPECTED MOVE ON THE PART OF THE PRESIDENT. On August 23 he sent to Congress a message, asking for an ENLARGEMENT OF THE POWERS CONFERRED ON HIM by the Retaliation Act, passed by the Forty-ninth Congress, so as to give him authority to STOP THE TRANSHIPMENT OF CANADIAN GOODS, IN BOND, ACROSS UNITED STATES TERRITORY, unless Canada should allow United States fishermen to transship across Canadian territory. To carry this plan into effect would visit upon Canada the SEVEREST FORM OF RETALIATION. The President was bitterly denounced for his action, by his

opponents, and his message was pronounced a BID FOR THE IRISH VOTE. A bill giving the President the powers requested was passed by the House, September 8, by a vote of 176 to 4, the affirmative votes being given by 103 Democrats and 73 Republicans. In the Senate, the bill was sent to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, which, on September 20, referred it to a sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Sherman, Evarts, and Morgan.—Senator Sherman, on September 17, introduced a resolution instructing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire into THE STATE OF THE RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES with Great Britain and Canada, and report, at the next session, such measures as are expedient to PROMOTE FRIENDLY COMMERCIAL AND POLITICAL INTERCOURSE between those countries and the United States. On the following day, in a speech in support of his resolution, he advocated COMPLETE UNION WITH CANADA, BOTH COMMERCIAL AND POLITICAL. On September 28, Mr. Sherman's resolution was reported by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, without any recommendation whatever. Mr. Sherman asked that it be placed on the calendar. This was interpreted as meaning that NO ACTION ON THE SUBJECT OF RETALIATION would be taken at this session of Congress.—THE FISHERIES TREATY WAS RATIFIED BY Canada in April, and by Newfoundland in May.

**RESTRICTION OF CHINESE IMMIGRATION.**—THE NEW TREATY WITH CHINA, prohibiting the entrance of Chinese labor into this country for twenty years, which was signed on March 12, was RATIFIED BY THE SENATE on May 7. It had been amended, however, and accordingly had to be returned to China for reacceptance.—On August 8 the Senate passed a bill providing that, after the exchange of ratifications of the pending treaty, it should be UNLAWFUL FOR ANY CHINESE PERSON TO ENTER THE UNITED STATES, excepting Chinese officials, teachers, students, merchants, or travellers for pleasure or curiosity. The bill also provided that no Chinese laborer in the United States should be permitted, after having left, to return, unless he had a lawful wife, child, or parent in the United States, or property therein of the value of \$1,000, or debts of like amount due him. This bill passed the House on August 20, and was SIGNED BY THE PRESIDENT on September 13.—Meanwhile, on September 1, a report came to this country, by way of London, that China had REFUSED TO RATIFY THE TREATY. Without waiting for confirmation of this rumor, the House, on September 3, with unseemly haste, passed a NEW EXCLUSION BILL, more rigid than the first. It contained no provision in regard to Chinese students, merchants, travellers, etc. The bill was passed by the Senate, on September 7, in spite of the fact that a despatch had been received from the

United States Minister to China, stating that the treaty had been POSTPONED FOR FURTHER DELIBERATION. A motion to reconsider this action was at once offered, but, after pending till the 17th, it was defeated by a vote of 21 to 20. The bill went to the President on September 21. On the same day DEFINITE NEWS WAS RECEIVED THAT THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT HAD REJECTED THE TREATY. On October 1 President Cleveland sent a message to Congress, announcing his APPROVAL OF THE EXCLUSION BILL. The message contained an elaborate explanation of the circumstances leading to the negotiation of the treaty, together with an account of all previous legislation on the subject. The bill approved on September 13, he said, was intended to supplement the treaty, and it was approved in the confident expectation of an early exchange of ratifications of the treaty. The amendments to the treaty had been accepted by the Chinese Minister at Washington, on the ground that they did not alter the terms of the convention. It was also explained that China had proposed amendments that would practically place the execution of the treaty beyond the control of the United States. While approving the bill, the President RECOMMENDED THE ENACTMENT OF A LAW providing that Chinese laborers, who had embarked on their return to the United States before the passage of this law, should be permitted to enter this country, if provided with the proper certificates. He also suggested the propriety of appropriating \$276,619.75 to indemnify innocent Chinamen who have suffered from outrages committed by lawless persons in the Northwest. This indemnity formed part of the rejected treaty.

**THE CIVIL SERVICE.**—During the period under review, the cause of CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM has not made so satisfactory progress as its friends would have been pleased to see. Many of the President's firmest supporters have been compelled to admit that he has FAILED TO CARRY OUT HIS PLEDGES. Nevertheless, some notable steps in the direction of IMPROVING THE CIVIL SERVICE have been taken.—On June 30 an executive order was issued by the President, extending the classified service to a large number of employees in Washington who had not previously been included in it. By this change, the only persons in the District of Columbia exempted from the operations of the rules are unskilled laborers receiving less than \$720 a year, and officials whose appointment must be confirmed by the Senate.—The annual meeting of the NATIONAL CIVIL-SERVICE-REFORM LEAGUE was held in New York on May 30. The League adopted a statement which declared that "the SCOPE OF THE CLASSIFIED SERVICE has been somewhat enlarged, and that the rules and regulations have been REVISED AND IMPROVED."

"But," the statement continued, "In many instances, the forms of the Civil-Service-Reform law have been so abused, by appointees of the Administration who are not in sympathy with reform, as to bring about WIDESPREAD DISTRUST IN REFORM METHODS. . . . The League reaffirms its declaration of last year, that the change in the unclassified service is so great as to forecast its PRACTICALLY COMPLETE PARTISAN RECONSTRUCTION by the close of the Administration." Various matters were noted which, it was declared, "SERIOUSLY DISCREDIT THE CAUSE OF REFORM, and MERIT THE PUBLIC CONDEMNATION which they have received." The League's statement further condemned the laws which limit the tenure of inferior officers to four years, as a "PROLIFIC SOURCE OF INTRIGUE AND CORRUPTION," and demanded their repeal. Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was again elected president of the League. In his address, he strongly urged the adoption of two important measures: the REPEAL OF THE FOUR-YEARS' LAW, and an amendment to the Constitution EXTENDING THE TERM OF THE PRESIDENCY, and making the PRESIDENT INELIGIBLE FOR A SECOND TERM.—At the annual meeting of the New York Civil-Service Association, May 7, the report of the Executive Committee stated that they had reached a point where it was NECESSARY TO "MARK TIME," and that there had been a considerable revival of the "NEFARIOUS BUSINESS" OF POLITICAL ASSESSMENTS. Referring to the work in the State at large, the report said: "We cannot say that matters show as favorable an aspect as at the last annual meeting."—The Union-League Club of New York, on May 10, adopted resolutions setting forth that "the CAUSE OF CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM has met with a SERIOUS SET-BACK during the administration of the present Executive."—The platform of the Republican party says on the subject of the Civil Service: "The men who abandoned the Republican party in 1884, and continue to adhere to the Democratic party, have deserted not only the cause of honest government, of sound finance, of freedom, of purity of the ballot, but ESPECIALLY HAVE DESERTED THE CAUSE OF REFORM IN THE CIVIL SERVICE. We will not fail to keep our pledges because they have broken theirs, or because their candidate have broken his. We, therefore, repeat our declaration of 1884, to wit: 'THE REFORM OF THE CIVIL SERVICE, auspiciously begun under the Republican Administration, should be completed by the FURTHER EXTENSION OF THE REFORM SYSTEM, already established by law, to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The SPIRIT AND PURPOSE OF THE REFORM should be observed in ALL EXECUTIVE APPOINTMENTS, and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the DANGERS TO FREE INSTITUTIONS

which lurk in the power of official patronage, may be wisely and effectually avoided."—The Democratic platform dismisses the matter briefly, thus: "HONEST REFORM IN THE CIVIL SERVICE has been INAUGURATED AND MAINTAINED BY PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, and he has brought the public service to the HIGHEST STANDARD OF EFFICIENCY, not only by rule and precept, but by the example of his own UNTIRING AND UNSELFISH ADMINISTRATION OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS."—On July 23, the President transmitted to Congress the FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CIVIL-SERVICE COMMISSION. In the accompanying message, he summarized the report by saying that, during the time covered by the report, 15,852 persons were examined for admission in the classified Civil Service, in all its branches, of whom 10,746 passed the examination, and 5,106 failed. Of those who passed, 2,977 were applicants for admission to the departmental service at Washington, 2,547 were examined for admission to the customs service, and 5,222 for admission to the postal service. During the same period, 547 appointments were made from the eligible lists to the departmental service, 641 to the customs service, and 3,254 to the postal service. After enumerating some of the important changes made in furtherance of reform, the President spoke of the obstacles in its way. "And yet," he added, "these are but the incidents of an advance movement which is RADICAL AND FAR-REACHING. The people are, notwithstanding, to be congratulated upon the progress which has been made, and upon the FIRM, PRACTICAL, AND SENSIBLE FOUNDATION UPON WHICH THIS REFORM NOW RESTS." The Commission's report stated that there had not been, since the change of parties, ANY DISMISSALS, in any branch of the classified service, AVOWEDLY FOR PARTISAN REASONS, and that the DEMORALIZING METHODS OF THE PATRONAGE SYSTEM of appointments have been replaced, within the classified service, by the BETTER METHODS OF THE LAW.—In April, the Civil-Service-Reform Association of Maryland made a report to the National Civil-Service-Reform League, on the PARTISAN ACTIVITY SHOWN BY OFFICE-HOLDERS at the primary elections in July, 1887. The document stated that the Administration had not apparently felt or expressed any dissatisfaction at the conduct of these men.—Postmaster-General Dickinson, early in June, wrote to the President, formally protesting against the proposition of the Civil-Service Commission to EXTEND THE CLASSIFIED SERVICE so as to include the railway mail service.

**TEMPERANCE REFORM.**—The HIGH-LICENSE BILL passed by the New York Assembly, just before the closing of the last RECORD, was ADOPTED BY THE SENATE, April 26, by a vote of 17 to 15. All of the affirmative, and five of the negative, votes were

cast by Republicans. The BILL WAS VETOED BY GOVERNOR HILL, May 9. By this action he won the support of all the liquor-dealers in the State, who were unanimously in favor of his renomination and reelection. His reasons for the veto were exceedingly flimsy.—A PROHIBITION AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION was passed by the Legislature of New Jersey, in April.—The Anti-Saloon Republicans, meeting in a National Conference, May 3, "urgently asked" the Republican National Convention to "incorporate in their platform a declaration of principles of HOSTILITY TO THE SALOON, as clear and emphatic as the English language can make it." The response to this request was a resolution of sympathy with "all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality."—The Pennsylvania Supreme Court, on May 7, SUSTAINED THE NEW HIGH-LICENSE LAW of that State.—On the same day, the Supreme Court of Missouri rendered a decision PROHIBITING THE SALE OF ALL INTOXICATING LIQUORS ON SUNDAYS, in St. Louis. The law had previously been applicable to the rest of the State.—The Supreme Court of Michigan, on May 18, gave a unanimous decision PRONOUNCING UNCONSTITUTIONAL THE LOCAL-OPTION LAW enacted a little over a year before. The decision was based on the fact that the provision of the Constitution that no law shall embrace more than one object, had been plainly violated. Thirty-five of the eighty-three counties in the State had already voted in favor of local prohibition.—That PROHIBITION IS A FARCE IN RHODE ISLAND is shown by the reports of the Internal-Revenue Collector for that district, made in July, which stated that Federal licenses had been issued to 1,207 retail and 30 wholesale liquor-dealers, 5 rectifiers, and 3 brewers, and to 30 retail and 16 wholesale dealers in malt liquors only. The fees amount to about \$40,000. The State gets not a dollar of revenue.—The LOCAL-OPTION AND HIGH-LICENSE LAW passed by the last Legislature in New Jersey, over the veto of Governor Green, was DECLARED CONSTITUTIONAL, IN ALL ITS PARTS, by the Court of Errors and Appeals, on July 31. The judges affirmed the high-license provisions unanimously; on the local-option branch of the law the vote was 8 to 7. Five counties voted, in August and September, on the question of license or no license. Four of them decided against license.

**LABOR TROUBLES.**—There has been a DIMINUTION IN THE NUMBER OF STRIKES in the last half-year. From time to time, signs of further trouble on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad have manifested themselves, but there has been no stoppage of business. The strike has not yet been formally declared ended, but the men have been allowed to make such terms as they could with the company. The boycott on the cars of this company, by the engineers of the other railways centring in



Chicago, was terminated April 4. An estimate of the COST OF THE STRIKE, made in May, placed the loss in money on both sides at nearly \$3,000,000. At a meeting of locomotive engineers and firemen in New York, June 24, a scheme was presented for the CONSOLIDATION OF ALL LABOR ORGANIZATIONS OF RAILROAD EMPLOYEES. The meeting resolved to continue to give financial aid to the Burlington strikers. Several members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, including the chairman of the Grievance Committee of each, were arrested, early in July, on the charge of being CONCERNED IN A PLOT TO DESTROY the Burlington Company's property with dynamite.—The former employees of the Reading Railroad Company, on May 8, issued a circular stating that they were in abject want, and asking for employment. They said they were willing to ABANDON ALL LABOR ORGANIZATIONS, if the company would give them another trial.—There was considerable friction between the brewers and their employees, in various parts of the country, in April. It grew, in part, out of the refusal of the employers to deal with the unions, and, in part, out of their determination to ignore the unions, unless the boycott declared by some of the latter against some of the firms should be raised. The matter was adjusted after a little delay.—Most of the iron-mills in the region between Pittsburg and Chicago were closed, on June 30, owing to a dispute about wages.—At a meeting of the Amalgamated Association of Iron-and-Steel-Workers, in Pittsburg, June 13, a resolution was adopted OPPOSING ANY REDUCTION OF THE PRESENT TARIFF, and unqualifiedly condemning the Mills Bill.—A bill limiting SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAYS to the months of June, July, August, and September, was passed by the New York Legislature in April; it was vetoed by Governor Hill, on the ground that the law of last year, declaring Saturday afternoon a holiday the year round, had not been tried long enough to be thoroughly tested.—At a convention of railroad engineers in St. Louis, in August, it was decided to CONFEDERATE THE BROTHERHOODS of engineers, firemen, switchmen, and brakemen.

**COURT DECISIONS.**—On April 9 the Supreme Court of the United States decided that the law of Pennsylvania FORBIDDING THE MANUFACTURE AND SALE OF OLEOMARGARINE was constitutional. The Court held that it was entirely within the police powers of the State to protect the public health, and that the question whether the manufacture of oleomargarine may not involve the public health, in such a way as to REQUIRE THE SUPPRESSION OF THE BUSINESS, belongs to the legislative department to determine.—Daniel Drawbaugh, early in May, filed a petition in the United States Supreme Court, asking for a REHEARING IN THE TELEPHONE-

**PATENT CASES.**—In a test case on the QUESTION OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE in Washington Territory, a decision was rendered, May 24, to the effect that the LAW EXTENDING THE FRANCHISE TO WOMEN WAS UNCONSTITUTIONAL.—The PROCEEDINGS AGAINST JACOB SHARP, under indictment for bribery, and at large on bail (the Court of Appeals having ordered a new trial), were ended by the death of Sharp, April 5, from old age and the strain to which he had been subjected. He was 71 years old. In the case of Thomas B. Kerr, indicted for bribery in the same matter, the jury disagreed, June 2, standing 8 to 4 for conviction.

**THE INDIANS.**—On March 29 President Cleveland wrote a letter in answer to strictures passed by the Philadelphia Methodist-Episcopal Conference on "the recent action of the Government in EXCLUDING THE USE OF NATIVE LANGUAGES IN THE EDUCATION OF THE INDIANS, and especially the exclusion of the Dakota Bible among those tribes where it was formerly used." He quoted the rules of the Indian Bureau on the subject, and pointed out that ONLY THE USE OF TEXT-BOOKS IN THE VERNACULAR is prohibited in the Government schools. A knowledge of the English language he considered of the highest importance in civilizing the Indians, and preparing them for contact with the world. There need be no fear, he said, that, in the execution of the rules referred to, there would be any interference with "the plans of those who sensibly desire the IMPROVEMENT AND WELFARE OF THE INDIANS."—Under a law passed in May, the President was authorized to appoint a commission to make an agreement for the PURCHASE OF ABOUT 11,000,000 ACRES (about one-half) of the SIOUX RESERVATION, in order to permit the building of railroads through that region. The provisions of the act gave the Sioux absolute freedom to decide whether they should sell the land, and it was stipulated that there must be a THREE-FOURTHS' VOTE IN FAVOR OF THE PLAN, to make it binding. The Commission visited the reservation in the last of July. Some of the most powerful Sioux chiefs resisted the project, and THE COMMISSION WAS UNSUCCESSFUL in its efforts. A general council between the Commission, the Indian agents, and the leading chiefs was held during the last week in September. The Indians proposed certain MODIFICATIONS IN THE BILL, but the Commissioners had no authority to make any change in the terms fixed by Congress. It was arranged that delegations from all the Sioux agencies should visit Washington and present their wishes to the Government.—The annual conference of the FRIENDS OF THE INDIAN was held at Lake Mohonk, beginning September 26. It ADOPTED A PLATFORM urging the Government to establish courts for the special use of the Indians; asking Congress for favora-

ble consideration of the Thayer Bill, pending in the Senate; calling on the Department of the Interior to furnish primary and secular schools for the education of Indian children, the education therein to be compulsory, and the teachers' tenure of office permanent; and appealing to the churches to supplement the work of the Government to the largest possible extent.

**STATE LEGISLATION.**—A bill providing for a REFORM IN ELECTION METHODS was passed by the New York Legislature in May. Its principal provisions related to the PRINTING OF BALLOTS BY THE STATE and to SECRECY IN THE OPERATION OF VOTING. The measure was heartily commended by all friends of an honest and untrammelled ballot. It was opposed in the Legislature by none but Democrats. A Democratic State Convention, meeting soon after its passage, unequivocally condemned it, and, on June 11, GOVERNOR HILL VETOED IT, on the ground that it interfered with the guaranteed rights of voters, and because it contained other important defects. The bill was LARGELY BASED ON THE AUSTRALIAN SYSTEM OF VOTING.—A SIMILAR BILL WAS ENACTED BY THE LEGISLATURE OF MASSACHUSETTS, and became a law.—A ballot law less comprehensive than either of the foregoing, but notable as the FIRST APPLICATION OF THE PRINCIPLE OF BALLOT-DISTRIBUTION BY THE STATE, went into effect in Wisconsin in the spring. Its practical operation demonstrated that the NEW SYSTEM POSSESSES DECIDED ADVANTAGES over the old method of voting.—A bill ABOLISHING HANGING FOR MURDERS committed after January 1, 1889, and SUBSTITUTING DEATH BY ELECTRICITY, which was passed by the Legislature of New York, became a law, by the addition of the Governor's signature, on June 4. This is the FIRST ACTION OF THE KIND EVER TAKEN.

**STATE ELECTIONS.**—The State election in RHODE ISLAND was held on April 4. The Republicans were successful throughout, Royal C. Taft being elected Governor by a majority of 1,984. A special contest was made by independent voters against the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, Enos Lapham; but his majority was only 273 less than that of the head of the ticket. It was charged that money was freely used to compass this result.—The Republicans won a surprising victory in OREGON, in June, the plurality for the Congressional candidate being over 7,000; a very large Republican majority in the Legislature was returned.—Republican gains were also made in VERMONT, September 4, the plurality for Governor and other officers being the largest ever recorded.—The election in Maine, September 10, excited considerable interest. The Democratic candidate for Governor was the Hon. William L. Putnam, one of the Commissioners who negotiated the Fisheries Treaty rejected by the Senate. A personal

canvass of the State was made by Mr. Blaine, who spoke in many towns and cities. The Republican ticket was successful by a plurality of 18,495, a slight falling-off, as compared with 1884; all the Republican members of Congress were reelected.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Professor G. STANLEY HALL of Johns Hopkins University accepted the presidency of Clark University, at Worcester, Massachusetts, in May.—Dr. F. A. P. BARNARD resigned the presidency of Columbia College, May 7.—On May 23, Professor HARRISON E. WEBSTER was elected president of Union College.—The Rev. Dr. THOMAS S. HASTINGS, on reconsidering the matter, decided to accept the post of president of the Union Theological Seminary, New York.—The corner-stone of the CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY BUILDING, at Washington, was laid by Cardinal Gibbons, May 24.—On the Queen's birthday (May 24), the QUEEN VICTORIA NIAGARA-FALLS PARK, corresponding to the State Reservation on the American side, was thrown open to the public.—The one-hundredth anniversary of the BEGINNING OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT WEST OF THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS was celebrated at Marietta, Ohio, beginning July 15. Various other centennial celebrations have taken place in Ohio.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG was the occasion of a notable celebration on July 1, 2, and 3. A feature of the celebration was an oration by Mr. George William Curtis.—An EPIDEMIC OF YELLOW FEVER broke out in Jacksonville, Florida, in August. Up to October 1, there had been 2,725 cases of the fever, and 263 deaths.

**OBITUARY.**—The deaths of the following well-known Americans have occurred in the past six months: BENJAMIN HARRIS BREWSTER, ex-Attorney General of the United States, April 4, aged 72; ex-United States Senator ROSCOE CONKLING, April 18, aged 59; Rear-Admiral CHARLES STEWART BOGGS, April 22, aged 77; the Right Rev. JOHN HENRY HOBART BROWN, first Bishop of Fond du Lac, May 2, aged 57; JAMES JACKSON JARVES, art-critic, June 28, aged 68; the Rev. EDWARD P. ROE, July 19, aged 50; THOMAS CARNEY, the second Governor of Kansas, July 28, aged 64; General PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN, August 5, aged 57; CHARLES CROCKER, capitalist, August 14, aged 66; SETH GREEN, fish-culturist, August 20, aged 71; the Right Rev. SAMUEL SMITH HARRIS, Bishop of Michigan, August 21, aged 47; LESTER WALLACK, September 6, aged 68; Professor RICHARD A. PROCTOR, September 12, aged 51.

## POLITICAL AND GENERAL.

### FOREIGN.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**—The GOVERNMENT'S HARSH POLICY IN THE MANAGEMENT OF IRELAND has continued to be the subject

of a good deal of criticism, accompanied by a corresponding amount of defence, both within and without Parliament.—Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, speaking at a banquet, April 11, said that the state of Ireland was INCOMPARABLY BETTER than when he entered office.—On the previous day, Lord Salisbury, in a speech at Carnarvon, Wales, expressed confidence that PROSPERITY WOULD RETURN TO IRELAND, when the people realized the hopelessness of effecting political changes by disregard of the rights of property and of the lives of their neighbors.—Professor Tyndall, in an article published about the same time, made an attack on Mr. Gladstone, and said: "It is a consolation to know that Mr. Gladstone is unlikely again to be in power. He has already done HIS UTMOST TO RUIN THE COUNTRY."—To a Liberal meeting at Rossendale, April 20, Mr. Gladstone sent a letter, saying that the seventy dissidents led by Lord Hartington had done more for the cause of coercion and misgovernment in Ireland than seventy Tories could have done.—The question of INCREASING SENTENCES ON APPEAL, IN IRISH CASES, came up in the House of Commons on April 23 and 24. Mr. Balfour contended that the judges had acted under a statute not eleven years old in England. Mr. Gladstone said that there was no instance of an increase of sentence in England, and that the Government's boast of treating the Irish on a footing of equality was thus disproved. He accused Mr. Balfour of granting the right of appeal, and then practically putting a veto on it. A motion to adjourn on urgency in connection with this matter was defeated—219 to 165.—On May 19 Mr. Gladstone replied to the statement of the Chief Secretary that the practice of increasing sentences on appeal had been resorted to in Ireland while the Liberals were in power. He said that the practice was CONTRARY TO THE SPIRIT OF CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE. If it had been indulged in while the Liberals were in authority, it was without his knowledge. He urged Mr. Balfour to continue his researches, and so bring to light new proofs of the necessity and advantage of investing the Irish with power over their own affairs.—An address, signed by 3,730 Dissenting ministers, was presented to Mr. Gladstone on May 9; they expressed sympathy with him in his efforts to reconcile England and Ireland. Mr. Gladstone said, in reply, that the Government knew that THE NATION WAS WITH HOME RULE, and they, therefore, guided the affairs of Parliament so as to delay the time when a Ministry pledged to grant Home Rule to Ireland would be in power.—On May 21 an address signed by 1,200 Quakers, in favor of Home Rule, was presented to Mr. Gladstone.—In the House of Commons, June 25, Mr. John Morley moved to CENSURE THE GOVERNMENT FOR ITS ADMINIS-

TRATION OF THE IRISH CRIMES ACT, as calculated to undermine respect for the law, estrange the people of Ireland, and prove injurious to the interests of the Empire. An animated debate occurred on that and the following day. The motion was rejected—366 to 273.—In an interview published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 10, Mr. Parnell, for the first time, unfolded the plan of the Irish Nationalists with regard to the English Parliament under Home-Rule conditions. His idea was that England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales should EACH HAVE A PARLIAMENT FOR THE ADMINISTRATION OF LOCAL AFFAIRS. The House of Lords would be replaced by a CONGRESS OF MEMBERS FROM ALL THE FOUR COUNTRIES, as well as from all the colonies, and this Imperial Parliament would administer all national affairs. Mr. Parnell said that at the next election there would be A MAJORITY OF 120 FOR THE HOME-RULE BILL.—The Irish County-Government Bill was rejected by the House of Commons, April 25, by 282 to 195.—On May 9 the Secretary of State for War received a deputation of Members of Parliament, who presented an address urging the necessity of placing the country in a PROPER STATE OF DEFENCE. The Secretary answered that there was no need of a panic, but that the work of strengthening the defences was being carried on with exceptional activity. Two days later, the *Daily Telegraph*, in an article headed "England in Danger," asserted, ON "THE HIGHEST MILITARY AUTHORITY," that the strength of the ARMY WAS ENTIRELY INSUFFICIENT, that the guns and rifles in use were bad, and that the army stores were lamentably meagre. The situation of the navy was described as ALMOST EQUALLY BAD. The "highest military authority" was supposed to be Lord Wolseley, and much excitement was aroused. Lord Salisbury attacked Lord Wolseley for making what the former termed a "panic-producing speech" at a dinner, about this time, and there were rumors that Lord Wolseley would resign the office of Adjutant-General of the Army. Lord Wolseley answered the Prime Minister in the House of Lords on May 14. He admitted that the present Government had done much toward improving the military defences, but said that, so long as the navy was as weak as at that time, the army could not hold its own, dispersed, as it was, all over the world. THE MILITARY FORCES WERE NOT ORGANIZED as they should be; they did not even guarantee the SAFETY OF THE CAPITAL. If a force of 100,000 men succeeded in landing, and were properly handled, there was no reason why they might not TAKE POSSESSION OF THE COUNTRY. Lord Salisbury answered that the statement would be SERIOUSLY INQUIRED INTO. In another speech, he said that, since 1884, the army had been increased from 189,217 men of all arms to 212,470 men, while the expenditures

for the navy had risen from £4,419,000 to £6,611,000.—The LOCAL-GOVERNMENT BILL brought forward on March 19, although opposed by the Liberals on some points, especially in regard to the licensing clauses, so far as they ignored the right of direct control by inhabitants, and created the right of publicans to claim compensation, made FAIR PROGRESS THROUGH PARLIAMENT. On June 9 surprise was caused by the announcement that the Government had decided to ABANDON THE LICENSING CLAUSES. The bill passed the House of Commons amid cheers from both sides.—On June 12 a resolution directed against the "frequent and costly reorganization of the financial and secretarial departments of the Admiralty," although opposed by the Government, was adopted by 113 to 94. Twenty-one Tories voted against the Government. The defeat was INDECISIVE IN A POLITICAL SENSE, but it was noteworthy as the FIRST INSTANCE IN WHICH THE SALISBURY GOVERNMENT WERE ACTUALLY OUTVOTED.—Lord Salisbury, on June 18, introduced into the House of Lords a bill to REORGANIZE THAT BODY. It provided that not more than three life-peers should be appointed annually.—The trial of the action brought by Frank Hugh O'Donnell against the London *Times* for libel, in its articles on "Parnellism and Crime," resulted, on June 5, in a verdict for the *Times*. The developments were not so sensational as had been expected; and there were some charges that the SUIT WAS A COLLUSIVE ONE. The trial was followed by explanations in the House of Commons, by Mr. Parnell and others, and, on July 9, Mr. Parnell gave notice that he would submit a motion for the appointment of a committee to INQUIRE INTO THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE LETTERS published by the *Times*, in which he and other Nationalist members were charged with having approved the Phoenix-Park murders. Mr. Parnell's plan was not adopted, but the Government expressed willingness to agree to the APPOINTMENT OF A COMMISSION, consisting wholly of judges, to inquire into all the charges made against Irish members of Parliament by the *Times*. A prolonged debate ensued. Nearly a hundred amendments to the bill introduced by the Government were offered. THE BILL WAS FINALLY PASSED on August 8. Every attempt made by Mr. Parnell and his Liberal allies to narrow the scope of the inquiry was pitilessly defeated. It had previously been announced that the judges composing the Commission would be SIR JAMES HANNEN AND JUSTICES DAY AND SMITH. Mr. Parnell at once took steps to institute, in Scotland, a suit against the *Times* for £50,000 damages for libel. The FIRST MEETING OF THE COMMISSION was held September 17. The Commission decided that it had the right to order the PRODUCTION OF ALL LETTERS AND PAPERS bearing on the case. The inquiry will pro-

ceed on October 22.—A bill legalizing MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER was passed by the House of Commons on April 18.

—It was announced, June 6, that the Irish Land Bill had been abandoned, and that the Government would substitute a bill CONTINUING THE LAND COMMISSION for three years.

—THE CHANNEL-TUNNEL PROJECT was again defeated, in the latter part of June, by a majority of nearly two to one.—A proposal to pay SALARIES TO MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT was rejected, July 7, by 192 to 135.—

Mr. Conybeare, M.P., was expelled from the House of Commons for one month, on July 20, for having denounced the Speaker in a newspaper.—PARLIAMENT ADJOURNED on August 11, but will convene again in November.—The PRINCIPAL BYE-ELECTIONS have been those held in Mid-Lanark, Southampton, the Ayr Boroughs, and the Isle of Thanet. In all these the Gladstonians met with success, and in all there were LARGELY INCREASED LIBERAL MAJORITIES.—Further trouble has grown out of attempts to HOLD MEETINGS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE. In June the courts refused to grant summonses against the Home Secretary and the Chief of the Metropolitan Police for preventing meetings there, on the ground that no right existed for the holding of a public meeting which interfered with the free passage of people through the Square. An attempt to hold a meeting was made, on July 7, but the crowd was kept in motion by a large force of police. There was some disorder, and several arrests were made. There was a similar scene on July 15, although the Government had in the meantime directed the Commissioner of Police to suppress these meetings.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD died on April 15, at the age of sixty-six.—The Right Hon. ROBERT EDWARD KING-HARMAN, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Ireland, and Member of Parliament for the Isle of Thanet, died on June 10. He was about fifty years old, and had sat for, or contested, four different Irish constituencies.—

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE was celebrated on July 25.—Queen Victoria visited Italy in April, spending some time in Florence; she reached Berlin on April 24, and returned to England on the 27th.—The Federation League, on June 7, endorsed the proposal of the Canadian League, that a colonial conference be held, with the object of developing CLOSER COMMERCIAL RELATIONS AMONG THE BRITISH COLONIES.—The final meeting of the SUGAR-BOUNTIES CONFERENCE was held in London, August 30. The convention, which will remain in force ten years after going into operation, on September 1, 1891, was signed by Great Britain, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, and Russia. The signature of France was reserved for six months. The countries signing the convention will exclude refined

sugar, molasses, and glucose coming from countries that have not signed it.—The SUEZ-CANAL CONVENTION, neutralizing that waterway, has been finally signed. It slightly increases England's hold on Egypt.

**AFFAIRS IN IRELAND.**—In order to test Mr. Balfour's assertion that the NATIONAL LEAGUE WAS A THING OF THE PAST, the Parnellites decided, at the beginning of April, to hold six meetings on Sunday, the 8th, in proclaimed districts. The MEETINGS WERE ONLY PARTLY SUCCESSFUL, the police interfering with them and virtually breaking them up. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P., who spoke at Loughrea, was arrested on April 14. On May 3 he was convicted, under the Crimes Act, and SENTENCED TO THREE MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT.—JOHN DILLON was arrested, April 17, on the charge of inciting tenants not to pay rent. He was convicted, on May 11, and SENTENCED TO SIX MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT, without hard labor. The trial of a second charge against him followed at once, and he was again convicted and sentenced to a like imprisonment. The two sentences, however, were to run concurrently. Mr. Dillon appealed. The sentence was confirmed on June 20, and he was taken to Dundalk Jail. His health was feeble, and he was at once put in the jail infirmary. On September 18 he was released on account of his ill-health.—On April 19 the sentences of several men convicted under the Crimes Act were INCREASED. This excited a good deal of indignation in England and elsewhere. The appeal of Father McFadden, against a doubling of his sentence on appeal, was dismissed, on May 17, the Exchequer Court holding that a County Court had the power to increase a sentence.—Other persons arrested and imprisoned by Mr. Balfour's agents were Patrick O'Brien, M.P.; Thomas Joseph Condon, M.P.; James J. O'Kelly, M.P.; Mayor McHugh of Sligo; John Redmond, M.P.; and William Redmond, M.P. In the case of J. D. Pyne, M.P., who was sentenced for six weeks, the conviction was declared CONTRARY TO LAW. In two important cases sentences were reduced.—A great stir was caused, about April 23, by the announcement that the Pope was about to issue a DECREE CONDEMNING THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN AND BOYCOTTING. The text of the Papal decree was made public on the 30th. The Nationalist members of Parliament determined that the Plan of Campaign should be CONTINUED, IN SPITE OF THE DECREE, and a National-League meeting at Sligo, May 8, condemned the Pope's rescript. At a banquet given to him by the Eighty Club, May 8, Mr. Parnell said that the Irish Catholics would not allow anybody, however high or influential, to INFLUENCE THEM A JOT IN THEIR POLITICAL DUTY to their country. As for the Plan of Campaign, he was ill when it was instituted, and, although it had benefited thousands and pacified the

country, he would then have advised against it, because it contained features inimical to the National Government, and would furnish a pretext for further coercion. Michael Davitt, in a speech at Liverpool, May 13, said that Irishmen were compelled to believe that the rescript was DUE TO ENGLISH INTRIGUES, and that Ireland would not ACCEPT POLITICAL DICTATION FROM ROME. The Parnellite members of Parliament discussed the rescript exhaustively, on May 17, and prepared a manifesto on the subject, which asserted that "we can recognize no right of the Holy See to interfere with the Irish people in the management of their political affairs." On May 20 a meeting of 6,000 persons was held in Phoenix Park, Dublin, and the manifesto of the Irish members of Parliament was endorsed by acclamation. Archbishop Walsh telegraphed from Rome to Dublin, May 24, that "all apprehension of INTERFERENCE BY THE HOLY SEE IN IRISH POLITICAL AFFAIRS is groundless." At the end of the month the Irish Catholic Archbishops and Bishops adopted resolutions declaring that THE POPE'S DECREE AFFECTED MORALS ONLY, AND DID NOT INTERFERE WITH POLITICS. A PAPAL ENCYCLICAL LETTER was read in the Irish churches on July 11. The Pope asserted that the decree was based upon the most complete information; that, previous to its issuance, he held interviews with Irish Bishops on the subject, and sent a trusted legate to Ireland to report on the true condition of affairs. The Bishops, he said, must remove all misconception, and leave no room for doubt as to the force of the decree. The whole system of the Plan of Campaign and boycotting was condemned as unlawful.—Dublin was proclaimed, under the Crimes Act, on May 20, and Belfast on June 4.—On July 1 the Irish Bishops published a series of resolutions, explaining the land question, and expressing the opinion that, unless Parliament immediately applied a REALLY EFFECTIVE MEASURE to protect tenants from oppressive exactions and arbitrary eviction, the MOST DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES to public order and the safety of the people would almost inevitably ensue.—The death, in Tullamore Jail, July 8, of JOHN MANDEVILLE, one of Mr. Balfour's prisoners, occasioned considerable excitement, which was intensified by the suicide, on July 20, of Dr. James Ridley, the medical officer in attendance at the jail during Mandeville's incarceration. It was testified that Mandeville had been punished for periods never before recorded. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was that Mandeville's death was due to the "BRUTAL AND UNJUSTIFIABLE TREATMENT" to which he was subjected. An application to the courts to quash the verdict was refused.

**CANADA.**—On May 22 the House of Commons was prorogued for the last time by the RETIRING GOVERNOR GENERAL, LORD

**LANSDOWNE.** The following day, over 15,000 persons witnessed the farewell demonstration at Ottawa in his honor, before his departure for England to assume the post of Viceroy of India.—The new Governor General, **LORD STANLEY OF PRESTON**, arrived in Ottawa June 10.—It was made known, June 24, that **SIR CHARLES TUPPER**, Minister of Finance, had **RESIGNED**, and had been appointed High Commissioner for Canada in London. **G. E. Foster**, Minister of Marine, was made Minister of Finance, and Colonel Tupper, son of Sir Charles, became Minister of Marine and Fisheries.—The official returns of the **ACTIVE MILITIA** in the Dominion show that it numbers 38,000 men.—Sir Charles Tupper's budget speech, on April 27, pointed out that **THE PUBLIC DEBT** of \$273,000,000 had been increased \$75,000,000 since the Canadian Pacific Railway was begun. Yet the revenue from customs and excise had fallen from \$23,000,000 in 1883 to \$22,000,000 in the current year. The estimated revenue this year was \$36,000,000, and the estimated expenditures were \$37,000,000. The estimated revenue for 1888-'89 was \$36,900,000.—A delegation from Newfoundland was arranged, in June, to conduct negotiations relative to the annexation of that country to Canada.—A large Liberal demonstration was held at Oakville, August 13, and speeches were made in favor of **UNRESTRICTED RECIPROCITY**.—Something of a sensation was caused, about the middle of September, by a speech by Premier Mercier of Quebec, in favor of the **INDEPENDENCE OF THAT PROVINCE**. It was said that agents of the Quebec Government were promoting a movement toward **ANNEXATION TO THE UNITED STATES**.—Sir **JOHN ROSE**, formerly Canadian Minister of Finance, fell dead, while hunting in the north of Scotland, in the latter part of July. He was sixty-eight years of age.

**BRITISH COLONIES.**—The Governor of **NEW ZEALAND**, at the opening of Parliament, May 11, said that the **CHINESE IMMIGRATION DIFFICULTY** would be a serious one until England and China could come to an agreement on the subject. A bill against Chinese immigration passed the House of Representatives on May 21. The budget was introduced in the General Assembly on May 30. The revenue was estimated at £4,016,000, and the expenditures at £4,061,000.—There was trouble also in **NEW SOUTH WALES** on the question of **EXCLUDING CHINESE IMMIGRANTS**. A bill restricting such immigration was introduced in the Colonial Assembly, May 17, and immediately passed to the third reading. The Legislative Council refused to suspend the standing orders, for the purpose of facilitating the passage of the bill. The landing of a number of Chinamen was prevented by the police, but the Supreme Court granted writs of habeas corpus in the cases of those who offered to

pay the poll-tax, and ordered their release, on the ground that the Government had **NO POWER TO EXCLUDE FOREIGNERS FROM THE COUNTRY**.—Governor Loch opened the **Centenary Exhibition** at Melbourne, **VICTORIA**, August 1. Seven thousand persons assembled to witness the ceremonies.—A **NEW MINISTRY** was formed in **QUEENSLAND** in June, as follows: Premier, Mr. McIlwraith; Lands, Mr. Black; Mines, Mr. Macrossan; Railways, Mr. Nelson. On September 4 it was announced that the Ministry had resigned.

**PEACE IN EUROPE.**—The European nations are still at peace, and little change can be discerned in their attitude toward one another. Extensive preparations for war, however, are industriously carried on, and it would seem that only a little thing is required to precipitate a crisis. The **BULGARIAN QUESTION** is yet unsettled; there are some indications that it will be allowed to settle itself. The known warlike disposition of the new Emperor of Germany has given rise to some apprehensions, but the general effect of his visits to the Tsar and to other monarchs is, apparently, in the direction of **CONFIRMING PEACEABLE RELATIONS** among the different Powers, notwithstanding his activity in bringing his armies to a high state of discipline. Prime-Minister Crispi of Italy, and Count Kálnoky, the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, have both visited Prince Bismarck. Italy's occupation of Massowah threatened to provoke a breach with France, and a rupture between France and Austria-Hungary at one time seemed at hand.—Despite many threats that Prince Ferdinand would be forced to quit the Bulgarian throne, he remains undisturbed. An important statement was made, on July 5, in what purported to be "official despatches from St. Petersburg." It was to the effect that, after December 17, the Bulgarians would be allowed to do anything they pleased, and that Russia would "**WASH HER HANDS OF THE WHOLE CONCERN**." By the end of July, however, there was much talk that a **NEW MONARCH FOR BULGARIA** was being sought, and that either Prince Waldemar of Denmark or the Duke of Cumberland would be selected. On August 6 it was reported that a conference was about to be held between Germany, Austria, and Italy for the settlement of the Bulgarian trouble. Directly following this came a noteworthy speech by Prime-Minister Salisbury of England, who said that the conviction was stealing over the minds of European statesmen that the **BEST POLICY WAS TO LEAVE BULGARIA TO HERSELF**. This speech was strongly indicative of peace on the Continent. Meanwhile, Ferdinand has pursued a policy betokening a belief that his tenure is secure. In a speech, on May 9, he repeated his oath that he would lead Bulgaria to the goal marked out for her in history. In August he de-

clared that he would never LEAVE BULGARIA OF HIS OWN ACCORD.—On May 26 Herr Tisza, the Hungarian Prime Minister, made a speech in the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet, in which he reiterated the Government's refusal to take part in the Paris Exhibition in 1889, and spoke of the possibility that the property of Hungarian subjects might be damaged, and the national flag insulted, through the excitability of French popular feeling. The speech AROUSED CONSIDERABLE FEELING IN FRANCE, and was the subject of inquiry in the Chamber of Deputies. Count Kálnoky and Herr Tisza both made haste to assure France that there was NO INTENTION TO OFFEND the French nation.—Signor Crispi's visit to Prince Bismarck took place on August 21. The result of the visit, it was reported, would be to prevent Italy from undertaking an Abyssinian campaign, and to restrain Signor Crispi from further irritating France. On his journey homeward, Signor Crispi was met at Eger by Count Kálnoky. Kálnoky visited Bismarck on September 18. The result of these interviews was to prove that the TRIPLE ALLIANCE REMAINS UNDISTURBED. That powerful coalition is, in itself, perhaps, the strongest argument in favor of peace in Europe.

FRANCE.—The NEW FRENCH CABINET was announced, on April 2, as follows: M. FLOQUET, President of the Council and Minister of the Interior; M. GOBLET, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. DE FREYCINET, Minister of War; Admiral KRANTZ, Minister of Marine; M. RICARD, Minister of Justice; M. PEYTRAL, Minister of Finance; MM. LOCKROY, Minister of Education; M. LOUBET, Minister of Public Works; M. VIETTE, Minister of Agriculture; M. LEGRAND, Minister of Commerce. On the next day M. Ricard, Loubet, and Legrand retired from the Cabinet, and it was announced that Senator Ferrouillat and M. Deluns-Montaud would become Minister of Justice and Minister of Public Works, respectively.—On April 4 M. Meline, member of the Chamber of Deputies for the Vosges, was elected President of the Chamber.—In the election, on April 8, to fill the vacancy in the Chamber for the Department of the Dordogne, GENERAL BOULANGER was chosen. The result was unexpected. The General had refused to contest the seat, but his friends forwarded his candidacy.—The election in the Department of the Nord, in which General Boulanger was a candidate, occurred on April 15. He received 172,272 votes, against 75,781 for the next highest candidate. The next day the General wrote a letter to the electors of the Nord, saying that the 15th of April "will henceforth be marked in the annals of the country as the date of her TRUE DELIVERANCE."—On his way to the Chamber, April 19, General Boulanger was greeted with great enthusiasm. The Chamber adopted,

by a vote of 379 to 177, an order of the day expressing CONFIDENCE IN THE GOVERNMENT. In the course of debate, M. Floquet declared himself an advocate of REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION.—A committee of eleven members was appointed, April 21, to consider the question of revising the constitution.—The appointment of M. de Freycinet as Minister of War was sharply questioned in the Chamber, on April 23, and a VOTE OF CONFIDENCE in him was passed, 377 to 175.—In the last of April, the Court of Appeals confirmed the sentences of General Caffarell and Mme. Limousin, who were convicted of complicity in the sale of decorations.—President Carnot, accompanied by the Minister of Public Works and the Minister of Public Instruction, on April 25, set out on a tour of France. Considerable enthusiasm was aroused by his presence, and the journey was successful.—In a speech, on April 27, General Boulanger EMPHATICALLY PROTESTED against the charge that he ASPIRED TO A DICTATORSHIP. If the question were raised in the Chamber, he said, he would vote to ABOLISH THE PRESIDENCY.—The Senators of the Extreme Left, at a meeting on May 1, almost unanimously condemned the Boulangist movement.—Municipal elections were held throughout France on May 6. In 361 districts the Republicans were successful, and the Conservatives in 16 districts; in the other districts second ballots were necessary.—The groups of the Right, on May 25, reaffirmed the necessity of a revision of the constitution and a dissolution of Parliament.—M. Floquet, on June 2, informed the committee on the revision of the constitution that it was the opinion of the Cabinet that the present state of home and foreign affairs MADE REVISION INOPORTUNE. In consequence of this statement, it was announced that the Right would not demand a revision, but a dissolution and an appeal to the country.—On June 4 General Boulanger made a strenuous effort in the direction of revision. He submitted a motion for a revision of the constitution, and said that he would demand urgency therefor. It was notorious, he said, that some Ministers had drawn money from the public treasury, in order to secure electoral votes. In answer to loud cries of dissent, he disclaimed any intention of attacking the present Ministry. M. Floquet, in reply, made a most TELLING SPEECH. He taunted Boulanger by charging him with fearing that he would merit the epithet of the "DO-NOTHING DICTATOR," and accused him of promulgating a manifesto of neo-Cæsarism, and of giving utterance to projects for the future, wherein the glory of Boulanger was the only thing discerned. He said that Boulanger would end in being the Sieyès of a still-born constitution. Boulanger's motion was rejected—377 to 186. Then, by a vote of 335 to 170, it was decided that Premier Floquet's speech should be placarded

throughout France.—The defeat of Paul Déroulède, in the election in the Department of the Charente, June 17, was considered a blow to the pretensions of Boulanger.—The Senate, on June 22, approved a credit of \$7,500,000 for the artillery and engineer services.—On June 23 the Ministerial Council decided that it would be impolitic to rescind the decree of expulsion against the Duc d'Aumale, as requested by the French Institute.—A vote of confidence in the Government was passed by the Chamber on July 3—270 to 157. This was regarded as FORTIFYING THE CABINET'S POSITION until October.—On July 6 it was reported that the police had seized copies of a letter written by the Count of Paris to the Conservative mayors of France, in which he said: "The day is near when we must all unite to reconstitute and establish the Government of France upon a durable basis. . . . A MONARCHY ALONE can restore to you your LOST LIBERTIES, and ESTABLISH ORDER in the communes and in the State."—The surplus in the French Treasury for the first six months in the year amounted to 28,000,000 f. In the Chamber, July 12, General Boulanger proposed the dissolution of the body. His motion was rejected, and he thereupon abruptly RESIGNED HIS SEAT. In the debate, bitter personalities were indulged in between Boulanger and the Premier, the RESULT OF WHICH WAS A CHALLENGE. IN THE DUEL, on the 13th, Boulanger received a SEVERE WOUND IN THE NECK. The result of the meeting was regarded, generally, as hopelessly discrediting Boulanger before the country. In an election in Ardèche, July 22, he was badly defeated. While driving in an open carriage, August 12, five shots were fired at General Boulanger. It was afterward said that the man who did the shooting did not aim at the General. The shooting took place, in the midst of a political fight, at Saint Jean d'Angély. In spite of the seeming subsidence of the craze known as Boulangism, General Boulanger was, on August 19, elected to seats in the Chamber of Deputies in three Departments—Somme, Charente, and the Nord. His majority in Somme was 34,733; in Charente, 15,060; in the Nord, 3,585.—A bill to ABOLISH DUELLING IN FRANCE was introduced in the Chamber of Deputies on July 16. A demand for urgency in its favor was rejected.—The Chamber approved, on July 17, the credit of \$70,000,000, asked by the Government for strengthening the naval defences.—A proposition of the Budget Committee to reduce the naval estimates by 5,000,000 f. was resisted by Admiral Krantz, Minister of Marine, and at the end of September his resignation was imminent. M. de Freycinet consented to a reduction of 6,000,000 f. in the army estimates.—On September 29 a council of the Ministers decided to introduce in the Chamber of Deputies, at the coming session, which begins

October 15, a bill for the REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION.—It was announced, on October 1, that the Count of Paris had authorized his adherents to ally themselves with the Boulangists, with a view of carrying the next general elections.—Marshal EDMUND LEBŒUF of the French Army died, June 8, in his seventy-ninth year. He served in the Crimean war. In 1869 he became Minister of War. In the Franco-Prussian war he met with a number of defeats, and retired in disgrace.—M. CHARLEMAGNE EMILE DE MAUPAS, who played an important part in the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III., died, June 19, aged sixty-nine.—M. CHARLES THEODORE EUGENE DUCLERC, Jules Ferry's predecessor as Prime Minister, in 1882, died, in July, at the age of seventy-six.—Ex-Marshal FRANÇOIS-ACHILLE BAZAINE died in Madrid, September 23. In 1870 he was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for his conduct in the Franco-Prussian war, but he escaped from prison in 1874.

GERMANY.—The reports, in the early part of April, in regard to the HEALTH OF EMPEROR FREDERICK stated that his condition, on the whole, was satisfactory. On the 15th he grew worse, and his condition caused great anxiety. Another relapse occurred on May 1. On June 1 the Emperor went to Potsdam, where he immediately showed signs of improvement.—Meanwhile a MINISTERIAL CRISIS arose. There had previously been some friction between the Emperor and Prince Bismarck, growing out of the proposed marriage between the Princess Victoria and Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and there were rumors that BISMARCK WAS ABOUT TO RESIGN. Toward the end of May, the Emperor rebuked Herr von Puttkamer, Vice-President of the Council of Ministers and Minister of the Interior, for abusing the Government influence at elections. Puttkamer offered to resign. The Emperor refused to promulgate the Quinquennial Landtag Bill (extending the legislative period from three to five years), unless his letter to Puttkamer were published with it. Other Ministers also threatened to resign. Bismarck intervened, and the CRISIS WAS AVERTED. The letter was not published with the Quinquennial law. Herr von Puttkamer's resignation was accepted, and, on June 11, it was announced that Herr Scholz, Minister of Finance, had resigned, and that other resignations were impending.—A MARKED CHANGE FOR THE WORSE took place in the Emperor's condition about June 10. HIS DEATH OCCURRED in the Friedrichskron Palace, at Potsdam, at 11 A. M., on June 15. THE CROWN PRINCE SUCCEEDED TO THE THRONE AS WILLIAM II. On the following day the new Emperor issued orders to the army and navy. He spoke of himself as a "war lord," and the tone of the addresses was DISTINCTLY WARLIKE. The post-mortem examination of the dead Emperor's body



showed, beyond doubt, that his MALADY WAS CANCER. The funeral took place on June 18. On that day William issued an address to his people, of a much milder tone than the addresses to the army and navy.—Count Zeidlitz Trutzscher succeeded Herr von Puttkamer as Minister of the Interior.—The CORONATION OF WILLIAM was arranged to take place on October 18, the birthday of Emperor Frederick and the anniversary of the coronation of William I.—Bismarck, speaking in the Bundesrath, June 22, said that the Emperor would ADHERE TO THE INTERNAL AND FOREIGN POLICY OF HIS PREDECESSORS.—The Reichstag was opened with unusual ceremony on the 25th. Emperor William made an address, in which he dwelt on the pacific disposition of Germany. He promised to follow the path of his grandfather, and said that in foreign politics he was resolved to MAINTAIN PEACE WITH EVERY ONE, so far as lay in his power.—A report of the German physicians who attended Emperor Frederick was made public on July 10. They criticised Sir Morell Mackenzie's management of the case.—In the latter part of July, Emperor William visited St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Copenhagen.—At Frankfort-on-the-Oder, August 16, the Emperor made a speech which attracted much attention. He said: "Our 46,000,000 of people ought rather to be left on the battle-field than to permit one stone of what has been gained to be taken."—On September 17 it was reported that Prince Bismarck had asked the Emperor's permission to resign.—A SENSATION WAS CAUSED by the publication, on September 20, of extracts from the DIARY OF EMPEROR FREDERICK, showing that the idea of establishing the German Empire originated with him, and that Bismarck and Emperor William reluctantly accepted it. It was also shown that Frederick, whenever he ascended the throne, was determined to INTRODUCE A THOROUGHLY LIBERAL RÉGIME, and make the Ministry responsible to Parliament, in the English fashion. Prince Bismarck at once expressed doubts as to the authenticity of the published extracts, and obtained the Emperor's consent to PROSECUTE THE PUBLISHERS of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, in which the diary appeared. The publishers gave the name of Professor Geffcken of Hamburg as the person through whom the diary was obtained. Geffcken was arrested, on September 29, on the charge of REVEALING STATE SECRETS. He claimed that Emperor Frederick had AUTHORIZED THE PUBLICATION of the diary three months after his death.—It was made known, on April 25, that Count Herbert Bismarck had been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs.—In the latter part of April, Prince Bismarck declined the title of Duke, on the ground that he was not in a position to support the dignity.—On May 23 there was published an Imperial decree providing that ALL TRAVEL-

ERS ENTERING ALSACE-LORRAINE from France must present passports viséd by the German Ambassador at Paris. This regulation was enforced with vigor for only a short time. There was a little talk of reprisals on the part of France, but a proposition to that effect was defeated in the Chamber of Deputies by an enormous majority.—In May, twenty-nine Social Democrats of Berlin were sentenced to imprisonment, for terms varying from two to six months, for circulating seditious prints.—It was officially announced at Strasburg, July 16, that, after January 1, 1889, all private documents written in the French language, bearing no date or a date later than July 1, 1872, must be accompanied by an authorized German translation.—GENERAL VON MOLTKE was placed on the RETIRED LIST OF THE ARMY, August 13, and GENERAL VON WALDERSEE succeeded him. The Emperor consented to Count von Moltke's resignation only in response to the latter's repeated requests.—M. de Giers and Count Herbert Bismarck, representing Russia and Germany, agreed, in August, to appoint a joint commission to consider measures to improve economic relations between the two countries.—The appointment of Herr von Bennigsen, the leader of the National-Liberal party, to be Governor of Hanover, was announced on August 29.

RUSSIA.—According to the terms of a new decree, issued early in April, imposing extra stamp-duties on native and foreign securities, the duty on bonds and mortgage bonds must be paid by those issuing them, while the duty on shares and dividend-warrants must be paid by the holders thereof.—It was announced, on April 13, that the GOVERNMENT'S PROGRAMME OF CIVIL-SERVICE EXAMINATIONS for 1889 was extensive, and, if strictly applied, would much reduce the power and influence of the bureaucracy.—The Tsar's assent to the REVIVAL OF THE SLAV ASSOCIATIONS, closed ten years ago, under an edict of the late Tsar, was obtained in May.—The Russian military chiefs assembled in St. Petersburg about May 1. They declared that Russia would not be in a position for a long time to attack a European Power. Even Russia's DEFENSIVE FORCES were, in their opinion, TOO WEAK, owing to a lack of railways. It was decided to construct three lines toward the Austrian frontier, at a cost of 13,000,000 rubles.—At a military parade, in May, a lieutenant made an attempt to shoot the Tsar. The lieutenant appeared to be insane.—An important event was the opening, toward the end of May, of the TRANS-CASPIAN RAILWAY to Samarcand, bringing the boundary of the Chinese Empire within twelve days' travel from London. At Samarcand the opening of the road was greeted by a great crowd of Russians and natives, and the enterprise was regarded as a fresh evidence of the Tsar's solicitude for the welfare of his people in

Central Asia. A few days later it was said that a plan was in contemplation to have the Tsar crowned EMPEROR OF CENTRAL ASIA, at Samarcand, as an offset to the influence of Queen Victoria's title of Empress of India.—The route of the SIBERIAN RAILWAY was fixed a little earlier. The Pacific terminus will be at Vladivostock, and the road will connect Narjinsk, Chita, Irkutsk, Tomsk, Tobolsk, and Ekaterinburg.—Russian intrigues were renewed in Corea, in May, with the object of inducing the King to sever the connection between Corea and China.—The statement was made, on June 18, that no foreign officers would be allowed to WITNESS RUSSIAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES this year, and that Russian officers had been forbidden to attend similar manœuvres abroad.—On June 19 it was semi-officially stated that the Tsar had declined to sanction the proposal of General Vannovski, the Minister of War, that the number of reserve battalions be doubled, on the ground that the political situation in no way justified such a burden.—The nine-hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into Russia was celebrated at Kieff on July 26.—The discovery of ANOTHER NIHILIST PLOT was made known on August 29. The police captured twelve men and three women, besides a number of bombs. Other arrests followed.—The Tsar and Tsarina set out, September 5, on a two-months' tour of southern Russia. They were received with much favor.

ITALY.—Hostilities between the Italian army in Massowah and the forces under King John of Abyssinia suddenly came to an end early in April. King John's troops retreated to the mountains.—The Italian Cabinet decided to STOP MILITARY OPERATIONS IN AFRICA during the summer, and most of the troops returned to Europe. General Baldissera succeeded General San Marzano in command at Massowah. On April 26 it was announced that King John had reopened negotiations for the conclusion of peace. Late in July, the Italian Government sent a note to all the European Powers, informing them that Italy had definitively TAKEN POSSESSION OF MASSOWAH and the adjacent territory. On August 3 it was made known that Italy had established a protectorate over the island of Zulla, near Massowah. FRANCE PROTESTED AGAINST THE ACTION OF ITALY in these matters, and for a time things wore a stormy look. The Porte, Russia, and Egypt joined in the protest, but nothing has come of it.—After a debate lasting several days, the Chamber of Deputies, on May 2, rejected the bill for the readjustment of local taxes. On May 15 Signor Magliani, the Minister of Finance, said that, after this action, he COULD NOT REMAIN IN OFFICE without an explicit vote in his favor. Prime-Minister Crispi said that the Cabinet supported Signor Magliani.

A vote of confidence was adopted—210 to 29.—In the Chamber, on May 30, a motion that the Government should FORTIFY THE MARITIME TOWNS OF ITALY was accepted by the Government as a recommendation, and as such was approved.—On June 8 the Chamber agreed to ABOLISH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Important action was taken on July 19, just before the Chamber was prorogued till November. By a vote of 269 to 97, THE COMMUNAL-REFORM BILL, which gives to 2,000,000 citizens the right to vote in local elections, was adopted.—The news came from Massowah, August 13, that 350 auxiliary troops, under Italian officers, had been massacred by Abyssinians.—There was some talk in July about the POSSIBILITY OF THE POPE LEAVING ROME. It was subsequently declared that he would not do so. In May he issued an ENCYCLICAL DEALING WITH THE SLAVERY QUESTION. He urged the abandonment of the practice in Africa, and praised Dom Pedro for abolishing slavery in Brazil.

AUSTRO-HUNGARY.—It was announced, late in May, that the Government had abandoned its intention to renew the anti-Anarchist law, and would thereafter OPPOSE THE ANARCHISTS by administrative process.—The budget was submitted to the Delegations June 9. After the receipts were deducted from the expenditures, there remained 113,035,634 florins to be provided. Of this, 97,717,155 florins were on account of the army, and 9,180,947 on account of the navy. The total extra expenditures amounted to 23,000,000 florins. A preamble to the budget stated that an increase in Austria's defences was the SUREST SAFEGUARD OF PEACE.—The Emperor, in receiving the Delegations, said that he was satisfied with the amicable relations existing between Austria and the other Powers. He declared that he EARNESTLY DESIRED PEACE.—On June 23 the Austrian Delegation adopted the budget without debate. This was equivalent to a vote of confidence in Count Kálnoky.—The Delegations, on June 27, adopted an army credit of 47,000,000 florins.

SPAIN.—The Cortes decided, early in April, on a scheme of ARMY REORGANIZATION. Conscription was abolished, and service in the ranks was made obligatory. The peace force was fixed at 100,000 men.—Señor Pulgerver, Minister of Finance, on April 3, presented the budget for 1889. The revenue receipts were estimated by him at \$170,000,000, and the total expenditures at \$169,000,000.—In the Chamber of Deputies, April 19, Señor Balaguer, Minister of the Colonies, confirmed the report that four provinces in Cuba had been declared in a state of siege, in order to repress brigandage.—The great exhibition at Barcelona was opened by the Queen on May 20.—On May 27 was published the text of an agreement

between Spain and the United States, prolonging the existing commercial arrangement pending the conclusion of a more ample treaty.—The CABINET RESIGNED, June 11, after accepting the resignation of General Martinez Campos, Governor General of the Province of New Castile, tendered some time before. Señor Sagasta, Prime Minister of the retiring Cabinet, formed a new Cabinet, as follows: Premier, Señor SAGASTA; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor ARMIJO; Minister of Finance, Señor PUIGCERVER; Minister of the Interior, Señor MORET; Minister of Justice, Señor MARTINEZ; Minister of Commerce, Señor CANALEJAS; Minister of War, General O'RYAN; Minister of Marine, Señor RODRIGUEZ; Minister of the Colonies, Señor RUIZ CAPDEPON.—On June 15 Señor Sagasta declared, in the Cortes, that the new Government would CONTINUE THE POLICY OF ITS PREDECESSOR.

OTHER EUROPEAN STATES.—At the end of March, the DANISH MINISTRY was OVERTHROWN, on a financial bill, and the session of Rigsdag was closed.—The members of the NEW CABINET IN HOLLAND were announced on April 18, as follows: Mackay, Minister of the Interior; Beerenbrock, Justice; Beaufort, Finance; Hartsen, Foreign Affairs; Neuchenius, Colonies; Bergensius, War; Schimmelpenninck, Marine; Havelaar, Commerce. The Dutch Parliament opened May 1, when the Prime Minister announced that a Royal Commission would be appointed to consider the questions of national defence. Another session of Parliament began on September 18. The speech from the throne declared that the foreign relations of the country were friendly, that the finances were satisfactory, and that no increase in taxation would be necessary.—The SERBIAN Ministry resigned in the last part of April, and a new Ministry was formed, with M. Christics as Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior. This Ministry resigned in September.—The elections in BELGIUM, in June, gave the Clericals a majority of 60 in the Chamber of Deputies, and of 37 in the Senate.—At a conference in Copenhagen, in July, a resolution was passed urging the establishment of a customs-union between Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.—Djelaleddin Pacha, TURKISH Minister of Finance, was dismissed, about August 10, and Agob Pacha Kasasian was appointed Minister of the Interior. On August 15 it was reported that a crisis existed between the Sultan and his Ministers. The trouble was due to the Sultan's refusal to sanction the proposal to borrow £1,500,000 from the Turkish banks. Soon afterward Mahmoud Pacha, ex-Minister of Finance, was accused of embezzling £15,000.

THE PANAMA CANAL.—Early in April, while the proposal for a lottery loan was pending in France, great activity in the work on the line of the Panama Canal was

reported. The committee of the French Chamber of Deputies, which considered the loan proposal, recommended on April 25, that PERMISSION FOR THE LOAN BE GRANTED, and, on the 28th, the bill passed by a vote of 312 to 132. The Senate took like action on June 5. The amount of the loan was to be 350,000,000 f.—At a banquet, on June 19, Count de Lesseps declared that the CANAL WOULD BE FINISHED IN TWO YEARS.—A meeting of the shareholders of the Canal Company was held August 1, and again De Lesseps promised that the canal would be opened in 1890.—On September 5, he read a paper before the British Association, at Bath, in which he said he was confident that ten locks of the canal would be completed by 1890.—The proposed loan has not yet been successful, and advices from Panama are to the effect that EXTRAVAGANCE AND MISMANAGEMENT CHARACTERIZE THE WORK. The indications that the canal will be opened by the time named are very shadowy.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.—The work of making surveys for the proposed Nicaragua Canal has been completed under the direction of Lieutenant R. S. Peary. Some IMPORTANT CHANGES have been suggested. By damming the Rio Grande and forming a lake, the length of canal navigation can be lessened five-and-one-quarter miles. By other modifications in the route, the canal navigation is cut down from forty miles to twenty-nine miles. The cost of the work will thus be reduced to \$50,000,000 or \$55,000,000.—The contract negotiated between a special envoy of Costa Rica and the President of the Nicaragua Canal Association of New York, having received the approval of the Executive and State departments of Costa Rica, and having been accepted in behalf of the Canal Association, was, on August 9, ratified by the Congress of Costa Rica and signed by its President. This was an IMPORTANT STEP in the progress of the canal enterprise. The concession granted by Costa Rica is similar to the Nicaragua concession.

MEXICO.—The message of President Diaz, at the opening of the April session of the Mexican Congress, contained announcements of the great success of the parcels-post system, instituted in the previous July, and the statement that a convention had been signed by the United States and Mexico for the submission to their respective Congresses of a project to admit, mutually, natural products free of duty.—Elections to choose electors, who in turn were to select a President and members of Congress, were held on June 25. There was NO OPPOSITION worth mentioning to General Diaz and the tickets of the Administration party. The electoral colleges met on July 8, when PRESIDENT DIAZ WAS REELECTED, with but two dissenting votes. The Government car-

ried the elections everywhere, except in one district.

**AFRICA.**—At the time this RECORD closes, THE FATE OF HENRY M. STANLEY is still in doubt; but there seems to be the gravest of reasons for the fear that he is no longer living. The opinions of African experts, however, differ as to the chances of his still being alive. On May 28 news came, by a roundabout way, that, on October 25, 1887, Stanley and all his party were well and had plenty of food. On June 14 advices from the Congo, by way of Lisbon, said that STANLEY HAD BEEN WOUNDED in a fight with natives, and that half of his escort had deserted. A despatch from St. Paul de Loanda, June 20, stated that deserters from Stanley's expedition had arrived at Camp Yambunga. They reported that the progress of the expedition had been marked by continuous fighting, and that Stanley had been severely wounded by an arrow. It was estimated that the caravan had lost one-third of its men, and that many of those remaining were ill. Toward the end of June, the report was spread abroad that a "WHITE PACHA" had made his appearance in the Soudanese province of Bahr-el-Ghazel. It was at once conjectured that this man was Stanley, although the possibility that he was Emin Bey was admitted. As Emin was generally known throughout that region, the likelihood that he was Stanley was strengthened. A RELIEF EXPEDITION under Major Barttelot set out in search of Stanley, early in June. A little later news came that Emin was in a situation of great difficulty. Provisions were scarce, and his troops were growing discouraged. On April 4 he received a summons from the Mahdi to surrender and disband his troops. He was much embarrassed by the non-arrival of Stanley. The STARTLING NEWS was received from the Congo, on September 14, that MAJOR BARTTELOT HAD BEEN MURDERED by his carriers, on July 19, and that Professor Jamieson, who accompanied him, had returned to Stanley Falls, and was organizing a new expedition. A week later advices were received that PROFESSOR JAMIESON HAD DIED of African fever, on August 17, and that the organization of another relief expedition was regarded as hopeless. Captain Van Gele, who returned from the Congo country about the middle of September, expressed the opinion that he himself was the man spoken of as the "White Pacha." He avowed a belief in Stanley's safety. It was announced, on September 24, that the King of the Belgians was about to organize a strong expedition to prosecute the SEARCH FOR STANLEY.—On April 10 it was announced that a new English loan, amounting to \$10,000,000, had been made by the EGYPTIAN Government. A despatch from Cairo, June 8, said that the Khedive had dismissed Nubar Pacha, President of the Council, Minister of Foreign Affairs,

and Minister of Justice, and had summoned Riaz Pacha to form a new Cabinet. The new Ministry was constituted as follows: Riaz Pacha, President of the Council, Minister of the Interior, and Minister of Finance; Fazri Pacha, Minister of Justice; Fehmi Pacha, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Omar Lufti Pacha, Minister of War; Zeci Bey, Minister of Public Works; Ali Moubarek Pacha, Minister of Education.—The dispute between the Sultan of MOROCCO and the United States, concerning the imprisonment at Rabat of persons under the protection of the American Consul, was adjusted in May, our Government gaining all the points it had contended for. In August, Prince Muley, a cousin of the Sultan, with an escort of 200 cavalymen, was ambushed by rebels and slain. As a means of revenge, the Sultan sent his troops against the insurgents, with full license to butcher, ravage, and burn. It was reported that the most horrible outrages were perpetrated.—In August, Judge Reitz was nominated as President of the ORANGE FREE STATE, to succeed the late Sir John Brand.—M. Janssen was appointed Governor of the CONGO STATE, about October 1, to succeed General Strauch, resigned.

**ASIA.**—Advices from CHINA, in April, stated that the Chinese Premier had peremptorily demanded that the King of Corea explain why the Corean Minister to the United States presented letters to President Cleveland without the intervention of the Chinese Minister. This, it was claimed, was a breach of the explicit conditions on which China permitted Corea to send envoys abroad. In accordance with an imperial decree, the Empress Dowager of China will retire from the Government next March, when the Emperor will assume the sole responsibility.—On May 1 it was reported that Count Hiroburi, the JAPANESE Prime Minister, had resigned; he was succeeded by Count Kurado, the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce.—There was an outbreak of opposition to the Government in COREA, in the latter part of June. It was attributed to Russian instigation. Nine Government officials were beheaded, in the streets of Seoul, by the populace.—The Government of BRITISH INDIA adopted a resolution, about midsummer, in reference to the extension of State education. It was designed to replace private schools by Government institutions, and to engage British specialists to supervise and enlarge technical education.—THE FIRST LINE OF RAILWAY IN PERSIA was opened June 20. It is ten miles long.—A revolt against the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN, headed by Ishak Khan, broke out in August. It was not successful. The Ameer's authority has been formally established in Turkestan.

**SOUTH AMERICA.**—The struggle for the ABOLITION OF SLAVERY in BRAZIL was brought to a successful end, on May 13, by the enactment of a law decreeing immediate

and unconditional emancipation. The Emperor of Brazil, who was seriously ill in Italy in May, returned home on August 23.—The boundary dispute between VENEZUELA and Great Britain has not been settled. The Venezuelan Minister of Foreign Affairs, on March 14, issued an official circular declaring that the Government would defend its rights and territory with all the resources of the nation.—Dr. Aniceto Arce has been chosen President of BOLIVIA.—An extradition treaty between the United States and COLOMBIA received the sanction of the National Legislative Council of Colombia on May 25.

HAYTI.—There was a revolution in Hayti in August. General Louis Salomon, who was elected President in 1879, and re-elected in 1886, had become unpopular, and contemplated resigning. Early in July, some of the public buildings in Port-au-Prince were burned (it is supposed) by opponents of the Administration, and a little later there was a popular uprising, which led to the resignation of Salomon on August 10. He left Hayti and proceeded to France. A provisional government was formed, consisting of Messrs. Boisrond Canal, Seide Télémaque, D. Légitime, E. Claude, Hyppolite N. St. Armand, and C. Archin. A decree was issued dissolving the Chambers, and calling on the people to elect a constituent assembly, to meet on October 10, to revise or amend the constitution, and elect a President. Salomon claimed that he left the government in a sound financial condition. On September 28 there was a battle between the forces of Télémaque and Légitime, and Télémaque was killed.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.—The Legislative Assembly of the Hawaiian Islands, on July 24, by a vote of 35 to 10, passed a military bill over the King's veto. By this bill the naval establishment was abolished, and the ARMY REDUCED TO SIXTY-FIVE MEN. Information received in San Francisco, on September 16, was to the effect that the Hawaiian Government was insolvent, and that nothing could prevent bankruptcy in the near future. It was stated that the Finance Minister had withdrawn private deposits from the post-office savings-bank. The public debt was set down at \$2,750,000, for which the only security is the Crown lands and Government buildings at Honolulu, which, under a forced sale, would not realize half that amount. Another revolution was not regarded as at all improbable.

[This RECORD covers the period from April 1 to October 1.]

## SCIENCE.

ASTRONOMY.—A measurement of the PERIOD OF THE SUN'S ROTATION has been made by Mr. Henry Crew of Johns Hopkins University, by a comparison of the wave-lengths of certain lines in the spec-

trum, when measured in light coming from the two opposite limbs of the sun. By Doppler's principle, the wave-length of the line in the light from the approaching limb ought to be shorter than that in the light from the receding limb. The results obtained give a velocity of the photosphere, at the sun's equator, of 2,437 miles per second. From this, the rotation period is determined to be 25.88 days. Mr. Crew's observations indicate an increase in the angular velocity of the surface with higher heliographical latitudes. This result is opposed to those obtained by Carrington and Spoerer from observations on sun-spots. Dr. J. Wilsing has, more recently, attempted to determine the rotation period by observations on faculæ. The period thus determined is 25.23 days. The faculæ show no variations in velocity with latitude. The difficulty of identifying faculæ on their reappearance, and of measuring their positions with exactness, makes these conclusions somewhat doubtful.

L. Struve has made a new calculation of the constant of precession and an estimate of the MOTION IN SPACE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM. The work was based upon a comparison of the star places given by Bradley for the epoch 1755 with the places of the same stars given in a recent catalogue made at the Pulkova Observatory for the epoch 1855, one-hundred years later. The number of stars included in the discussion is 2,509, divided, for convenience in calculation, into 120 groups. The value obtained for the constant of precession is  $50''.3514$ , a value slightly less than the one generally adopted. In the discussion of the motion of the solar system, a certain mean parallax, and, therefore, a mean distance, is assumed for the average sixth-magnitude star, and the movement of the sun is stated as if seen from such a star. According to Struve, the displacement of the sun, as seen from such a star, would amount, in one-hundred years, to  $4''.3642$ . The actual velocity corresponding to this is about thirteen miles per second. The point in the sky toward which the sun is moving is in the constellation Hercules. Struve does not accept his own results without reserve, but, by combining them with those of other astronomers, arrives at a set of values for the velocity and direction of motion of the solar system, which he considers more probably true than his own. The displacement is, in this set of values, about  $5''$ , corresponding to a velocity of fifteen miles per second. The point toward which the system is moving is still in Hercules, but differs from Struve's result by seven degrees in Right Ascension.

Mr. Norman Lockyer, in the Bakerian lecture before the Royal Society, expounded and extended his views on the ORIGIN AND CONSTITUTION OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES, which were presented in the last SCIENCE

**RECORD.** Proceeding on the theory that all luminous heavenly bodies, comets, nebulae, and stars, are formed of meteoric matter more or less densely aggregated, and that the heat and consequent luminosity of the assemblage are due to the collisions of the individual meteorites composing the swarm, or to the passage of one swarm through another, Mr. Lockyer has developed explanations of the various forms of nebulae, and of the colors and spectra of the different characteristic groups of stars. He proposes a classification of the heavenly bodies based upon their temperature, as determined by the peculiarities of their spectra. The first group includes those bodies, such as comets, nebulae, and some stars, for which the bright-lined spectrum shows radiation without absorption. These bodies are meteoric swarms in which the process of condensation is beginning, and the temperature is not yet high. In the succeeding groups, up to and including the fourth, the spectra are marked by increased absorption of the elements, especially of hydrogen, and, after a certain point in the rise of temperature has been reached, by a decrease in the absorption of the metallic elements, while the hydrogen absorption continues to increase. The stars showing the greatest absorption of hydrogen, and the greatest simplicity of the rest of the spectrum, are at the highest temperature. As the temperature falls, after the system of meteorites is so condensed that further condensation cannot go on to such an extent as to maintain the temperature at the highest point, the metallic absorption again appears in the spectrum, and in the sixth group the absorption of carbon becomes predominant. The seventh group includes the non-luminous bodies.

Professor H. A. Newton published, in the *American Journal of Science* for July, 1888, a discussion of the data which he has collected concerning the **DIRECTION OF MOTION OF METEORS**. He confines the discussion entirely to those meteors which have reached the ground in solid form, and which have been seen to fall. He decides that the motion of almost all of these was direct—that is, in general, in the direction of the earth's motion—and that the reason for this fact is, not that those moving in the opposite direction, or retrograde, were not observed, but either that those moving retrograde were dissipated in the atmosphere and never reached the ground, or that the general movement of meteors in the solar system is direct. The conclusion is also drawn that these meteors do not pass very near the sun, and that their orbits are similar to those of the comets of short period.

At Cape Town, Sawerthal discovered, on February 18, a comet, which, at the time of discovery, was visible to the naked eye. The orbit has since been shown to be elliptic, with a period of about two thousand

years. It passed through a short period of unusual brightness, the increase being estimated at from two to three magnitudes.

Encke's comet and Faye's comet have been again observed, the former occupying very nearly the position predicted for it from Doctor Backlund's ephemeris.

A new comet was discovered by Mr. Brooks, at Geneva, New York, on August 7, and another was discovered by Mr. Barnard of the Lick Observatory, on September 3.

At Vienna, Palisa discovered, on March 8, minor planet 273; on April 3, minor planet 274; on April 13, minor planet 275; on April 17, minor planet 276, and on May 16, minor planet 278.

At Nice, M. Charlois discovered, on May 3, minor planet 277.

**PHYSICS.**—Professor Kundt published, in the *Annalen der Physik und Chemie*, No. 7, an account of his experiments to determine the **INDEX OF REFRACTION IN METALS**. From the experience which he had gained in his work on the electro-magnetic rotation of polarized light in metal films, he was led to believe in the possibility of constructing metallic prisms of very small angle so that they would be transparent and fitted for the direct measurement of the index of refraction. After a most laborious series of trials, he was able to deposit on platinized glass, thin prismatic films of silver, gold, copper, and other metals. The faces of the films were rarely plane, and out of more than two thousand made, only twenty-eight were available in the researches. The deviation of the light was, in every case, so slight that it was measured directly by a micrometer in the observing telescope. From the observations, the quantity corresponding to the index of refraction in transparent bodies was calculated. In three of the metals used, silver, gold, and copper, this quantity was less than unity. In platinum, iron, nickel, and bismuth, it was considerably greater than unity. This result points to a velocity of light in the first set of metals greater than that in air. Kundt was able to measure, also, the dispersion of these metals. In the first set of metals it was normal, and in the second set distinctly abnormal, the red being refracted more than the blue. The results were checked by the determination of the deviation produced by the same prisms, when immersed in liquids; the results were found to agree with the values which were predicted on the hypothesis that the quantities determined for the metals were true indices of refraction. A comparison of the relative velocities of light in these different metals with their relative electrical and thermal conductivities shows a most striking agreement.

H. Hertz has published, in the *Annalen der Physik und Chemie*, Nos. 7 and 8a, an account of a research in which he offers evidence that **ELECTRO-DYNAMIC INDUCTION IS**

PROPAGATED THROUGH SPACE with a velocity of the same order of magnitude as that of light. The first method of investigation depended upon the interference of two sets of electro-dynamic waves, set up by the primary conductor, one through the air, and the other through a wire. The existence of these waves was observed by means of a secondary circuit, constructed of such dimensions that the period of the electrical oscillations in it was commensurable with the period of the oscillations in the primary circuit. In other words, Hertz made use of the principle of resonance, in accordance with which one tuning-fork, when sounding, will set in vibration a neighboring fork of the same pitch. With this apparatus, Hertz found that for certain positions of the secondary circuit bright sparks could be observed in it, when the primary circuit was in operation, but that in other positions of the secondary circuit these sparks were no longer visible. He argues from this that there is an interference of the two sets of waves coming from the wire and from the primary circuit, and that, therefore, the electro-dynamic action is propagated with a finite velocity. This velocity is not the same in air as in the wire, but is greater in air.

In his second method of investigation, Hertz observed the interferences between electro-dynamic waves propagated directly from the primary conductor, and waves from the same source reflected at a plane conducting surface. The alternate coincidences and interferences of the two sets of waves for different positions of the secondary observing-circuit were very marked. The wavelength of the electro-dynamic wave, with a period of about 1.4 hundred millionth of a second, was found to be about 4.8 metres. The velocity of propagation is calculated to be about 320,000 kilometres per second. The agreement of this velocity, determined from quantities which cannot be accurately measured, with the velocity of light, is so close as to afford strong support to the view that the electro-dynamic oscillations are propagated in the same medium as that which serves to transmit the waves of light, and is thus an important confirmation of Maxwell's electro-magnetic theory of light.

At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. Keep of Detroit read a paper on the influence of ALUMINIUM IN CAST IRON. The experiments upon which his conclusions were based consisted in the comparison of the physical qualities of iron bars, one of which was left unchanged in its composition during the successive castings, while to the other were added small quantities of aluminium. The iron alone gave castings full of blow-holes and very weak, while the addition of but one-tenth of 1 per cent. of aluminium gave a casting free from holes, and with a tensile strength 44 per cent. greater than that

of an exceptionally solid casting of the pure iron. The aluminium seems so to affect the iron during the process of cooling that it retains, in the combined form, almost all of its carbon until the instant of crystallization, when much of the carbon is liberated throughout the mass, in the so-called graphitic form, making what is known as gray iron. The presence of this graphitic carbon, thus instantaneously liberated and uniformly distributed, explains the facts that the iron containing the aluminium has no tendency to chill, forms no sand-scale on the surface, and is soft and easily worked with the tool. The homogeneity and closeness of grain, resulting in the casting from the presence of the aluminium, explain its superiority in strength and elasticity, and the smallness of its permanent set over the pure iron, or over iron treated with silicon.

Prof. Victor Meyer has lately reexamined and established RAOULT'S LAW, and has used it in the determination of molecular weights of non-volatile substances. According to Raoult, the temperature of solidification of a solvent is lowered by the solution in it of other substances. The amount by which the temperature of solidification is lowered is proportional to the quantity of the substance thus dissolved, and is inversely proportional to the molecular weight of the substance. A constant which enters for each solvent used, may be readily determined by the solution in it of substances of known molecular weights. Meyer has applied this law with great success in determining the molecular weight of the members of two isomeric series of derivatives of benzil.

CHEMISTRY.—MM. Berthelot and Fabre announce, in the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique* for May, the discovery of three ALLOTROPIC FORMS OF TELLURIUM. One of these forms is crystalline; the others appear as amorphous, dark-colored powders, obtained by precipitation. These last can only be kept from oxidation by working in an atmosphere of nitrogen. All three varieties can be dissolved in a mixture of bromine and bromine water. In the process of solution, the number of heat-units evolved differs for one of the amorphous varieties from that for the two other varieties. All three forms have the same specific heat.

Doctor Gattermann has prepared pure TRICHLORIDE OF NITROGEN (well known as a terrific explosive) by treating with chlorine the impure oil obtained by the action of chlorine upon ammonium chloride, after careful washing and drying. Analysis showed the oil thus obtained to contain almost exactly the theoretical quantity of chlorine. Doctor Gattermann discovered that the compound is dissociated by sunlight, or the light from burning magnesium wire, and that dissociation can be brought about by a rise of temperature to 95° C. The unex-

pected explosions of this compound are thus explained.

Doctor Biltz, under the direction of Prof. Victor Meyer, has investigated the VAPOR DENSITY OF SULPHUR, with the view of deciding whether the molecule of sulphur should be considered hexatomic. He finds that, while at low temperatures the experiments indicate a density which will admit of that conclusion, yet, as the temperature increases, the density diminishes, until the temperature reaches a limit at which the density indicates a diatomic molecule. Above this temperature no change in the constitution of the molecule is to be observed. The conclusion is that the true molecule of sulphur, when completely vaporized, is diatomic.

Doctor Kossel of Berlin announced to the Physiological Society, on June 8, the discovery of a NEW BASE IN TEA. He was led to undertake the search for this base by the physiological action of tea, which is not accounted for by the presence of caffeine. The new base is called theophylline. It is isomeric with theobromine, a base found in cocoa, but differs from it in its crystalline form, and in containing water of crystallization. The melting-points of the two isomers are also different. By treating theophylline so as to introduce a methyl group into its molecule, the product caffeine was obtained.

Doctor McCay of Princeton published, in *Fresenius's Zeitschrift für Analytische Chemie*, No. 5, 1888, an account of a NEW ACID, the existence of which explains the peculiar action of sulphuretted hydrogen upon arsenic acid. The acid is obtained by bringing into an acid solution of arseniate of potassium a quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen, much less than is needed to give a precipitate of pentasulphide, or trisulphide of arsenic. A bottle filled with the solution is kept for twelve hours in a dark, cool place, at the end of which time the solution is strongly acid and free from sulphuretted hydrogen. The product of the reaction is the new sulphyarsenic acid. Other ways of preparing it are given, and some of its reactions described.

Doctor Krüss, in connection with Doctor Kiesewetter, has continued the investigation of the rare Norwegian minerals begun by him with Doctor Nilson, with a view of isolating some one of the many elements which he believes to exist in them. Instead of attempting to separate the constituents of the minerals by direct analysis,—a process rendered almost impossible from the great similarity of their properties,—a large number of specimens were examined in order to find one in which only a few constituents were present. A mineral, ytrotitanite of Arendal, was found, in which indications of only two constituents in considerable quantities were apparent. The absorption-bands of these constituents are those of one of the

constituents of didymium and one of the constituents of holmium. The view which has recently been advanced, that these two so-called elements are really compounds, is thus strongly confirmed.

Professor Seubert has determined the ATOMIC WEIGHT OF OSMIUM, which has been usually given as 198.6. This value placed osmium in a position not consistent with the periodic law of classification. The value, determined by Seubert's experiments, is 191.1, a value which is consistent with the periodic law.

A NEW GAS has been prepared by Professor Thorpe and Mr. Rodger, called by them thiophosphoryl fluoride. It is colorless and transparent, inflammable on contact with the air, and is dissociated by continued heating. It was reduced to a liquid by pressure.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The British Association for the advancement of Science met in Bath, September 5. The president of the meeting was Sir Frederick Bramwell, who delivered his inaugural address on the relations between pure science and its application in engineering.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science met in Cleveland, Ohio, August 15. Prof. S. P. Langley, the retiring president, delivered an address on the history of the theory of radiant heat.

The French Association for the Advancement of Science met at Oran, Algeria, in March. The president, M. Laussedat, spoke on the civilizing influence of the sciences.

The International Geological Congress held its fourth meeting, in the week beginning September 17, in London. The International Commissions on Nomenclature met several times during the meeting, but no definite conclusions were reached.

The death of Professor Clausius of Bonn occurred on August 24. Professor Clausius was distinguished as one of the founders of the mechanical theory of heat and of the kinetic theory of gases. He was also a most able teacher of physics.

## ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

IN EGYPT the discovery, at Tell-el-Amarna, of a series of cuneiform tablets belonging to the archives of Amenophis III. and IV., is an event of many-sided interest. They consist, for the greater part, of letters and despatches sent to these Egyptian kings by the kings and governors of Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Babylon, subject to Egypt in the fifteenth century B. C. They show (1) the strong hold of Egypt over those provinces, and (2) the fact, not before suspected, that the cuneiform writing and language were then in general use along the coast of Western Asia.—Mr. Petrie writes that the site of the Labyrinth has been fixed, beyond reasonable doubt, at the south of the pyramid of Hawara in the Fayûm, and in this he



agrees with Lepsius. In the cemetery close by this pyramid he unearthed about sixty portraits, painted on panel with colored wax—that is, according to the encaustic process—dating from the early Roman period. They were employed to take the place of the modelled gilt masks which covered the features of the mummies during the Ptolemaic period. They are life-like and characteristic portraits, and their artistic value is increased by the fact that hardly a dozen other examples of ancient encaustic work are known to exist.—The excavations of Boubastis, renewed from last year, have brought to light, in the large halls of the temple, innumerable statues and series of reliefs; but the most interesting discovery has been that Boubastis, like Tanis, was an important Hyksos settlement, and several statues and inscriptions of kings of the twelfth and thirteenth dynasties were found.—At Tunis, the new “Alaout” Museum was inaugurated, May 4, at the Bardo. In the province, the discovery has been made of an entire buried city, whose ruins exceed in interest anything yet found in this part of Africa.—In Asia Minor the sites of a number of important early cities have been identified, some by Mr. Bent, others by members of the French and German schools. Both Professors Kiepert and Ramsay have made extensive trips through parts of Asia Minor during the summer.—At a meeting of the Vienna Academy of Sciences Professor Müller presented a work containing the epigraphic material gathered by J. Euting in Arabia. Of the three classes into which these 950 inscriptions are divided, the second is of great importance, as it proves the existence of a North-Arabian written language 1000 or 1200 years before Mohammed, among a people which called itself *Lihjan*.—The topographical investigations recently made at Jerusalem by Herr Schick are so important that, if his identifications be correct, our guide-books will have to be re-written.—The excavations undertaken in Cyprus by the English have been so far successful that the great temple of Aphrodite at Paphos has been identified and its site laid bare.

In GREECE the archaeological world has been set agog by the successful robbery of the most valuable part of the Cabinet of Coins, and by the increase in the smuggling out of antiquities, both genuine and spurious.—The excavations on the Akropolis at Athens have almost been brought to a close, as only a small area remains to be explored. Recently the work has been carried on near the museum. To the earliest and pre-historic period belong the foundations of some Pelasgic houses, part of the Pelasgic city-wall, and some bronze implements and vases of the same age. Of the early archaic period are some remarkable sculptures in porous stone, vividly painted, belonging to a series of reliefs whose subjects are taken from the

labors of Herakles, and suggesting that in early times the cult of Herakles may have been important in Attica. Somewhat later in the archaic period were executed a number of remarkable sculptures in marble, found on the same site. Numerous small bronzes of this style also came to light. On some of the vases were names of new artists, like Oreibelos, Sophilos, Kallis, etc., and one general fact of interest was ascertained—that the red-figured style is of considerably earlier origin than had been supposed. In the excavations at the temple of Zeus Olympios, a great deal has been learned in regard to the ground-plan and style of the early temple.—

The French school has been making discoveries on various ancient sites on the island of Amorgos, has resumed work at Mantinea, and begun explorations in Crete.—The excavations undertaken by the Greek Ministry at Tanagra have shown that this necropolis is by no means exhausted, as was supposed.—The American school distinguished itself highly by its work at Dionysos in Attica, which was identified with Ikaria, the seat of the Greek drama and the dwelling-place of Dionysos; the shrines of Apollon and Dionysos, together with considerable sculpture of the archaic and classic periods were unearthed.—At Mykenæ fifteen tombs have been opened, of which one was dome-shaped. Mr. Adler has given, at the Archaeological Society in Berlin, a reconstruction of the royal palace whose ruins were discovered some months ago.—The early bronzes of the eighth century, shields and pateræ decorated with reliefs, found in the famous cave of Zeus on Mount Ida in Crete, have been published, and prove to be extremely valuable for the history of Phœnician and early-Greek art.—The great accumulation of antiquities throughout Greece has necessitated the foundation of new museums. A second museum has been built on the Akropolis at Athens; the new right wing at the Central Museum has been completed; a third building, an “antiquarium,” for minor antiquities, and another building for a collection of casts, are projected. Museums have also been erected at Syra for the antiquities from the islands, and at Tripolitza for Mantinea, Tegea, and the neighborhood.

ITALY.—The most important architectural discovery at Rome has been that of the arch of Augustus, erected by him in memory of the standards recovered from the Parthians. It was an arch with three openings, like those of Severus and Constantine, spanning the road between the temples of Cæsar and Castor. The column of Phocas has been found to be much earlier than 608, the older dedication having merely been erased. A *sacellum compitale*, or open-air chapel, established at the cross-roads to the Lares Compitales, has been unearthed on the Esquiline. It is very early, and rises on a public area which retains its ancient pavement. It is

composed of a large altar of travertine, before which is a wide platform of tufa, covered with slabs of marble by Augustus, c. 10 B. C. A singular discovery was that of a collection of small votive statuettes in bronze of a very early style, a part of which were evidently originals, imported from Greece in the sixth century B. C., while others were imitations by Latin artists. During the last four years, four of the ancient bridges of Rome, the Vatican, Cestian, Æmilian, and Sublician, have been destroyed, and two others, the Valentinian and Fabrician, have been disfigured. One only, the Ælian, finished in 134, remains entire, and this also is to be pulled down or damaged, if the plans for the new embankments are carried out.—The Italian Government has attempted excavations on the site of Sybaris, but the first requisite—the exact site itself—has been missing. On the other hand, a necropolis has been found which belongs, not to a Greek, but to an Italic population of this region before the supremacy of the Greek colonists. This discovery is a confirmation of the belief of those archaeologists who maintain that there was an important culture in Italy previous to and contemporary with that of the Etruscans.—Discoveries at Este have thrown new light on the character of the pre-Roman culture of this region of Upper Italy, especially in regard to language and epigraphy, to arts and manufactures.—A French archaeologist, René de la Blanchère, has found and studied, in that part of Latium which is around Velletri, the system of drainage of those ancient agricultural tribes subdued by the Romans, of which at least twenty were established in this region. He found a complete system of subterranean galleries, ramifying into each other, draining all the subsoil, in a way to regulate the level of the waters and carry off the overflow, thus remedying the infiltration which has now made of this country a desert.—At Città della Pieve has been found the earliest known carved Etruscan urn.—Work has been recommenced at Ostia in a portion of the city which has not been disturbed during the last four centuries, and whose buildings do not belong to the tedious category of granaries.—In Rome there have been some important finds of Christian antiquities; some very primitive and sumptuous crypts in the catacomb of Priscilla have been opened up, whose pavements and walls were decorated with marbles and mosaics; some sculptured sarcophagi have been added to the Christian museum of the Lateran; two paintings were discovered at Santa Priscilla, and the busts of SS. Peter and Paul, on a metal plate, in the catacomb of Sant' Agnese.

In FRANCE the *Salle Dieulafoy* was opened at the Louvre, containing the antiquities found at Susa. A Gallic cemetery has been excavated near Pontioy. An early

Gothic church attached to a convent of Bernardine monks was discovered in Paris, on the Boulevard St. Germain, and another at Luçon.

At Seville, in SPAIN, the Cathedral has been badly ruined by the giving way of some piers, which led to the falling of the roof.

In SWITZERLAND the decision to create a National Museum for the entire country is calling forth a lively competition among Swiss towns. Bâle has offered for a site its Franciscan church, and will contribute its collection of mediæval antiquities. Berne, Lucerne, and Zurich are preparing to make similar offers.

In BELGIUM the Retrospective Exhibition, organized at Brussels by the Ministry, was opened, on June 7, and includes exhibits of every branch of arts and manufactures practised in the country from prehistoric times to the present day. As might be expected, there has never been so fine an exhibit of the mediæval Christian metal-sculpture for which the country was famous.

In AUSTRIA, Vienna has seen the inauguration of a magnificent monument to Maria Theresa, whose architect is Hasenauer and whose sculptor is Gaspar Zumbusch. The colossal figure of the Empress is seated on an immense platform surrounded by equestrian and standing statues of bronze.—In ITALY there have been several exhibitions in which modern art has had a large share, like those of the Vatican, in honor of Pope Leo XIII., and of Bologna.—In Bologna a monument to Victor Emmanuel, consisting of a colossal equestrian statue by Monte-Verde, was unveiled. In Verona a statue of the famous painter, Paolo Veronese, has been erected, by the sculptor Romeo Cristiani.—In ENGLAND there was opened, early in summer, in London, an Italian Exhibition, which proved to be a good exposition of the arts and art-industries of modern Italy; showing also that Italian painting is gradually emerging from its late imitative stage into a more original life. Of late a young artist, Mr. Harry Bates, has commenced to occupy a rather prominent position among English sculptors.

At the last Paris Salon it was noticed that American artists were prominent both for the excellence and the number of the works they exhibited.

NECROLOGY.—Among the artists and amateurs whose recent death we deplore, are: Paul Adolphe Rajon, the distinguished French etcher, who is so well known in England and America; Frank Holl, the most successful among the young English portrait-painters in the robust style; the Vicomte de Tanzia, keeper of the drawings, paintings, and chalcographical collections of the Louvre; Luigi Mussini, the well-known painter and director of the Academy of Fine Arts at Siena.

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